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WE FIGHT NO MORE

BY DAVID L. COHN

WHEN war starts, what is the difficult task set for men who are conditioned by the same factors that animated their ancestors, and who when hungry and distressed are as emotional as their ancestors? It is to maintain neutrality. And what is neutrality? Neutrality, according to Professor Borchard (Borchard and Lage, *Neutrality for the United States*), is 'an old institution, which finds its source in candor, in the obligation to hold the scales even, to remain a friend of both belligerents, to lend support to neither, to avoid passing judgment on the merits of their war.'

If, therefore, a great war starts in Europe, millions of Americans have merely to be candid in their point of view, to hold the scales even, to remain a friend of both belligerents, to lend support to neither, and to avoid passing judgment on the merits of the war. But who are Americans? They were once English, Scotch, and Irish; Greek, Italian, and Turk; French, German, and Serb; Scandinavian, Slovak, and Finn; Portuguese, Polish, and Spanish. They were — and are — almost all the peoples of the earth who came only yesterday to

these shores. They brought with them their religions, their prejudices, their racial memories and hatreds, as well as their dreams and their aspirations. In a thousand years, or two thousand, Europe and Asia will perhaps have vanished from their souls. But now they are still the products of their history. Their psychology is still conditioned by the same factors that animated their ancestors. They are still emotional when they are hungry and distressed.

But when war comes the country will decree by law that emotional man is to be unemotional; distressed man is to be calm; hungry man is to be satiated; hot-blooded man is to be cold-blooded; biased man unbiased; self-seeking man selfless. That is a task at which even the gods have failed.

If we assume, nonetheless, a will on the part of millions of men to be neutral in the face of a European war, it still remains true that the country cannot achieve neutrality unless the men who administer the laws are themselves neutral. But they cannot escape the factors that conditioned them, the passions that animate them, the hopes that beguile them, the ambitions that distort them,

and the light that is given them. Men work and have their being and act within the pitiful bounds of the circumscribed flesh. Theirs is not the austerity of the rocks, nor the all-seeingness of the stars. At best their works drop groundward although they themselves may attain heaven.

Consider the recent debate with respect to the membership of the Supreme Court. Where were the neutrals who judged the bitter conflict with divine impartiality and with candor? The one side maintained that the Court did not interpret the Constitution with rigid impartiality but proceeded out of the bias, background, and social prejudices of its members. So-called impartial justices must therefore be appointed to redress the balance on the Court. The other side retorted that the new justices would also be biased, but that their bias would lie for and not against social legislation to be enacted by Congress. And now there no longer remains any pretense that men do or ever will interpret the Constitution with godlike detachment. And what is true of the interpretation of the fundamental law of the land must also be true of the interpretation and administration of its neutrality laws.

II

Despite its apparently peaceful aspect, its separating oceans, the absence from its borders of powerful neighbors, and the undisputed possession of a prodigally rich continent, the United States has been at war more frequently than some European countries. The Scandinavian states, the Netherlands, and Switzerland, although near the world's battle arena, have stayed out of wars more successfully than this country. Founded in the closing years of the eighteenth century, the United States had had a succession of wars before the end of the nineteenth century. It fought the British in 1812; the Mexicans in 1846; the Civil War in 1861; and the Spaniards in

1898. In the intervals between the greater wars there were innumerable 'little wars' with the Indians who were being put in their place — the grave. The dawn of the twentieth century saw the country working out the problems of 'manifest destiny' in areas as widely separated as Havana and Manila; and at the moment when Europe was moving toward the eclipse of the World War the guns of American battleships were blasting the waterfront of Vera Cruz.

It is indeed characteristic of the mercurial American temperament that the same Pershing who in 1916 with a handful of soldiers at his command chased a bandit across Mexico (without catching him) was by 1918 pitted against Ludendorff and Hindenburg in France with two million men at his back and two million more on the way.

The history of the United States is starred with the names of military leaders who became Presidents — from George Washington, who, because his revolt succeeded, lived to become the Father of his country instead of dying a traitor's death upon the gallows, to Theodore Roosevelt, whose gallop up San Juan Hill aided him in his eventual gallop to the White House door.

As a people we have never ceased to talk peace — and as a government to pay pensions to the soldiers of our wars. This would seem to drive us to the painful but irresistible conclusion that we are much like other people. The English, we say, are hypocritical; the French selfish; the Germans imperialistic; the Japanese crafty; and all of them are warlike. We, on the other hand, are sincere, selfless, non-imperialistic, straightforward, and peaceful. These qualities ought to keep us out of wars. But they do not. Naturally it is no fault of ours that we are dragged into wars. The causes lie neither within us nor in our political and economic systems. Villains are the architects of our woes. But those who tell us why we entered the World War and how to stay out of the

next war do not agree upon the identity of the villains.

Senators Nye and Clark know beyond the shadow of a doubt that they are bankers and munition makers. (Yet the Congress of which these Senators are a part has voted the largest peacetime appropriations for arms ever known in this country.) Mr. Newton D. Baker, our wartime Secretary of War, assures us earnestly that German submarines got us into the war. Mr. Charles A. Beard, the historian, despite an exhaustive study of the war documents, is unable to blame our belligerency upon a single devil alone. Mr. John Bassett Moore attributes our wartime woes to the stupidity of the State Department. Professor Borchard is sure that the demons who plagued us in 1917 were Anglophiles such as Woodrow Wilson, Colonel House, Ambassador Page, and Secretary Lansing. Out of so extensive a demonology every citizen can find a devil whom he can hate and to whom he can attribute our entrance into the Great War. And while historians still search for the causes of the last war, general staffs are preparing the equipment for the next war, and diplomats are laying its groundwork.

The statute books of the United States are cluttered with laws designed to keep us out of war, and with other laws to enable us to fight wars out of which we did not stay. They stretch from 1793 to 1937. Along with the neutrality laws runs the desire to profit from the wars of others without taking the risk (if possible) of becoming involved.

'Since it is so decreed by fate,' wrote Thomas Jefferson when he heard rumors of wars in Europe, 'we have only to pray that their soldiers may eat a great deal,' so that 'the new world will fatten on the follies of the old.'

The soldiers did eat a great deal. We fed both sides. And we almost went to war with both the French and the British. Our commerce was interrupted by the belligerents. Mr. Jefferson thought

that he could bring them to their senses by cutting off all shipments to them, and Congress passed the Embargo Act of 1807. It almost caused another war in an entirely unexpected place. The Act was flagrantly violated in New England, and secession was openly discussed in Boston and Salem. Consequently it was repealed and Congress passed the Non-Intercourse Act permitting trade with all countries save belligerents. It was repealed in 1810. And by 1812 British troops were in Washington.

One hundred years stretched between 1812 and 1914. There had been many wars in the period and during all of them we had protested our peaceful desires and our determination to stay out of European quarrels. And when we went to war (as with Spain) we wanted others to stay out of it. Yet when the Great War burst upon the world we were totally unprepared for it. We had neither the arms that might deter nations who tampered with our commerce, nor any conceptions of neutrality that were not at least a century old. We became involved in the Great War just as we had become involved in the British and French wars of the early part of the nineteenth century. Our laws and our isolation failed to protect us.

Now, however, we are wiser. With two great failures and one hundred and fifty years of history behind us, we are convinced that at last we have mastered the difficult technique of snatching valuables from a burning building without being burned.

The process is simple. We have simply to avoid repeating our old mistakes. What were they? We insisted upon the rights of neutrals. We shall give them up. We lent money to belligerents. We shall lend no more. We listened to propaganda. The next time we shall stuff our ears. We had Anglophile diplomats. Now we shall have men who will weigh facts with the impartiality of a mechanical scale. We had idiots in the State Department. Henceforth it shall

be composed of Metternichs and Talleyrands. Consequently we shall stay out of the next war.

III

For a so-called simple people we are capable of nice if not convincing distinctions. We will sell arms to a nation at peace in order to enable it to defend itself or make war. Once it is at war we will sell it no more. The result, therefore, is that nations who rely upon the American market become well prepared in advance of war, knowing that they cannot buy arms and ammunition here when they are at war. Thus we get our share of the business. But more than that: we remain virtuous — virtuous on the theory that, while it is moral to sell a pistol to a criminal with which to commit a robbery, it is immoral to sell him one at the moment when he is committing it. And the fact is that in the armaments trade the United States is now second only to Great Britain.

Once a nation is at war we will not sell arms and ammunition to either of the belligerents. We won't take blood money. If, for example, Japan declares war upon China, we will not sell her an airplane or a machine gun. But we will sell her gasoline without which the plane would be grounded; we will sell her steel for making machine guns, shoes for her soldiers' feet, wheat for their stomachs, chemicals for their poison gases, and cotton for both bandages and explosives. But arms and ammunition? Never!

During the days of prohibition certain sellers of unfermented grape juice published advertisements which read: 'Do not expose the contents of this keg to the air. If not kept tightly sealed fermentation will take place.' Unfortunately many buyers were careless and paid the penalty of having their grape juice turn into wine; that, however, was not the fault of the seller, who had carefully warned the buyer. Nor is it our fault if we ship cotton to a belligerent and it

turns into guncotton; lead into bullets; steel into tanks; chemicals into poison gas. Have we not a right to assume that a country at war will use cotton for making babies' dresses, lead for plumbing, steel for houses, and chemicals for killing potato bugs? This virtuous and certainly profitable naïveté we carry over into our neutrality laws.

The last Congress struggled with neutrality legislation until its confusion became so great that Senator Pittman, the sponsor of the Act, admitted that it was not neutrality at all. And Mr. Bernard Baruch, the author of the cash-and-carry principle which puts the United States upon an international chain-grocery-store basis during war, said that the law 'is not neutrality — not by twenty sea miles. It amounts to giving active assistance to whatever nation has command of the seas.' Our former policy was to stay out of war through what we assumed to be neutrality. Our present policy is to stay out of war through legislation that we admit is not neutrality. It would appear, therefore, that in order to be neutral we must repeal our unneutral neutrality law.

Under the Neutrality Act, when the President declares that a state of war exists between two or more countries, the following provisions go automatically into effect: (1) shipments of arms and ammunition to belligerents are prohibited; (2) loans and credits to belligerents and dealings in their securities are prohibited; (3) American citizens are forbidden to travel upon ships of belligerents; (4) the arming of American vessels trading with belligerents is prohibited.

These provisions are mandatory upon the President. But discretionary powers of the most vital import are delegated to him. Thus at his discretion he may: (a) forbid American ships to carry goods or materials — which he may enumerate — to belligerents; (b) forbid shipment of goods from this country to belligerents until the title to them has become vested

in a foreign agency or government; (c) forbid use of American ports as bases of supplies by American vessels; (d) apply all the provisions of the Act to any civil war which in his opinion threatens the peace of the United States.

This is plainly a when, as, and if Act. And the sole judge of the when, as, and if is the President. Two nations may destroy each other, yet if they do not declare war the President may or may not proclaim that they are at war, and thereby harm or help the one side or the other. He may put the cash-and-carry clause — the heart of the Act — into operation when war begins, six months later, or never. And this too may harm or help the one side or the other. Whoever suffers will regard the United States as an enemy, and in the desperation of war may be moved to take such steps against us as he would against a declared enemy. This cannot be considered neutrality. It may, however, be interpreted as a tacit admission by Congress that, while neutrality is impossible, some gesture towards it must be made for the sake of public opinion. But no foreign government will look upon it as neutrality.

Presumably, at the outbreak of war between two great countries, pressure will be brought to bear upon the President first to cause him to declare that a state of war exists, then to put the Neutrality Act into effect, and finally to bring into operation the cash-and-carry clause. He may not yield to such pressure. He may act when he sees fit within his sole and uncontrolled discretion. No one can know in advance what he will or will not do; nor can one anticipate the endless combinations and permutations of circumstance, interest, and policy with which he will be confronted by a great war. The discussion that follows is designed to throw some light upon the situation that would prevail if the President should invoke the cash-and-carry clause in the event of a war involving one or more great powers.

IV

Inasmuch as a great European war is inconceivable without the participation of Great Britain and France, both of whom are dominant sea powers, the cash-and-carry policy would make our resources available to them while permitting us to present an appearance of impartiality. The British and the French, by virtue of their navies and their money, could come and get our goods. We do not, we say, discriminate between nations. Any country can buy from us during wartime if it is strong enough and has cash. It is not our fault if Germany and Italy have neither the monetary nor the naval strength of Britain and France; if Germany could buy here, but Czechoslovakia could not, during a German-Czechoslovakian war; if Japan could avail herself of our markets during a war with China while China would be shut out.

We are, we say, neutral and impartial. And as proof of our impartiality and neutrality we say to the world, by implications clearly drawn from the Neutrality Act itself: —

A nation does not have to qualify, to buy from us in wartime, by showing that it was wantonly attacked, that it maintains a general high level of national and international decency, that it is not a violator of treaties and international laws, or even that its destruction would be inimical to the self-interests of the United States. All that a nation must do to buy from us is to have a big navy and a big purse. It does not, then, concern us if it is criminally aggressive, if its level of national and international decency is obscenely low, if its form of government is utterly repugnant to the American people, or even if its victory would be distinctly against the self-interest of the United States. Give us cash, no risks, and no questions will be asked.

As proof of our general intentions, let us examine the course of our actions

in a threatening war: a Sino-Japanese war.

If the Japanese set out on a deliberate war of aggression and conquest of China, would we sell Japan goods?

Yes.

Would the fact that the sympathies of the American people are with China make any difference?

Not at all. It does not matter to us if all the peaceful countries of the world are overrun by hungry, prowling, warlike, aggressive nations.

Has this country any conceivable conflict of interest with China?

No.

With Japan?

Yes.

Do we not, as a matter of fact, regard Japan as an aggressor nation?

Yes.

Does the United States in making its war plans consider China a potential enemy?

No.

Does the United States in making its war plans consider Japan a potential enemy?

Yes.

Are our present and projected fortifications in the Pacific directed against China?

No.

Against Japan?

Yes.

Are they directed against the other powers — Britain, France, Russia, and the Netherlands — who have interests in the Pacific?

No.

Would the conquest of China by Japan militate against what we conceive to be our interests in the Far East?

Yes.

Would that conquest be aided by Japan's ability to buy and sell in the American market during wartime?

Yes.

Would China's inability to trade here during wartime hamper her measures of self-defense?

Yes.

Have we a naval rivalry with China?

No.

With Japan?

Yes.

Have we a number of dangerous unresolved differences with China?

No.

With Japan?

Yes.

Despite these facts, we would nonetheless freely buy from and sell to Japan during a Sino-Japanese war, but we would sell nothing to China because she could not come and get the goods?

Yes.

In the event, then, of such a conflict, what would be the practical effect of our policy?

Its effect obviously would be to give aid to a powerful, aggressive, military people in conquering a weak, nonaggressive, nonmilitary people. We should be giving valuable help to a country with which we ourselves carry on a dangerous and costly naval rivalry; with whose policies our own policies frequently conflict; whose rise we watch with jealous eyes; whose intentions we suspect and whose word we doubt; with whom we maintain polite but not cordial relations; and whose conquest of China would militate against our own conceptions of self-interest.

Conversely, the effect of our policy would be to injure a people with whom we have maintained cordial relations since the founding of the Republic; with whom we have no quarrel, no rivalry, no conflict of interest; and the preservation of whose integrity as a nation has long been a cornerstone of American foreign policy.

Nor is that all. The United States, along with Japan and a number of other countries, is a signatory to the Nine-Power Pact guaranteeing the territorial sovereignty of China. Japan violated the Pact in 1931-1932 when she seized Manchuria. She is flagrantly violating it now. Consequently the application of

the Neutrality Act would be to injure China, whose interests we sought to protect in the Nine-Power Pact, and to aid Japan, the violator of the Pact. Thus, while doing nothing to prevent the rape of China, we would aid the rapist not only in assaulting the victim but also in burning down the victim's house, so that no trace would be left either of his body or of the crime. And our crime would be the greater because we had made a pact with the rapist under which we agreed with him that there would be no assault at all upon the victim.

So much for neutrality in the Pacific. What about the Atlantic? If Germany (population 68 millions and a Fascist dictatorship) should attack Czechoslovakia (population 17 millions and an American-inspired democracy), we should be an ally of Germany. She could send her ships here for goods. The Czechs could not, because they have no navy. Wherever the mighty attack the weak we should automatically become the ally of the mighty. It is only in the event of a great struggle between first-class powers — say, Britain and France against Italy and Germany and Japan — that we should be on all sides at once.

V

The cash-and-carry policy is based upon the smug assumption that it will enable us to sell goods during wartime without taking risks. It is, considered in another light, a species of arson by remote control. We will sell anybody incendiary torches with which to burn up their neighbors' homes, but once the fires are started we must not be asked to aid in extinguishing them. But, while we are rich in natural resources, we have no monopoly of anything. Does a belligerent need cotton? Fifty-two countries besides ourselves grow it. Does he need wheat? It is grown almost everywhere. Meat products? They are produced in regions as remote as Uruguay and Aus-

tralia. Oil? It may come from the Persian Gulf, Rumania, the East Indies, Russia, or Venezuela as well as Texas and California. Gasoline? It is now distilled from coal. Lumber? There are forests in Sweden, Finland, Poland, Russia, and elsewhere. Copper? It is mined in Rhodesia, Chile, and other countries. Sugar? We import it. Wool? We have no surplus to sell. Hides? We import them. Automobiles? Other countries make them. Machinery? American factories dot the world. They will be seized by belligerents.

We can lay down rules. But other countries do not have to abide by them. We shall demand cash and the carrying of goods in non-American ships. But suppose that Argentina and Brazil sell cotton to warring Britain on credit? Is it reasonable then that Britain would pay us cash? Suppose that she could buy wheat in South America on her own terms rather than our terms. Would she then turn to us? Is it not likely that belligerents will buy here only when other markets are closed to them, or are perilous, or inconvenient? And does that not mean that it would be difficult for us to batten off the ills of the world? Batten and run no risks?

There is, in my opinion, a sound reason why belligerents should buy from other countries on credit rather than from the United States for cash. Our Senators, writers, lecturers, and preachers have cried aloud for years that we were drawn into the World War by our loans and credits to belligerents; that we created an economic interest in them and were therefore determined to see them victorious. If that theory is true — and we seem to believe it — belligerents then would be well advised to proceed upon it again elsewhere in the world. It would be wise for them to get credits of goods wherever available, and thereby in effect create allies of neutrals.

The greatest test to which the cash-and-carry policy could possibly be put would arise if there should be no cash

and no carry. If belligerents bought little or nothing here during a war, we should run almost no risk of being involved in war. They would of their own accord have established an embargo on our goods. They could not complain of the embargo, because it would be of their own making. And we could go about our business in the serene assurance that we should not be involved in war. But should we be serene?

If warring Britain or Japan bought all its cotton outside the United States, what would our cotton farmers do? What would they say if they saw their great South American rivals growing fabulously rich and with their profits putting millions of new acres into production? (Belligerents could safely turn to South American cotton growers without being gouged because they could always threaten to turn to United States cotton.) Would not our cotton farmers demand that we try to get some of the business either by taking cash and delivering the cotton, or by selling upon credit and not delivering it, or, if they were desperate enough, by extending credits and also delivering?

In that event it would seem to be but a small price for running no risks of war if the government paid cotton farmers the difference between the pre-war domestic and the war domestic or even the world price. Would that satisfy them? In all probability it would not. First of all, the honest ploughman breaking the stubborn glebe is just as greedy as anybody else, and the heart that pulsates beneath overalls leaps as quickly at the prospects of high profits as does the heart that beats beneath a Savile Row suit. The farmer would remember the days of a war that was a worth-while war, when some grades of cotton sold for a dollar a pound, and other grades 'that wan't fittin' for nothin' 'cept mattress stuffin'' brought twenty-five cents a pound. His county agent would point out to him the long-run effects of the withdrawal from the market of a large

part of the American crop: (a) it would stimulate foreign production to great heights; (b) an enormous surplus would be piled up in the United States, to overhang the market and depress prices for a long time; (c) foreign growers would establish new outlets and markets which he could recapture only with great difficulty; (d) there is a vast difference between selling your cotton to foreigners at a juicy profit and being compensated by your government for not selling it; the government would insist upon assuring to the farmer only a 'reasonable' profit, and then he would be taxed to pay in part the costs of the subsidy that accrued to him.

What of our exporters of wheat, meat products, minerals, machinery, and lumber? If our cash-and-carry policy — whose inevitable effect is to discourage buying in this market — succeeds so well that there is little cash and carry, will they be satisfied with security from war in lieu of war profits? Would labor be satisfied to see men out of work and wages lowered? And if the organized farm and labor interests descended upon Congress would it stand firm or yield? Who runs this country, anyhow?

Consequently it seems to me that powerful European countries who desire to bring the United States into the conflict either as economic or as military allies will be well advised to take the United States at its word: that is, to make our cash-and-carry policy effective by paying out no cash to us and taking nothing away from our shores.

The Neutrality Act was rammed down the throat of a reluctant Congress by large groups of persons who cling to the pathetic illusion that the United States, the richest and most powerful single country on earth, can be in the world and not of it; that we whose interests, moral and material, span the globe can view with detachment and indifference the slow disintegration of a once orderly world, governed by principles of law and dictates of humanity to which

all men subscribed, into a number of brute, warring states recognizing no creed save might, obeying no law save force, and moved by nothing except superior force. It is blandly assumed that it would mean little to us, beyond a perfunctory expression of regret, if one by one the lights of western civilization went out, plunging Europe into darkness, but leaving a neon afterglow to play about our transient but precious heads.

It is dogmatically asserted that the United States is not actually a part of the world culturally or economically, but an independent planet spinning in space, and therefore beyond hurt whatever fate may befall Britain and France, which together are not as large as Texas, or the Netherlands, whose people spend their days tending cheese-bearing cows and tulips. How does it concern us if the British Empire crashes in the course of a winter's afternoon? Why should we be disturbed if London, Rome, Paris, and Berlin are burned to the ground? What if the spires of Oxford come tumbling down and the waters of the Arno are choked with the ruins of Florence? What if it should again be true, as it has been true in the past, that wars anywhere on earth must threaten the peace — to say nothing of the prosperity — of the United States? What if it be true that the inexorable logic of neutrality leads to economic self-containment, and the inexorable logic of economics proves that the only truly self-contained communities in the world are the cemeteries?

These things, we say, are as nothing to us, and as proof of it we have ordained a miracle called a neutrality law so that a bloody conflict involving hundreds and thousands of men and the destruction of millions of dollars of property is not a war, but an Oriental illusion done with mirrors and incense.

But already it is clear to all except peace-society martyrs of the catacombs that war will and must threaten the peace of the United States wherever it occurs in the world, because we are a world power and not a showboat stop in a riverside town; that neutrality laws have not saved us in the past hundred and fifty years, and are not likely to save us in the next five or ten years; and that our salvation, like the salvation of other peoples, lies not in staying out of wars once they have started, but in preventing wars from starting. And it must be remembered that we have stamped out contagious diseases, such as smallpox, not by hiding in cellars until the epidemic has passed, but by forcibly (if necessary) vaccinating the people before they became infected.

In the presence of threatened war, however, we, the most ingenious, inventive, and experimental people in the world, stand helpless and shivering. We are like the figure in Dostoievski who was condemned to immortality standing upon a narrow ledge above a bottomless abyss, unable to go forward or backward, fearful of falling, naked, cold, forlorn, and alone.

SOUL OF ARCHILOCHUS¹

The Religion of an Historian

BY HENRY OSBORN TAYLOR

I

ON Paros, island of the gleaming rock, my eyes first caught the light of Helios. Fathered by an impetuous man, my mother a slave, childhood with me was passionate and my youth a storm. Our city's walls held more hate than love. Breaking away from some fierce dispute, an angry clique might take ship and look for a new home. I, long called a maligner, would speak truth. Our men were united against foes. In peace common prejudices and like pursuits fostered a working fellowship. There was comradeship among those of us who had shared danger together. Strong impulse as well as ingenious thought marked our Ionian towns. Life was eager with each man and with the people when assembled in the market place.

My own life, now mirrored in memory, is no longer distracted as when in the flesh. It was cast on circumstance. I recall its rancors and can measure its violence. I can still laugh, as once I jested, at my shield thrown away in flight — a deadly shame in Sparta, where they drove me out with jeers. No shame was felt by one who chose to live, knowing how to lose as well as win and raise his head again above the waves. My nature is put best in those iambs spoken to my soul: 'Soul, soul! stricken with

overwhelming troubles, bear up! Thrust back the onslaught and the ambushed danger, breast to foe. And neither, conquering, foolishly exult, nor, conquered, wail and cry. But in joys rejoice and in evils grieve not overmuch. So learn what rhythm holds men.'

I could endure as well as another. Speaking from myself, I counseled a friend that for irreparable ills the gods had given the medicine of steadfastness. I fought and hated. My verse tore those who thwarted the fevered eros that was loosening my limbs. Yet throughout the anger and violence of my life consideration knocked at the door. I could praise valor in a foe, and heeded Odysseus's chiding of the old nurse not to exult over the dead. The unforeseen might descend on any man, like the darkening of the sun at noon. But Zeus gave mind and mood to meet what might befall, and toil brought forth things useful for mortals. I knew that Father Zeus beheld men's knavish as well as lawful deeds, and could raise from the black earth those struck down by ills.

The best was that I ever followed, cherished, and increased within me, the Muses' lovely and mighty gift of verse. Knowing and chanting Homer's poems, I was no imitator. Of myself, above all other men, I moulded those quick iambs to pithy form, made them to sting and bite; made them beautiful in their power to tell the passions and the fates of men. The poet Homer spoke from

¹ An Ionian Greek poet living in the first half of the seventh century before Christ. The ancients placed him next to Homer. Only casual fragments of his poems remain. They deeply influenced Greek poetry and drama. — AUTHOR

himself, out of his nature. How else could he? Yet his chant was of what all men might wish for or would shun, with no word of his own chequered lot. I had no song of Zeus-born kings. My verse was of myself — voicing my hates and longings, the passions of the men about me, which often touched me sore: men like myself entangled, driven, reaching a brief success. It was myself, my setting, my needs, often my own dire lot, I sung.

Verse brought me renown in life and fame thereafter. That man called Korax, whose spear let out my breath, might not purify himself before the Pythian priestess, swearing that he killed me fairly. As having slain one sacred to the Muses, he was driven out till he should appease my ghost. I am praised by men in the far times to come; in my island city is set my monument, and men are still bidden to pause before one whose fame had flown from the rising to the setting sun.

I am a mind reflecting and absorbing: doing nothing, I experience. The lusting, fighting body, which was part of me, could endure its present, look back regretfully, or ahead, dreading yet hopeful of the future. But now occurrences no longer succeed each other. Thought carries what once had seemed to go before, and points to what shall be disclosed more clearly. Though a temporal sequence may order events which feed my mind, past and future are manifested in each other. It is all actualization, a flowering rather than succession.

The exertions and endeavors, the turmoil, struggle, and killing that went on through the Ionian islands and coast cities when I was in the body, and the dire times that saw the barbarians enslave our peoples — this complex of struggling or despairing life, the panorama of it all, is in my thought. Alas! there seems always to have been some clever Ionian whose grasping selfishness wrecked the fortunes of his city, and ruined those civic liberties which are a springboard for intellectual achievement. But my thought swells proudly as it

turns to the victory of our Athenians over the Persian foe. And what a flowering followed of civic fullness, and art and drama and philosophy. The mind which now is me takes in the far event and sees the measureless import of Athens for mankind.

There is no rancor in me, and scarcely regret for ill fortune; what seems the past opens to me its why and wherefore reassuringly. Reminiscence as well as thought's fair prospect brings a genial expansion of spirit. Genial, I say, because, while violence and sense-riot do not enter, I am interested and often moved. Discrimination brings desire for whatever discloses itself as truth.

There are sequences in the visible world; also in human knowledge. I have been turning to the thoughts of men who were unborn when I was in the flesh. Then the gods were often on my tongue; I have since queried as to the source of things and their ways of action — the causes, so to speak. There is a Milesian who foretold that on a given day a shadow would push across the sun. Such a shadowing, once seen by me, seemed to overtop all other wonders. Is it such a wonder if a man can foretell it? Its cause lies not in my old gods whose action none could guess. This same Milesian says all things come from water, while a friend of his finds a more unlimited and total source. Heat and cold, and the wet and dry things, separate themselves out of this, while living animals are born of moisture and its warm evaporations. This seems to me real thinking and not just accepting what we used to put in poetry and daily speech.

I see that men will answer such questions in many ways, which shall show their progress in thinking. For myself I mark that these Milesian schemes take no account of that which *I am*, *θυμός* — soul, mind, will, purpose. So their insufficiency appears. Other thinkers offer me other thoughts. A certain sage makes over this basic matter into numbers and their relationships. He applies

like thoughts to human conduct, hoping that through them men will learn to adapt their lives to social needs, eschew violence and gain moderation. I am with him here, little as my bodily life conformed. But as yet my own experience does not agree with his idea of souls passing from a dead body to a live one.

This man lives far to the west, where there are others who are showing how insecure is man's reliance on what his eyes and ears and fingers tell him of the world. One must have thinking, thinking to purge such evidence from contradiction and reach a thought of stable and sure being. I too am drawn to realize how little we can trust the quick message of our senses till thought has gone over and over it, and sifted what they have told us.

But what do I hear from Ephesus of still one who denies that there is any stable being to be tested by thought? He thinks nothing abides; indeed that nothing *is*, but only *becomes*. All is ceaseless change and flux. He calls it fire, and sees it kin to the human soul and the rational principle of the Kosmos. Out of this change and strife comes harmony! Dark are his words; but perhaps a new name for his thought comes echoing dimly from the future — process. From still another I hear there is a power outside the whirl; a thing of might: he calls it *νοῦς*, or mind. And still another younger man will solve the dispute between the Ephesian and the western sages, by cutting up matter into an infinitude of infinitesimals moving eternally throughout the void.

II

Surely my mind has grown thinking these pregnant thoughts of younger men. They shall be called philosophers. Yet all wisdom is not with them. I might have known this while still in the rioting body. For I was myself a poet; and I knew the wisdom of the epics; how they fitted life to the ways of things, and the ways of things to life, and called it fate. Fate might be hard, but it had fitness, as

it moved along paths made by the man's temper and conduct, bringing him to a terminus not unforeseen. There was wisdom too in that plodding poet of the *Works and Days*, who died before I was born. Surely the poet has his share of wisdom from the Muse. His inspiration may be a glimpse of the divine ordering, and his verse carry a fuller round of life and truth than the reasonings of my good philosophers.

I am thinking of a great choral poet whose songs are sought and well rewarded by the victors in the games. It is given him above other men to show the golden truth of meaning in these triumphs. Magnificent his odes in words and thought, as they sing how men win in the games as in life by the favor of Zeus, themselves not lacking in valor. God and man's hero nature bring him to the goal of fame, immortalizing him in his passing deed. I am stirred by the lyric wisdom of this great Theban, whose city at this time is far from glorious, to his pain.

I am soon to learn a deeper lesson of life's sure retributions — still under Zeus. Fate had been suitable and fit with my first epic teacher. Its justice and righteousness were now to be revealed. From the Attic stage come the words: 'It is the impious act that begets its kind: righteous houses are blest with fair children. The ancient Insolence engenders an offspring of insolence in evil men, an avenging dæmon not to be put off.'

I hear the complement and crown of this dread principle: for the man not wholly bad, enlightenment follows retribution; from suffering, wisdom. First among men an Athenian makes clear the web of crime and punishment held in an old story: 'He is wise who sings in praise of Zeus, Zeus who leads mortals to be wise: whose law it is that suffering shall teach. Mindfulness of past woes drops on the heart in sleep and makes men wise against their will.' Those fixed unwritten laws of Zeus — let no man-sprung

edict attempt to override them, sings another poet. From this younger man I gain the subtle principle that intent makes the crime; he whose ill deeds were sufferings, rather than acts, may gain acquittance in the end — win through to expiation.

Drawing wisdom from these men, I became sentient and perceptive through their minds. With them I moved through those great days when we fought off Persia and slavery. In these experiences human life became weightier and gained a new significance. The need was more insistent to understand the good and ill of it, the worth of its perceptions; also the reasons of its fateful courses. Insistence upon man himself began to vitalize and humanize the thinking of men I call philosophers. Those who found ultimate being in the atoms tried to draw the principles of human conduct within the atomic whirl; the ideal of knowledge must include the ideal of life. Philosophy turns to the doer and thinker. I seem to discern man the thinker as henceforth the pivot of his thought, though it embrace the world he lives in — immense, fate-driven, or God-created. The unity of man's nature will insist that what is best for man must be at one with what is true. Philosophy becomes a test, a consistency of thought.

A snub-nosed Athenian goes up and down the city streets, pursues men to the nooks and crannies of their business, questioning, arguing on names and words, seeking meanings that will stand sifting. Some men, and I among them, see the foolishness of current talk as well as the pitfalls in the thinking of the old philosophers. We are nearing new heights, and I perceive that the way up is not merely a path but verily a part of whatever height is reached. Now I see that earlier thoughts, and experience from decade to decade enlarging, still work in the conduct of later men, and in later thought become springs of energy and light. I feel around me a careful weighing of conduct, discernment and

skill in sculpture, deepened significance in drama and lyric. New verses are sung in music made for them. Music and line and strophe spring from old, still living, forms. My own iambics, bold and new in their time, — no one had used them so cunningly before, — have made the drama's dialogue, and more. I am part of it all, and men recite my verses still.

And now I listen to the drastic thinking of men moving in our world. Old opinions are sifted, some thrown aside, but more of them given new form and life. Well-thumbed ideas jostle each other and take on a second youth with our philosophers here at Athens, which is my spirit's home. Above them soars, and sometimes gambols, one who dwells in the conviction that the supreme reality is mind. I possess the proof of this in my own enduring life of thought. Yet I marvel at this philosopher as he fuses the thoughts of former men and of some still living in the flesh. He wields the reasoning power of such as upheld the scheme of being, one and absolute. They are perhaps the springs of his own spiritual truths. But his mind holds also the counter-reasons of the keen Ephesian, so destructive of everything except modes of change. Although repugnant, the atomic doctrines are well understood. Fully appreciating the sense-perceptive and relative nature of knowledge, his reason is steadied by its training in analytic definition from the good snub-nosed teacher. He raises his concepts to principles of life; would win through to a grasp of the supreme good as the surest reality. The impulse is love, purged of lust, straining on to beauty absolute and unchanging.

Alas, perhaps, all of these thoughts are not for me. I have heard the wonderful song of the *Phædrus* which, in language almost beyond words, tells the passion of the soul divinely maddened by its yearning to fly upward to the beauty from which it fell at birth. I have also in the *Symposium* followed this passion from its genesis in lusts, up through the desire for

the better, unto the yearning for the best. It loves souls rather than bodies, and seeks the beauty of laws, institutions, sciences, and that broadest knowledge, which is knowledge of the beautiful — the beauty which is not fair in one respect and foul in another, which neither waxes nor wanes, is neither a becoming nor a perishing: beauty absolute in which perishing beauties share without affecting it.

This is the ideal beauty, or the beauty of the ideal. All reverence for the soaring thought that has conceived and reached it. But I am still a poet and my thought of beauty lives and moves in poetry, in all art, if one will. In beauty, as I think it, there is *δύναμις*, which is power; and *δύναμις* is always in action. A mighty thinker, pupil of this high philosopher, opens his talk on Poetry with the words, 'Let us speak of poetry and its kinds and the *δύναμιν* of each.' He discusses the excellence of poetry, the drama especially. Such excellence falls in with the methods of the poets and the best forms of conduct. Without using the word 'beauty,' he discloses the qualities of tragedy so as to make clear what is its ideal excellence. My great Theban poet had shown the beauty of the success won by noble striving. Looking further back, I recall the dynamic modes of beauty in the Trojan epic. Helen is most fair to look on and her words are beautiful; but her beauty is not unmoving and her words speak thought that moves so fitly. My great Athenian would agree that fitness, temperance, and the golden mean of self-control are elements of beauty; and one must ascribe the quality of power to his changeless beauty, even as this quality is held in the Unmoved Mover, the conception of his pupil.

Such thoughts as mine concerning beauty find form and life in the supreme trilogy of the master of tragedy. The story of Agamemnon is in everyone's memory. That is the *μῦθος*, by some called the plot, of the tragedy. It forms and controls the drama. Each incident is

held to the measure of its contribution to the action. The personages act and speak in and for the drama. They are sheer agents. Every line they speak reflects the situation and is portentous of what must come. The roots and causes of the tragedy are given in veiled allusion and forebodings understood by all of us. This drama is not invented or composed by the dramatist, but is *revealed* by him in its causal setting to show how it came to pass. In the energy of its language and the suggestions of its images, in the fitness and right functioning of every incident, the play called *Agamemnon* possesses the excellence of power — *δύναμις* — and so is beautiful. Its beauty is manifested in its dynamic being and the action of its qualities. I find the same beauty in the second play of the trilogy, which brings the over-vengeful murderous queen to her fit and proper death. The third play frees Orestes from the horrors of matricide by proving that his deed was guiltless under the prompting and promise of the gods.

This trilogy may justify my halting criticism of the Athenian philosopher. Doubtless our minds pass upward, as in his *Symposium*, from lower to higher beauties or conceived excellences or powers (*δυνάμεις*), and thus may reach perhaps a highest thought of beauty. Still, all beauty is dynamic, an activity working in power. At all events, such seems to me the beauty of art and poetry. The structure of a poem sets its dynamic quality, and metre, rhythm, rhyme, are elements of power. Yet no formula can exhaust the depth and riches of fact — of our perception or experience of anything. The recognition of this throughout the talks of that great Athenian is one of the sure proofs of his greatness. To say that beauty is power does not exhaust our experience of beauty. If this dictum applies to drama or to oratory or to the epic, does it touch our feeling for an acanthus leaf or the significance of any deed or human form? Much remains untold, perhaps ineffable.

III

If an immortal spirit, freed from the rancors of the flesh, could be torn by the anguish of those who are near and dear in mortal kinship, immortality would be intolerable. Yet my sympathies are sadly moved by the long war in which Greeks will not give over destroying each other. From the courses of events I foresaw how internecine rivalry was leading to an insatiable war. My grand Athenians need not have been overthrown had they been prudent. Folly in the people and selfish vanity in those who misled them brought on the fatal Sicilian venture. Alas for temperance lost and self-control!

I foresee no end of wars to come: no end to pseudo-patriotism and valor misdirected, all masking cupidity. Foolish mankind will continue even as I was once. Fighting is in the blood; keen minds do not perceive its futility. Yet people are becoming concerned with feeling, interested in the softer as well as the more violent emotions. Love's passion and its counterpart of hate are displayed in tragic drama. The art of sculpture is sensitized in statues showing human moods and emotions; it has abandoned the old calm.

The age of Macedon's semi-barbarian dominance in Greece is here. Hellenism is no longer free. Neither will it liberate itself through Alexander's conquests, nor in his genial effort to make East and West absorb each other. His over-arching might and the warring dynasties succeeding him make Greeks feel their powerlessness. Doubtless they were never quite masters of their destinies; now they are conscious of their impotence. The more thoughtful are trying to establish their souls in a self-determined freedom. Prevailing ways of thinking are looking to the welfare of the man within himself. The impelling mood, if not the constructive thought, of these systems enters into me. Not that I am oppressed by any resistless mortal power, seeing that I am all soul and sub-

ject to no assault. Am I free? I feel free and yet am a market for whatever human experience comes to my consciousness. I am most deeply affected by what seems truth.

It may be that I reflect the minds of men in every passing present. But I am also a growing soul, and feel growing pains. I have needs and yearnings for a larger adjustment with the universe than had touched my immaturity. If aforetime I tried to propitiate sundry gods, that is now too casual. I must reach accord with the universal and infinite Godhead. For I need to think within the compass of his power. I would yearn and think and act in accordance with his will. I am no mere thinker, but a yearner too.

So I have nought in common with a certain Epicurus who will have it that the gods take no part in men's affairs. They are contented and supine and deaf to prayer. Let men also keep to the least disturbing pleasures, leaving the rest to pass undesired. Then there is no place for fear. Such thoughts suit godless men who scarcely look beyond comforts alike ignoble whether of the mind or body.

The other system has many reasonings that do not appeal to me; otherwise with its ideals. It sets man's peace, even content and happiness, within the conduct of his will, but views his will as part of universal law. With limping arguments it makes that law divine, to wit the will of God — for men an all-ruling providence. It even looks to God as a helpmate within each soul. So it would turn to him in prayer, but with slight rational assurance of response.

A sense of human impotence seems to move both these systems. They lack the energy which lifted the thought of the Athenian philosopher to an assured spiritual reality. Not for long will these systems give strength and gladness to their advocates. Even now do they help men widely? If stronger souls can make a fortress of the human will, that is an

empty notion for the masses who have little strength and many fears. They need outer aid and comfort, say from the gods and dæmons touching whom they are anxious day and night. Men and women are making a careful stepping anent the gods. They see omens everywhere, and watch the turning of a feather to find what fortune or misfortune awaits their acts. More than formerly they seek their fortunes in the inexorable stars. It is all an anxious stepping.

Yet Stoicism, the better one of these two systems, has raised the thought of God. Looking back upon my fellows in the flesh, I recall how all of us feared the gods and would buy their favor by silly acts and gifts. We imagined the gods to be like our own grasping or groveling selves, only secure from mischance. There was too much of man and of the unaccountable ways of nature in our religion. Even Zeus in Homer was far from fixed and righteous, and could be deceived, lured by his own whims or lusts. There was too much of *me*, Archilochus, and too little of the divine in Zeus. Only afterwards Æschylus made him a righteous dispenser of justice. Probably my own thoughts of God are broader still.

In these many years after Alexander's death we Greeks go here and there among the peoples less disdainfully. Stoicism expresses the new feeling that there is something of the same in men everywhere. It even teaches that all men are brothers — a shaky kinship, as it still seems to me. The rule of Alexander and his successors is being replaced by the power of a great republic in the west, soon to become imperial. If these mighty kingdoms and their supplanter have made men know the individual's impotence, the Empire begins to make its subjects behave as citizens of a world. They are governed by a single ruler and a central ministration of law. There is a state religion, somewhat thin. Under its ægis various religious practices and

many curious superstitions minister to the prejudices of races and the wants or weaknesses of men and women. All people borrow religion and rites and superstitions. What is thoughtful blends with the absurd. Religion flourishes through the common need of protection in an all too chancy world. This need reaches out beyond the life of the present body, looking for some ghostly safety for the shade. Hope plots the ways and means of its fulfillment.

Our Greek religion gave scanty aid beyond the funeral pyre, only certain 'mysteries' lending a rather particular support. Roman religion has nothing more. So we Greeks and dumbly Hellenized Romans, finding our own cults wanting, are willing to try out assurances from the stocks of other nations. The choice is wide indeed.

IV

A certain restless Jewish people pushes about the world. They are unsocial and uncomfortable, not like other men. They call the rest of the world gentiles, just as we Greeks used to call them all barbarians. They pull back their skirts as from defilement with gentile touch, and yet seek converts for their faith. For religion is a faith with them; there is passion in their relation to their god. I am a Hellene and never cared for Jewish views. They have no thought of natural law; everything hangs on the will of their Jehovah-god. Reading their books, I find his will was frequently violent and cruel. This people was carried captive into Asia, and suffered dire discipline of body and spirit. Their captivity may have brought new thoughts, possibly some notion of a future life and a conviction that they had a mission in the world. It would seem that the sins of the Jews and their calamities inspired their prophets to elevate Jehovah from a jealous God of one small people to a righteous ruler of all the peoples of the earth. He is made a universal god, and yet

is still a person with a will and character having no kinship with natural law.

Here was something new for me: that a god should become God universal and supreme and yet continue sheer personality and not a symbol or element or phase of law, into which the Stoic god was always turning. With all his righteousness and might, Jehovah had also love, at least for his own people. Elements of like thoughts had harbored in my own Greek self, but had never formed a convincing personality. It seems to me that personality is needed in a ruler over human destinies and for the purposeful creation of the world.

Renovation and new life for the Jewish faith are emerging out of Judaism itself in its old home of Palestine; no building out of ceremonies, but a flowering of the spirit likely to burst the old bonds of the Jewish law. Righteousness had lain in its strict fulfillment. Now a man arises, a prophet or perhaps more than a prophet, who declares that he comes to fulfill the law, but in a way that destroys its letter. He teaches that righteousness does not lie in doing or refraining, but in the spirit of the obedient man and the reason of his conduct. I can look back to a similar spiritualizing of our old Greek morality as stress was laid on the intent with which an act was done. But this man lifts such principles above mere ethics, sees them as final forms of the divine command. He draws two precepts from the Jewish law: 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment; And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.' This is indeed a spiritualizing of righteousness — of the entire contents of human conduct. He shows its application among men: 'All things therefore whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you,

even so do ye also unto them; for this is the law and the prophets.' Our Stoicism was groping towards the love of God and man; but it lagged far behind the inspiration and command of these living words, which set the spirit of man's life and filled it with acts of love.

Then this man declared the outcome of such living and its reward to be life eternal — which is what men are looking for with all mortality's yearnings. *If only they could believe it!* As a disembodied spirit I could speak to them: but that is barred. Only I will here set down — is it for me; for whom is it? — how this doctrine was presented at its best and highest, and how it touched myself.

The man wrote nothing, but was always speaking to those about him; to his followers or to individuals, or to multitudes. When not angrily rejected, his teaching was accepted and afterwards recorded according to the tempers, spiritual aptitudes, and intelligence of his hearers. It survives in different forms. One is that of the kingdom of heaven for those who will believe and follow Christ — which he proclaimed himself to be. The Kingdom is set forth in images — parables, as they are called. These represent ways of God's redeeming love and the manner of man's acceptance of the Kingdom or failure to enter in. They are phases of the relationship between man and God, a relationship that may comprise the sum of human life. The teacher points to himself as the embodiment of the Kingdom of God and as the way to it.

Another record gives a profoundly complementary disclosure of the nature of life eternal. Its problems or dilemmas are put in statements that appeal to an educated and intellectual Greek, because of linkages with his philosophy. Such a one had learned that the life of mind is most desirable and that luxury and wealth might well be abandoned for it. We Greeks could understand the words: 'Love not the world, neither the

things that are in the world.' Also the command laid on the disciples to love one another as the master had loved them, or even as God loved them. We who knew the great Athenian's philosophy could understand this. Now the discourse becomes profounder, esoteric perhaps, showing some likeness to what was taught in our own 'mysteries.' The Son of God was sent as an offer of eternal life: 'For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have eternal life.' Belief begins as the Father draws the man to Christ; it strengthens through the believer's love. Life is set forth as knowledge of the truth that frees man from bondage to sin and death; in fine, as knowing God and him whom He has sent. 'This is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent.' The record contains further revelation of the believer's life in Christ and God: 'That they may be one, even as we are one; I in them, and thou in me, that they may be perfected into one.'

As I consider the tendencies of thought and feeling in the years before and those which followed the appearance of this man, I see how his teaching — the Gospel, as it came to be called — carried an answer and fulfillment to prevailing religious yearning. I who am a mind and soul reflecting men's fervent thoughts find my own religious feeling responded to and satisfied. The Stoic god was vague and material, and the thoughts on the divine held by the Athenian philosopher never quite reached a living focus. I needed personality in God, even though one built out of human aspirations. No living divine personality had ever been conceived such as was revealed in this Gospel set upon Jewish thought but reaching so far beyond. Besides this, some kind of imperishable existence is desired by all sorts of mortals. The Gospel promised it in promises snatched at and understood in many ways.

But the reasoning mind continued in Greeks and Greek-taught Romans — certainly in me. The Greek philosophic reason could not be so Judaized as to accept the Gospel as at first set forth. Its statements had to be made over in terms acceptable to Hellenic thought. So in my case. I followed sympathetically the disputes and labors of the Christian Fathers to make the relations between the divine Son and Father and mankind thinkable. These modes of Hellenized Christianity appealed to me and satisfied my philosophic nature.

What a fortune lay before these dogmas, in which the Gospel core lived on through its appeal to the hearts of men and women. Yet I, who feel the stirrings of what history would call the future time, already know that the reasonings of the Hellenic setting of the Gospel and the arguments of the mighty Apostle to the Gentiles will eventually lose the power to convince. For they will cease to correspond with any sense of reality present in men's minds.

V

For the time my religious feeling is satisfied by the Gospel of the Saviour Jesus Christ, and I accept its dogmatic rendering. My reason, unimpaired perhaps, is redirected by a faith that has made me introspective and furnished new matter to be fitted into an intellectual frame. I would never admit that we Greeks lacked the faculty of observing nature as well as man. The promptings of mathematics pushed us to discovery. Personally I have always been drawn to poetry and art and have done my thinking along the ways of reasoning rather than through observation. In my present state observation does not interest me. Mythology and religion find symbols and look for allegorical meanings in history. I may come to recognize that these images turn us from reality. But allegory will dominate the period into which our peoples are passing.

The turning of the world to Christianity is affecting intellectual taste as well as mood and feeling in another way. One would hardly call the Greeks unemotional. Passion inspired our art and swayed our history. But we never deified emotion, and looked always to its control. That it might be without limit and absolutely righteous did not occur to us. The Christian love of God is bringing a change. It is an overmastering emotion with those who feel it, and is deemed the essence of righteousness. No temperance, no *μηδὲν ἄγαν* here. The devoted soul cannot have too much of that which should embrace its entire nature. This boundless intellectual passion inspires the writings of the bishop of Hippo, whose genius I revere. I foresee the same passion moulding poetry and art. Our old Greek measures imposed emotional limit and control. They are dropped. The Christian hymn is taking on rhythms and rhymes which will gather power to express limitless yearning. Christian prose also will become emotional. Emotion will give new forms to poetry and new qualities to sculpture and painting.

Nevertheless, in these earlier centuries of conversion the masses of mankind go on much the same. They have merely redirected their superstitions. Is it not always so? The intellectually and spiritually chosen are sensitive to the impact of ideals originating in unique individuals or arising from human growth. From the first, such men were reinspired by the Gospel and gained in mental and emotional power. They reached new heights of righteousness — of intolerance, perhaps. Creative in thought and feeling, they are the great Fathers of the Church and saints as well. I feel their power. But I see that common men, with affections and desires good and bad, are unchanged. Wars go on, and internecine struggles among Christians still grasping at the Empire. The birth throes of dogma are violent enough, and bring forth subjects of rancorous dispute.

Men hate each other still. I fail to see that bishops and their shouting factions are any better than pagans used to be. They are certainly less pleasant. Yet the tough old world may be about to receive a novel impress.

I am thinking of another aspect of this problem. Our antique world held much strength and life when Jesus was born. Its energies seemed to sink while his teachings, more or less altered, were reaching general acceptance. My own experience through this period of spiritual intermingling and renovation impresses me with the impossibility of distinguishing the causes of these two phenomena or even the phenomena themselves — to wit, the apparent weakening of Græco-Roman civilization and the Gospel's spread. Men are evincing new susceptibilities and capacities of feeling, which tend to develop into creative faculty, thus making amends for what is lost. The antique Greek and Roman character, although subject to superstitions, was strong and self-reliant. The staunchness relaxed under a deepening need of religious solace and support. This need brought forth the means of consolation. The times of the Church Fathers were creative of Christian art as well as Christian dogma. The Fathers themselves in the fourth century after Christ were not mentally inferior to Epicurus and the founders of Stoicism in the fourth century before his birth. Christian art was less skillful than the art of our Skopas and Praxiteles, but more original in its accomplishment of the novel task of presenting the Christian epic.

Thus I saw new elements of faculty and character replacing the antique strength. One hesitates to speak of a human deterioration. But disasters press upon my thought. I see the resources and population of the Empire wasted by war, disorder, and disease. The impact of barbarian peoples is now a calamity rather than a renewal of strength. Our civilization is no longer able to assimilate and fashion them.

VI

I am moved by the tendencies of each passing time, and yet consider them detachedly. This is my freedom. I see the world entering a period of downfall and ignorance to be followed by a gradual recovery rich in possibilities. The course of disruption and recovery passes across my vision. Through the centuries I hear the beat of thought and feel the gathering passion of the Faith. I think in terms of the *Summa Theologiæ* and almost gain the gift of tears. Then I become aware of a dawning freedom struggling through the need of the antique heritage. Eyes are opening to the natural world. Observation becomes active and experimental, prying into movement and growth. Religion holds a smaller part of human interest. Man's earthly life bounds forward as if unfettered. There is delight in art; and the passionately human world asserts itself with glorious violence in Shakespearean plays.

Moving on to what seems the present, I am dizzied by the novel facilities of daily life and intercourse. In the whirl of opportunity it is humanity that stays the same. What though men talk across the ocean if they have but small things to say? Inventions are a fool's test of progress. The cry is for application and utility. But applied science is baneful as well as beneficial: neutral between good and ill. Easement and facility are well when leading to broader purpose and the uplifting of the mind. It is an insult to knowledge to accept surface utility as a criterion of its worth. We Greeks kept the balance between philosophy and

science. Now the efficiency of rational thinking is denied. Men forget that in sifting nature perception is fashioned by the perceiving mind with the concurrence of its reasoning faculties. The gain is valid when harmonized with the background of well-considered thought. This court of last resort passes on every fact. Natural knowledge broadens the basis of that ultimate rational consideration which is philosophy.

Though the world perplexes me, I know whither I have come. A touch of the divine in the liberated soul enables it to see all things in the light of eternity. I can also view my own experiences as successive. With the passing of mortal breath, the distraction and contentions of composite existence gave way to quietude and gentle tolerance. I became hospitable to others' thoughts, would consider novel opinions and recognize new drifts of feeling. I absorbed the early philosophers and the laws of conduct declared by the Theban poet and our Athenian drama. Having soared with Plato, my thoughts were sobered as man's helplessness appeared in the times of Stoicism. The pathos of mortality brought home the need of divine deliverance. I gained a new intelligence from the conviction that God, once the All-mover, now the Father, held human qualities in the divine harmony of his nature. He had made us unto himself. There was scope along that path for human energies, and content and peace. Thus I fared onward. Insistence upon living within the divine purpose remains unshaken. I, Archilochus, have found the peace of God which passeth understanding. And I also am an allegory.

THE FRIENDLY CITY

Boyhood and Youth

BY LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH

I

FROM the Quaker Penn Charter School in Philadelphia I went at the age of sixteen to the near-by Quaker college at Haverford, and began to undergo that vague, diffused kind of intellectual varnishing and plastering over which was then regarded in the United States, and is, I believe, still regarded, as an adequate collegiate education. The scheme of teaching in this small Quaker college, though rather sounder, I believe, than that in some of the larger universities, had but little influence on me: no stirring of the mind resulted from those instructions; I played games; I spent my summers in shooting and fishing expeditions; I and my companions were simply enjoying our brief, irresponsible hour in the sun, before we should all take up that business career to which we were destined. That every American should make money, that even those who already possessed it should devote their lives to making more, that all of them without exception should betake themselves every morning to their offices and spend all the hours of sunlight in these great business buildings — this was the universally accepted and unquestioned ideal of life in the world we lived in.

We were, it is true, for the most part Quakers, but the unworldliness of this unworldly sect had not long been able to curb the pecuniary ardor which had soon taken possession of its members, and although my mother's father, the

original founder of the family business, had put before himself a modest measure of permissible gain — limiting his ideal to the maintenance of a house in town and a house in the country, and a carriage and a pair of fat horses for his wife — and, when this had been attained, had religiously resigned all further profits to his partners, no such scruples troubled his successors in the business. As this business was now growing in importance and prosperity, — glass furnace being added to furnace, and the output of glass bottles greatly increasing year by year, — while my father drew an ever-increasing income from this source, it was taken for granted that I, his only surviving son, should, when the time came for him to retire, succeed him in this lucrative occupation. It was a golden chance and a dazzling prospect that quite obliterated all thought of the librarianship, with its meagre income, to which I had been originally destined.

In the meantime, raw college boy as I was, absorbed in outdoor sports, and glass manufacturer as I hoped to be in the future, I became nevertheless dimly conscious of certain vague stirrings in what, for want of a better term, I must call my mind. Haverford College had been built in a pleasant rural situation, with slopes and hills and a little lake, and many groves of trees. Amid one of these groves a little college library had

been placed. I began to haunt this rustic and almost unfrequented little building; and the love of reading, early awakened in me by my visits to the old library in Philadelphia, began to take hold of me again.

And then, as I passed beyond the years of childhood, another impulse stirred within me, and contributed its energy to the dim awakening of my intellectual life. I became vaguely aware of Culture, not indeed as a thing of value in itself, but as bestowing a kind of distinction upon its possessors, a distinction superior in some mysterious way to that of a big-game killer which had hitherto been my ambition and my dream. The revelation to me of this ideal I owed to that elder sister who had converted me in my boyhood, and in whose footsteps, as she climbed one height after another, I followed with clumsy feet for many years.

II

Young American women, before they settle down to domestic fidelity, permit themselves, and by the custom of the country are permitted, an unreprieved period of fascination: a prenuptial flight as it were, on which they are pursued by such swarms as they can provoke — and they are allowed almost every license in provoking them — of admirers, suitors, beaux, and would-be lovers. This subjugation, this victimization and leading captive of susceptible young males, is — or at least was — the privilege and indeed the glory of every attractive young American female; and is, as I have said, a kind of prenuptial flight which is less dangerous after all than that of bees, for the hearts of the rejected in that sphere, though easily broken, are not difficult to mend, and the chosen mate or husband is not deprived of life when he has performed his duty to the race.

My sister had now begun to soar upward on shining pinions, followed by the usual train of male admirers, and it was

into high realms of poetry and culture that she winged her flight. Thus to me, seated on the dull earth, there began to echo downward, as from a heaven of larks above me, the most fascinating talk of literature and poetry. Oh, I thought, to be initiated into those refinements, to have read the right books, to be able to quote the fashionable poet, to shine, like my sister's admirers, in literary conversation! Was it possible that I, too, might one day learn to take my part in the discourse of these exalted regions? I shyly began to ask my sister about books, and she recommended me to read the fashionable prophets of the day, Carlyle and Emerson and Ruskin. These I found in the little college library among the trees, and I turned over their pages as if they were books of magic, from which some intimations of their real meaning began slowly to dawn upon me. The rhetoric of *Sartor Resartus* awoke in me a dim sense that my soul was somehow in a prison, and in Emerson's pages I caught faint glimpses of the free and starry life which might be possible to the emancipated spirit.

Most potent of all was the influence of Ruskin upon me, and I remember in especial one vivid moment, when, lying out of doors in the grass one late summer afternoon, reading in *Modern Painters* about the clouds, I happened to look up from my book and saw above me the blue sky and the golden architecture of the unmoving summer clouds. I had seen many beautiful landscapes on my shooting and fishing expeditions; but this moment, when I gazed up at the sky and drank in its beauty, I had been wont to regard as my first experience of conscious æsthetic enjoyment. But the dispositions of which we become more aware as we grow older are deeply implanted in us, and are, indeed, part of our native endowment; and the other day, in reading a letter written by my mother before I was three years old, I found that she had noted at

that early age how no object that pleased my eyes, no flower or autumn leaf or gay bit of rag, escaped my attention, and how 'the perverse little mortal,' as she described me, loved to sit and gaze up at bright-colored clouds. 'I wish they would come down here,' she once heard me exclaim, 'and let me see how pink they are. I want,' the pious infant added, 'to show them to Jesus.'

Soon after my reading of Ruskin I began to ask my sister about poetry and the poets. Poetry, I had always maintained, was all rot and nonsense, but I had become dimly aware of the part it played in that exchange of sentiments and gallantries which was the main interest and the great romantic preoccupation of the youth of our community. This part was indeed important; the flights of the young females and their adorers were musical with song; it was with the strains of the fashionable poets Tennyson and Longfellow and Swinburne and the Brownings on their lips that the pursued and the pursuers soared upward into the blue; and my sister, who was foremost in these things among her aspiring companions, was accustomed to make the most effective use of this method of fascination. She knew the whole of *In Memoriam* by heart; she could chant pages of Swinburne and Mrs. Browning by the hour, which still she says she cannot forget; but there were certain poems of Poe which were perhaps her favorites, and her singing of 'Annabel Lee' in the twilight to soft piano accompaniment was well known to be extraordinarily effective.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we —
Of many far wiser than we —
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

The sound of these strains faintly reaching our ears long ago was a warning to us all of the presence in the drawing-room of some youth to whom 'Annabel Lee'

thus sung in the twilight was almost invariably fatal. We took it as a warning that we must certainly not intrude. How far away and innocent seems to me now that way of life in our Philadelphia suburb — the thoughts we thought, the songs we sang, the things we talked about in our ugly house, with its imitation stained-glass windows and Landseer engravings!

III

However, to resume my tale. I had by this time become dimly aware of the prestige to be acquired by some knowledge of the poets, the ability to pronounce their names in a knowing way and to murmur their musical lines in the moonlight, and I began, in my conversations with my sister, to introduce shyly, as I have said, the subject of poetry. Yes, there was poetry, my sister answered, musing, and smiling to herself as she mused; and then with a pitying consciousness of my rudimentary culture, and a feeling, no doubt, that I was unworthy as yet of the higher initiations, — that Tennyson and Swinburne and Browning were still far beyond my scope, — she recommended me to read Macaulay's *Lays*, which I did read in the little library among the trees on my return to college — read with real excitement, although I hardly found in these heroic lays many tender lines suitable for quotation in the moonlight. More to my purpose was another book of poems which I found for myself upon those shelves, — Owen Meredith's, — which shoddy stuff I read with passion, finding in it the delineation of all that I thought most elegant and distinguished, all that in my moods of most romantic aspiration I most aspired to be.

In the meantime, however, almost unknown to me, or vaguely apprehended, something had happened in another branch of my maternal family which, though I had at the time no notion of it, was destined to have a decisive effect upon my fate and fortunes. My mother's

youngest sister had married a Baltimore physician; they were the parents of nine children, and in the eldest of these peculiar symptoms were beginning to alarm her family. This daughter had made friends with another Baltimore young girl, in whose house they had discovered and read with rapture the writings of a poet called by the name, hitherto unknown to them, of Shelley; Shelley had led them on to Godwin, whose writings they had also unearthed. They had adopted with enthusiasm all the doctrines of these two writers, their atheism, their belief in Free Love (exactly what Free Love was these maidens hardly knew, but they believed in it with passion), and my cousin, thus aware of larger horizons, had made up her mind to further explorations of this intellectual world.

She had determined, in fact, to achieve a college education, which was then for women most unusual in America, and quite unheard of in our Quaker world. After a terrific struggle she made her way to Cornell College, one of the few colleges then open to women students, and, graduating there, she and her friend had determined to go abroad to complete their education in Germany — the country then the ideal and goal of all studious Americans. The struggle to obtain this freedom for herself and for her friend had shaken Baltimore like an earthquake — a determination to devote themselves to lives of ill-repute could hardly have created a greater scandal; but at last, after threats of suicide, hunger strikes, and other forms of awful defiance, they had achieved their purpose: they had gone, they were actually students at a German university. This was a turning toward Europe of a more serious kind than that of my grandfather's, or than my father's brief participations in the worldly and religious circles abroad. The world of European learning, European scholarship, and German universities was what my intrepid cousin aimed at, and into this, to the

unspeakable horror of Baltimore, she and her friend disappeared. In the great family conflict which had preceded this departure, my mother, who had always bitterly regretted that no opportunity for real education had been available for women in her youth, took passionately the side of her ambitious niece. Indeed, to the astonishment of everyone, her strict and disapproving mother, Friend Mary Whitall, the devotee of the correct Friend Gurney, expressed her approval of this wild project of her grandchild, and, when other supplies were all stopped, gave her the money for her voyage, calmly remarking, 'I should have liked myself to go abroad to study.'

Thus was diffused among us a dim apprehension of a world of study and scholarly ambitions centred in Germany, but with offshoots in England, and even possibly in America at Harvard, but remote, incredibly far away from our dull provincial Quaker community — indeed almost unheard of until this window in Baltimore had been so dramatically, so tempestuously opened. I was destined later on to be decisively involved in the aftereffects of this upheaval, but during my first two years at Haverford of this I had no notion, set apart as I was to be a willing victim to the great Moloch and fiery furnace of our family business.

IV

This was the point at which I had arrived when, in 1882, returning home again for the Easter holidays, I was told important news by my sister, when she too arrived for her holidays from Smith College, for the ban on college education for girls was now removed. There was a poet, she informed me and the rest of our family, a great American poet and prophet, — though most Americans were not at all aware of his greatness, — now living in poverty and neglect among us in America, living actually not far from our neighborhood, and it was her purpose, she informed us, to go without

delay and offer him a due tribute of praise and admiration. How had she heard of this poet, her anxious and perturbed relatives inquired. A lady lecturer, she replied, had come from Boston to Smith College, and had praised his works, which she herself had immediately ordered from Boston, and which had revealed to her a message of tremendous import, and the purpose of her intended visit was to discuss this message. Consternation fell upon us all, and my father at once forbade it. He vaguely knew the name of the poet, which was by no means a name of good repute in Philadelphia; the district in which he lived was a district not visited by people who respected their own position. No daughter of his, my father declared, should, while she lived under his roof, be allowed to take so unseemly a step.

My father's refusal to permit this indecorum, though impressive as the poor man could make it, had no effect whatsoever upon my sister. She thought of going, she said, on the following Thursday; and my father, being in his heart well aware of the powerlessness of American parents in their dealings with their daughters, and convinced, as he was, that if my sister meant to go on Thursday, on Thursday she would go, wisely, if unheroically, decided that the best thing under the circumstances was for him to accompany her and thus lend an air of propriety to this visit. I was invited to join the party, and so off on Thursday afternoon we started from our home in Germantown, behind the pair of my father's fine horses. We flashed along through Fairmount Park, we drove across Philadelphia, we embarked in the ferry and crossed the Delaware, and dashed up before the little two-story wooden house in Camden to which we had been directed. The poet's elderly sister, who answered the doorbell, ushered us into a little parlor, and shouted upstairs, 'Walt, here's some carriage folk come to see you.' We heard a stirring above us as of a slow and un-

wieldy person, and soon through the open door we saw two large feet in carpet slippers slowly descending the stairs, and then the bulky form of the old man appeared before us. Walt Whitman greeted us with friendly simplicity; he had no notion who we were, and we had no introduction to him, but the unannounced appearance of these 'carriage folk' from across the river — this portly and opulent-looking gentleman with his tall son and beautiful tall daughter — did not seem to surprise him in the least. My sister informed him that our name was Smith, that she had read his *Leaves of Grass*, and had come to express her immense admiration for that volume, and this explanation was received with great complacency; we were all invited to follow him upstairs to his den, where we sat down on what chairs could be hastily provided, and were soon engaged in lively talk.

My father, who at first held himself aloof in the most disapproving manner, soon, to the surprise of my sister and myself, began to join in this friendly conversation, and we were still more surprised, when we got up to take our departure, to hear our impulsive parent invite the object of his grave disapprobation to drive back with us to Germantown and spend the night. The afternoon was, he urged, a fine one, the drive across the Park would be pleasant, and it would be a pity to bring to a premature end so agreeable a confabulation. 'No, Mr. Smith, I think I won't come,' the poet answered; but when he had hobbled to the window and seen, waiting in the street outside, my father's equipage, he said that he thought he might as well come after all, and, hastily putting a nightshirt and a few other objects in a little bag, he hobbled downstairs and we all drove off together. It was, as my father had said, a pleasant afternoon; we crossed again the ferry, we drove through Philadelphia and through the Park to our home in Germantown, where Walt Whitman remained with us

for a month, and whither he would often afterward return. He became indeed a familiar and friendly inmate of the house, whose genial presence, even when we did not see him, could hardly pass unnoticed, for he had the habit of singing 'Old Jim Crow' when not occupied in conversation, and his loud and cheerful voice could be heard echoing every morning from the bathroom. His arrivals were always unannounced; he would appear when he liked, stay as long as he liked; and then one morning we would find at breakfast a penciled note to say that he had departed early, having had for the present enough of our society.

V

The reputation which the author of the *Leaves of Grass* had acquired by that daring and not decent publication was but a dubious one in America at that time; this reputation had reached our Quaker suburb, and our neighbors and relations would avoid our house and forbid their children to visit it when it was known that Walt Whitman was staying with us. Our friendship with him shocked them gravely; but no one who met him could retain this prejudice for long. His manners were grand and primeval, like those of old patriarchs or bards; he treated all human beings with the same politeness, and only on one occasion did we notice in him any sense of times and occasions and the demands of social etiquette. He had arrived on a visit in a knitted jacket, and, when told that a number of people were coming that evening to dinner, the thought occurred to him that probably he ought to put on a coat for the occasion, and after some meditation he appeared at dinner-time a consummate man of the world in his overcoat, thus sacrificing his comfort, for the night was hot, to the demands of the occasion.

Almost every afternoon my father would take Walt Whitman driving in the Park; it was an unfailing interest to

them to drive as close as they could behind buggies in which pairs of lovers were seated, and observe the degree of slope towards each other, or 'buggy-angle,' as they called it, of these couples; and if ever they saw this angle of approximation narrowed to an embrace, my father and Walt Whitman, who had ever honored that joy-giving power of nature which the pagans symbolized under the name of Venus, would return home with happy hearts.

My acquaintanceship with this great and famous poet, — for Walt Whitman had already become famous in England, and his glory had flashed back across the Atlantic to Boston, and thence, as I have described, to where we sat in German-town in darkness, — the familiar presence of this poet in our house, must have had an influence upon me which was much greater than anything that I was aware of at the time. He was, as John Burroughs has well described him, 'large and picturesque of figure, slow of movement, tolerant, receptive, democratic and full of charity and good will towards all. His life was a poet's life from first to last — free, unworldly, unhurried, unconventional, unselfish, and was contentedly and joyously lived.' He was already old and half-paralyzed when we made his acquaintance, but of the disabilities of age he never spoke, although their shadows are not absent from his poems of this period. In one of these, for instance, 'Queries to My Seventieth Year,' which was written just when we came to know him, he thus addresses the oncoming year: —

Approaching, nearing curious,
Thou dim, uncertain spectre — bring'st thou life or
death?
Strength, weakness, blindness, more paralysis and
heavier?
Or placid skies and sun? Wilt stir the waters yet?
Or haply cut me short for good? Or leave me here
as now,
Dull, parrot-like and old, with crack'd voice
harping, screeching?

It was, however, the calm serenity of age, its placid skies and sun, which dif-

fused about him that atmosphere of peace and leisure which made his companionship so genial, and our endless conversations with him so great a pleasure. He was fond of talking with young people, and would listen with the utmost good nature to our crude notions; and when he was not with us, my sisters and I would often visit him in Camden, where on summer days we would find him seated at his window, fanning himself with a large palm-leaf fan, and gazing out on the lazy sunshine that filled his little street. Not infrequently during our visits he would recognize some workingman of his acquaintance as he passed, and call out, 'Come in, Bill, and meet some friends of mine,' and the workingman would come in, or the passing postman, or the driver of an express wagon, and we would all share an improvised meal together.

The floor of the room upstairs in which he lived was covered to the depth of a foot or so with a sea of papers, and now and then he would stir this pool with his stick and fish up a letter from an English admirer — Tennyson perhaps, or Symonds, or Edward Dowden, or some newspaper article about 'the Good Grey Poet.' Walt Whitman, who had been himself so long a newspaper writer, was curiously fond of newspaper publicity; his floor was strewn with press cuttings in which his name was mentioned, and he would even, I believe, now and then, write anonymous articles about himself for insertion in the local papers. Otherwise he was quite free from literary vanity, and never spoke of his writings unless we questioned him. Then, however, he would answer with great simplicity and frankness.

My sister, Mrs. Berenson, recalls how once, when she was on the Camden ferry, she saw an Englishman also on the boat. He must, she rightly concluded, be on a pilgrimage like herself to visit Walt Whitman, for how otherwise account for the presence of that Englishman? She, therefore, accosted the

correct and dapper figure, who confessed, with some surprise, that this was in fact his purpose. My sister offered to show him the way to Walt Whitman's house, and they proceeded thither, to find, however, that the door was locked and they could get no answer to their knockings. 'I'm sure he's upstairs,' my sister said; 'he always is, so the best thing is for me to boost you up to the window, which you can open, and then come down and let me in.' Edmund Gosse (for the Englishman was Edmund Gosse) seemed considerably surprised, my sister says, by the unconventionality of this proposal, but as he had come a long way to visit Walt Whitman, and did not wish to be baffled in his object, he finally allowed my sister to boost him up; and then he descended to open the front door to her, and they found Walt Whitman as usual in his study, and their visit was a satisfactory one in every way.

It is only fair, however, to add that when, thirty or forty years after, I arranged for Mrs. Berenson and Gosse to meet at luncheon, the latter, though admitting that he had met my sister at Walt Whitman's, strenuously denied the boosting and his informal entrance. Knowing both Gosse and my sister to be endowed with more picturesque than accurate memories, I have never been able to decide which was telling the truth.

I remember once speaking to Walt Whitman about his poem, 'With husky haughty Lips O Sea,' which had just been published, and he told me, sitting one summer evening on our porch in Germantown, of the way he had come to write it; how always, from the days of his boyhood on the Long Island coasts, he had tried and tried again to seize the meaning which the voice of the ocean was always whispering in his ears; how often by day, and more often by night, he had sat or lain amid the sandhills on its margin, listening in a kind of torment of attention to that great voice — some voice — in what words could he best describe it?

Some voice, in huge monotonous rage, of freedom-lover pent,
Some vast heart, like a planet's, chain'd and chafing in those breakers.

This notion of receptivity to experience, and of a complete surrender to it, combined with a patient effort to grasp its deepest meaning and to embody that meaning in significant and reverberating words — this account of the old man's poetic method, as he told it one summer evening, was deeply impressive to his boyish listener, although that listener had then no thought of attempting to coin his own experience into enduring metal. To melt material sand into salable glass bottles — this, he believed, was to be his destiny; and the idea that all such massy unmetaphorical gold might be gladly bartered, as Walt Whitman would gladly have bartered it, for the ability to embody in words some one of Nature's aspects, — the sea's voice, for instance, or the breath of its salt fragrance, or even, as he himself had said, 'the undulation of one wave,' — the idea of so mad a preference would have seemed to his youthful listener at that date fantastic indeed.

VI

Thus I listened to the impressive talk of the old poet, and though I had no notion of following his example, the effect upon me of his poems, as I read and reread that strange volume, the *Leaves of Grass* — how can I adequately describe it? There are books which come to us as revelations, which, as Emerson says, 'take rank in our lives with parents, lovers and passionate experiences,' and to come on such a book to which one can yield oneself in absolute surrender — there is no intellectual enjoyment, I believe, no joy of the mind greater in youth than this. Books of this kind, for their most passionate acceptance, should be contemporary books, written by the living for the living; and should present us with a picture of life as we ourselves

know it and feel it. And they should above all reveal us to ourselves, should hold up a looking glass before our eyes in which we see our own faces. Much that was suppressed in the young people of my generation found a frank avowal in the *Leaves of Grass*; feelings and affection for each other, which we had been ashamed of, thoughts which we had hidden as unutterable, we found printed in its pages, discovering that they were not, as we had believed, the thoughts and feelings of young, guilty, half-crazy goblins, but portions of the Kingdom of Truth and the sane experience of mankind.

It was above all Walt Whitman's rejoicing in his flesh and blood, — 'there is so much of me,' he sang, 'and all so luscious,' — his delight in his own body and the bodies of his friends, which seemed a revelation and gave the *Leaves of Grass* so strong a hold upon a generation born of puritans who had ignored, or treated as shameful, those habitations of the spirit. Then, too, Walt Whitman's affection for his fellow human beings, — for he was one of those rare spirits who really love the human race, — his feeling that all men and women, of whatever race or class and in whatever state of degradation, were all of them not worthless and of no account, but lovable and mysterious and divine — this seemed to fill for us the many-peopled world with innumerable creatures all dear and infinitely precious to us. These were the streams of life which flowed from that fountain; and catching also from its pages the fervor of his exultant pride in Democracy, in America and the age we lived in, and moved also by the splendid passages here and there of great poetry, we came to regard as a sacred book the vast printed chaos of the *Leaves of Grass*. It gave us ears, it gave us eyes, it revealed to us the miracle of our own existence, and for me, at least, with my meagre ideals of borrowed culture, it seemed to open a great shining window in my narrow house of life.

(To be continued)

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF A TRADE-UNION

BY JOHN HILTON

[At a moment when the American spokesmen of Industry and Labor are seeking to arrive at a definition of their respective responsibilities, it seems pertinent to inquire about the methods whereby the two camps in England have been brought to an understanding. John Hilton, Professor of Industrial Relations in the University of Cambridge, confines his discussion to the British trade-unions, but readers are free to draw such parallels as seem to them desirable. — THE EDITORS]

I

WHAT we in Britain have had knocked into us and seem now to be settling down to is the realization that a trade-union, to make its way and do its job and keep in trim, must go in for a good deal more than putting the screw on employers to get for labor as good a share as can rightly be got of the joint product of industry. It must never lose sight of that, of course; but the procuring of such a share must come on top of a host of other activities or it will not be effective.

The trade-union that hopes to flourish must before all else be a friendly society for its members, helping them in times of ill health and hard luck and old age out of funds to which they have contributed. It must be an advice bureau, to tell them the way out of their occupational troubles and trials. It must be a court of occupational justice as between man and man, keeping the peace among its members by the quality of its justice. It must be an efficiency and suggestion

bureau, so that it can tell the employer how to save the waste or make the gain that will justify a higher wage — thereby taking the lead now and again as a change from acting as a drag on production improvement. Such a union is not a frenzied thing that lives by crises; it lives by service rendered. By virtue of its living utility it is the more alive and strong when crisis comes. On that day, when it squares up to the employer, it does so with its feet well placed and its muscles in trim.

But the union that counts and endures with us is not necessarily the one that is forever squaring up to the employer. It has all sorts of other business with him. It has the business of adjusting the thousand and one differences that are occurring month in, month out, between the man on the job and his immediate chief. The good workman is often enough a poor hand at arguing and a worse hand at bargaining. Few of us are really tip-top at arguing our own case — we get hot and bothered where we should of all things keep cool. That is why in life generally we so often call in an expert third party as a go-between. The workman specially needs a go-between, for, being in the pay of the other man, he often feels he dare not, even if he had the gift, say just what is in his mind. Often the employer himself suffers by that, for he thinks he has left the workman happy and satisfied when he has n't.

The only go-between who can say what the workman really wants said, and say it without fear, is one who is not

in the employer's pay — in other words, the trade-union official. There have been, and will be, company union officials who can find out what the employee wants to say and can say it. There have been and will be labor superintendents who can do it. But the fact that they are in the employer's power or pay must always be a hindrance on major issues. The spokesman who is not on the firm's pay roll is the one who can best represent the man on the line to the man in the board room.

The capable trade-union official is no less a boon to the employer when it comes to passing word along in the other direction. The man in the office has things to say to the man at the bench. Written instructions and printed notices are all very well, word passed down through the foreman is all very well; but if it is a matter in which the employee may suspect a catch, or one that touches his feelings closely, it is better to pass the message along, or at any rate get it driven home, by one of his own kind and company.

II

Let me illustrate with a few figures the importance of the mutual-aid plan of our British trade-unionism. Those of our trade-unions in regard to which there is detailed information (and they cover the bulk of the movement) expend of their own money, in an average year, about £7,000,000. (I say 'of their own money' because some receive and pay out state unemployment benefit, in recent total about £2,000,000 a year, to their members along with unemployment benefit of their own.) Of this £7,000,000 of their own money very nearly half will have gone in mutual-aid benefits to members, distributed as follows: about 10 per cent in unemployment pay to supplement the state benefit; about 9 per cent in sick and accident pay to supplement whatever is being received under state measures; about 10 per cent in funeral and other payments;

and 15 per cent in superannuation pay to aged and retired members or their dependents. Those outgoings represent, as I say, nearly half of the whole. For the rest, a little will have gone in grants to other trade-unions and to federations, and a little to the political fund for the support of trade-union representatives at Westminster. Finally there is one small item, and one large: some 3 or 4 per cent — on the average for the last ten years — will have gone in dispute benefit; and some 40 per cent will have gone in working expenses.

To see our trade-unions as they really are one must think of the contributions being collected, by workmen members authorized to perform that office, at the place of work or place of meeting or any other convenient spot; one must think of large and small local offices or hired meeting places or front rooms or kitchens of branch secretaries' homes, to which members who have struck a bad time or a personal misfortune go to make their statements and draw their money, and to which aged and retired members go or send for their superannuation; places where every night a member or two will drop in to unload a grievance or clear up a difficulty, or to ask perhaps if any employer has telephoned for more help. One must think, too, of regular meetings in such places, with a worker chairman and worker officers and a part-time or full-time paid secretary, and a not too good attendance (except when there is trouble in the air) — meetings at which differences between members are heard and adjusted, at which complaints concerning work or wages or conditions or treatment are heard and argued, and at which policy, local and national, is discussed in the light of whatever the head office has said or may want to know.

It is in these innumerable homely quarters that our trade-unionism has its being. One must think of the paid secretary taking his cue or his orders from the meeting (which runs him as

he runs it), and between whiles carrying on with his job of administering, expounding, advising, exhorting, recruiting, visiting, calming, rousing, and adjusting — through the long days of the seven-day week. It is these activities which absorb that 40 per cent of the subscriptions which goes in 'working expenses.' It is good value for the money.

In all this, or nearly all, the trade-union secretary is a trouble-smoother — not a trouble-maker. Day in, day out, he is busy securing, from employers, adjustments of a wage rate here and a time schedule there. Over the whole field thousands of such adjustments are being made by trade-union officers every month that goes by. There is material for a quarrel in each — but the adjustment is made without it. Naturally, none of these adjustments get into the papers. Keeping the peace is not news.

I must beware of talking too much of the secretary or agent as though he were the union. He is not. The union is the corporate body of members. The authority is a corporate authority. Of course, with the trade-union as with any other body, sometimes the secretariat sways the membership more than the membership rules the secretariat. But the trade-union personage who lets himself become a union boss instead of a union secretary is generally in for a fall. Even the born leader of trade-unionism does well to disperse as widely as possible among his members the faculty of leadership. Trade-union government must be government 'by the people': all other drifts have to be resisted, and every sensible trade-unionist knows it.

But the trade-union secretary's efforts at adjustment do not always succeed. Naturally he tries often enough for more than he can get. Time and again a deadlock is reached. He has seen the foreman, or the manager, or even the responsible director — perhaps more than once. Perhaps the general secretary has been down from the head office. Neither side will give way — or not enough to

make a compromise. The man or men are ready to down tools. But now comes into play, if the trade-union and the employers' association have a healthy history, that conciliation or arbitration machinery that has been ready and waiting for precisely this. There will be a clause in the collective agreement. The clause will require a difference to be examined in a prescribed manner before there is any downing of tools or locking of doors. The agreement has been drawn up and signed by both organizations — the trade-union and the employers' association. There are thousands of such agreements in being. They are the scriptures of Industrial Relations. They are the book of the Law and the Prophets. They are the price list and the timetable and the guide to correct manners. They insist on every effort being made to settle a difference on the spot with the least possible fuss. But they also provide, should that fail, for formal examinations of the issue, first in the district and then, if that should fail, more centrally.

This machinery for the settlement of differences, for the deferring of strikes and lockouts, is, in Britain as in other lands, a homemade article invented and created out of the conjoint good sense of workers' and employers' organizations. There is no force of law behind the agreements. They are purely voluntary. Nothing went into the making of them but the desire to settle differences without a stoppage of work if possible. They rest upon nothing more than the inner compulsion that makes any reasonable man want to abide by any agreement to which he has put his hand.

To get the very best for his people out of conciliation and arbitration procedure, the trade-union representative needs a multiple equipment. He needs understanding and ability and character. He must know his men, he must know the work, he must know the employers' position, he must know just how far he can go and just how much can be got and how to

negotiate for it. He must have his men behind him. He must know they trust his judgment. Bluff and bluster and bounce are not of much use because they create neutralizing resistances. Low cunning may succeed once but not twice, or, if twice, not thrice. The man who honestly and sanely wants the best for the industry will get the most for his men.

Once in a way all mediation provisions fail. One or the other side will not accept the highest tribunal's recommendation or award. It is the eve of the handing in of notices. The issue may be one that started down on the machine floor and has worked its way up. Or it may be one that started at the top — a matter of broad labor policy emerging from the development of ideas and standards or from economic changes that are affecting industry from without, such as fluctuations in the volume and allocation of buying or in the price level, or from resentment at and resistance to some hated move on the part of the employers. Now the trade-union leader needs all his powers. Strike? Or no strike?

The strike, like its rarer complement the lockout, is a game at which both sides generally lose, and often enough know they will lose. A short sharp strike can score a real win; but in the long-drawn-out strike the fruits of victory rot. No responsible leader on either side wants a strike. Yet mark this: it is only the dread of a stoppage that will bring some negotiators to agree. Now the longer it is since there has been a disastrous stoppage the less sharp is the memory of what a stoppage means. So every now and again someone must strike or lock out to give others a reminder of the folly of striking or locking out. The shrewd trade-union leader knows that, and does not care very much to let his union — especially the kind of mutual-aid union I have been describing — go as a victim to the sacrifice, to impoverish its members, deplete its funds, lose grip, and undo the work of years. Yet someone must do it sometime for the sake of

the others. And of course there is always a chance, just a chance, of winning more than is lost.

If it does come to a strike, then what the union needs above all else is cohesion and loyalty. It needs just that abiding allegiance that can only come as the result of long years of mutual helpfulness. Because it lacks this background, the union that is no more than a fighting force is not likely to win a fight. It is not only that to win requires this background of tried and trusted and practised comradeship; it is also that the technique and the spirit of fighting — and the language of fighting, for that matter — do not fit industrial differences. Industry is essentially a matter of working together — not of striving against. To say, 'We won't work with you on such terms,' is all right. Any man or group may feel and act so. To say, 'We'll injure you until you agree to our working with you on other terms,' does n't make as good sense. It is one of the minor tragedies of our language that the word 'strike' has come to be used for stopping work. It suggests and prompts violence. What it meant in its origins was no more than striking tools — on the analogy of a ship striking colors. It is a vivid word: but there is a lot to be said for dropping it and speaking, instead, of 'stoppage.' We are tending that way.

The trade-union official whose pacific duties have taken him into frequent contact with his opposite on the employers' side sees, far better than one who has been kept at arm's length, the importance of letting as little as possible happen during a stoppage that will be likely to make bad blood when the stoppage ends and work is to be resumed. It is a nice problem. Once the men are out the official must strive to keep up their spirits so that they present a bold, united front. In that striving there is every temptation to whip up steadfastness with bitterness. He has to remember the day of the going back, for the men want to go back to a works, not a cesspit.

III

I have spoken of the state of affairs in which the trade-union officials and the employers' officials are in running contact through all the long periods of industrial peace. But what of those cases in which the employers have always stoutly refused to have any dealings with trade-unionism? Yes, we have such employers in England. They are not numerous nowadays, but they include a few of our largest modern firms making the mass-produced novelties and specialties of this our age — cars and so on. Their policy is one of 'High Wages, No Union.' It is not that union membership is forbidden in the terms of contract; but rather that union talk or activity is smelled out and frowned upon and that to any communication from a trade-union the company is deaf and dumb.

Often enough there are elaborate welfare provisions. There may even be an apparatus of department spokesmen and periodical joint committees. In a firm employing 5000 or 20,000 work people this may to some extent look like and even serve as genuine trade-unionism. It has, however, three radical shortcomings: the spokesman who says what is not liked by the firm can be sacked; the work people are denied corporate common cause with those employed in other firms; and there must be no formal linkage with national trade-unionism. It has its points, this non-union policy, for the few firms that by particular personal genius are well ahead of competitors; but the points are perilous. It is a separatist policy that hampers the development of a national and wholesome trade-unionism. From that the body politic suffers. But there are dangers also for the firms themselves. There may come a day on which the one thing by which they might have been saved from disaster is not available to them. We have, of course, no law under which an employer can be compelled to recognize the trade-union. We have powerful

employers' associations in all the staple and long-established industries, membership of which implies working with the trade-union; but the giant firm in the newer branches of manufacture can stay outside if it so wills, and play its lone hand with all the chances of gain and catastrophe that the lone hand entails.

By having no truck with trade-unionism the lone-hand giant hopes to keep the attitude of its employees to their employer free of doctrinarian poison. It sees the trade-union movement as run by deadheads but driven by hotheads. Even the employer who looks on the trade-union as part of the national order can be sorely worried by the trade-union's revolutionary streak. But neither gets so worried about it as does the trade-union leader.

There are few prominent personalities in our trade-union movement who are not committed to a belief in 'the socialization of the means of production, distribution, and exchange.' To that extent they are critical of an order in which the means of production are privately owned and industry is run for private profit. Their avowed desire is to see it changed. But they do not let their desire for change warp their dealings, as trade-unionists, with the actual elements of the order as it is. They do not let the dream ruin the business. We all have to meet and to resolve, at every turn of our lives, that selfsame conflict between the desire to 'shatter it to bits and then remould it' and the need for making the best, while we live in and by it, of the 'sorry scheme of things entire.'

It is not wholly dissociation between dream and business. Nor is it altogether a man's natural disinclination to play ducks and drakes with the thing of which he is the inspirer and the loyal servant, his trade-union, by double-crossing its purposes. It is also that he has the sense to know that trade-unionism is not the instrument for achieving the overthrow of capitalism and its replacement by socialism or communism, however much

in his heart of hearts he may desire that consummation.

There is a sprinkling of lesser leaders in our trade-union movement who are committed to 'the overthrow of the capitalist order and its substitution by a dictatorship of the proletariat.' They are committed, that is, in principle. They, too, manage to keep their ultimate objectives in the background while they direct the fortunes of their union. They must; or their direction will inevitably fail, and their union fall on evil days. No man can serve two objects — one of coöperation, the other of wreckage.

Indeed, what worries most our trade-union leaders is not conflict of purpose in themselves but the presence of anti-trade-union elements in their membership. We have our Communist Party. Its few members can make a great deal of trouble, for they are fervent and zealous. Their revolutionary strategy is not easy to follow; but it appears to be to wreck the present trade-unions, then with a fiercer trade-unionism to wreck the employer, and then out of the whole-sale wreckage to build a fairer civilization. Naturally the trade-unions dislike this programme and disapprove of its promoters. There can generally be heard in our labor circles the sizzle of some trade-union pouring cold water on its red-hot tail.

One tends always to make divisions of persons rather than of thoughts. In truth the stolid and the fiery are to be found in some proportion in us all, the ingredients varying from occasion to occasion. They are to be found in the typical trade-unionist. He too has to manage his own duality. A workingman philosopher told me how he does it. Let me explain that in most towns we have a Trades and Labor Council, usually with a hall of its own. Here the members and officers of all the local unions can forgather to discuss labor policy and the labor goal. My workman friend explained: 'We overthrow the capitalist order every fourth Friday at the Trades

Council, but every other day of the month we're busy at the branch.'

The trade-union that will play its rightful part in the economic order of the future is the one that carries on its humdrum day-to-day services and binds its members together in mutual fellowship. The trade-union leader who will stand highest and surest in the movement is the one who is most in touch with its members on the mutual-aid side of his union's multifarious activities. We have in Great Britain no experience of trade-unionism suddenly thrust upon masses of work people. There was a great crowding in or roping in of members during and immediately after the war; but they fell away as soon as the testing time came. For vigorous trade-unionism you must have not a mob but a membership. You must have a membership capable of producing the kind of leaders that alone can make trade-unionism a living and serving part of the entire economic and political order. For there is need not only of a collection of separate trade-unions led and officered by men, or women, whose one concern is the vocational welfare of their particular members; there is need also of a national organ of all the unions where inter-union rivalries can be adjusted, where the greed of particular unions can be checked, and where a trade-union policy that will have regard not only for the interests of trade-unionists but also for the common weal can be framed and promulgated.

This we have developed, over long years, in our Trades-Union Congress with its General Council and its executive organs and officers. There is need of a trade-unionism that can take its part in national life as one of the mighty and enduring estates of the realm, one that can represent the aspirations and the demands of the citizen as wage earner. That kind of trade-unionism is not made at mass meetings or fed by fiery 'stick-'em-up' speeches. It grows out of the good earth of mutual service and mutual trust.

INTO ACTION

BY GEORGE ALLEN

Now with the awakening armies of the future
Is the best time for actual battle, before
They rise upon the living battlefield.

For we still live, and they but stir in sleep,
Unborn, loaded with dying; and corpse dew
Is visible sweating on their ghostly kit.

Encamped upon the deadly field to come,
They have been marring the deep minds of us
With dreamy visitations of thickening terror;

Annihilation, paralyzing our strength:
They are the enemy, and there's no peace,
And now it is their unborn blood or ours.

And there's small time; if we should fail, my ghost
Goes out heroic with your ghost heroic
Exploded into night with nothing done.

Then now, while all their battle is still mist,
Their artillery still blueprints, their tanks unshod,
Their gas encylindereed, their engines empty,

Let us be breaking them, while still we can,
Now with the increasing strength of our free bodies
That live and move, aware and warned of work.

That the peace may be declared before the war,
Before the happy warrior's menacing hand
Goes groping out of sleep to lay us low.

Shatter the bayonet still in virgin sheath,
Cut down the future man who carries it,
Into thin air explode the shadow shells!

THE INTERCESSION

BY EDWARD A. RICHARDS

Ask the brazen bells now dumb
Whether these softer sounds,
Soft as shadows in a carving,
Whether they can reach the starving
And the lost beyond the bounds
Where echoes never come.

How many men at last have lain
Like birds that die, who seem
Unprotected, unprotected,
In the woods where they have nested
And hear no murmur to redeem
Millenniums of pain.

JOHN JAY CHAPMAN

BY EDMUND WILSON

IT is probable at the present time that hardly one reader in a million has ever read a word by or even heard the name of John Jay Chapman. His later writings went almost unnoticed and his early ones are mostly out of print. Yet he was certainly one of the most interesting Americans and one of the most remarkable prose writers of his generation.

Mr. M. A. DeWolfe Howe has just published an admirable biography,¹ largely made up of selections from Chapman's papers and letters, which shows Chapman in all his brilliance and in all his dramatic relief at the same time that it does a good deal to make intelligible the curious eclipse which he suffered. This essay, for which Mr. Howe's book has provided most of the materials, is an attempt both to appreciate and to explain him.

I

Perhaps our most vivid impression as we read about John Jay Chapman — especially through the first half of his life — is that we have encountered a personality who does not belong in his time and place and who by contrast makes us aware of the commonness, the provinciality, and the timidity of most of his contemporaries. 'Yes,' we say to ourselves in our amazement, 'people ought to be more like this!'

When John Jay Chapman was twenty-five and studying at Harvard Law School, — it was the winter of 1886-

1887, — he made the acquaintance of Minna Timmins, the half-Italian niece of the Brimmer family of Boston: 'a swarthy, fiery large-eyed girl, who looked like the younger sibyl of Michael Angelo' and 'had the man-minded seriousness of women in classic myths, the regular brow, heavy dark hair, free gait of the temperament that lives in heroic thought and finds the world full of chimeras, of religious mysteries, sacrifice, purgation' — such a woman as had hardly existed outside 'the imagination of Æschylus and the poets.'

'I had never abandoned my reading of Dante' — it would be a pity not to give it in his own words — 'and it somehow came about that I read Dante with Minna. There was a large airy room at the top of the old Athenæum Library in Boston whose windows looked out on the churchyard. It was a bare and quiet place: no one ever came there. And during the winter we read Dante there together, and in the course of this she told me of her early life in Milan. There were five children, three of them boys, and there were tempestuous quarrels between the parents. I saw that it was from her mother that she had inherited her leonine temperament. The mother had been a fury. I could see this, though she did not say it. . . . The Dante readings moved gradually like a cloud between me and the law, between me and the rest of life. It was done with few words. I had come to see that she was in love with someone. It never occurred to me that she might be in love with me.

¹ *John Jay Chapman and His Letters*, Houghton Mifflin, 1937.

An onlooker might have said, "You loved her for the tragedies of her childhood and she loved you that you did pity them." The case was simple, but the tension was blind and terrible. I was completely unaware that I was in love.'

He felt that she was being made unhappy and decided that 'an acquaintance of hers, a friend in whom she had little interest,' had been playing with her affections. One evening at 'the most innocent kind of party that you can imagine at a country house,' he suddenly, without conscious premeditation, invited the man outside and beat him.

'The next thing I remember is returning late at night to my room. At that time I was rooming alone in a desolate side-street in Cambridge. It was a small, dark, horrid little room. I sat down. There was a hard-coal fire burning brightly. I took off my coat and waistcoat, wrapped a pair of suspenders tightly on my left forearm above the wrist, plunged the left hand deep in the blaze and held it down with my right hand for some minutes. When I took it out, the charred knuckles and finger bones were exposed. I said to myself, "This will never do." I took an old coat, wrapped it about my left hand and arm, slipped my right arm into an overcoat, held the coat about me and started for Boston in the horsecars. On arriving at the Massachusetts General Hospital I showed the trouble to a surgeon, was put under ether, and the next morning waked up without the hand and very calm in my spirits. Within a few days I was visited by the great alienist, Dr. Reginald Heber Fitz, an extremely agreeable man. He asked me among other things whether I was insane. I said, "That is for you to find out." He reported me as sane. I took no interest in the scandal which my two atrocious acts must have occasioned.'

He knew now that he was in love with Minna and that it was he whom Minna loved. 'Do you know, Minna,' he wrote her, in the summer of the same year,

'the one time in my life during which I lived was that twenty days of pain. I read *Henry Esmond*, Dickens' *Christmas Stories*, one morning — I never shall forget them — *Mr. Barnes of New York*. Every word of it is glowing with life and love. There was fire in everything I touched — the fire of the activity of that part of me which was meant to be used, which got suppressed all my life till it broke. The depth of the intentions and remote unkempt wells of life and feeling. Browning I used to read anywhere. . . . Somehow I have known the meaning of things, if not for long, and all the while I thought I need rest, I need sleep. You see life is an experiment. I had not the least idea but what [if] I met you all this would run the other way and the pain turn into pleasure. I thought I had opened life forever — what matter if the entrance was through pain.'

He married Minna Timmins, and they lived in New York, where Chapman had been born. He practised and hated law, but was, on the other hand, passionately interested in politics. He had been a member of the City Reform Club, founded by Theodore Roosevelt and others, almost from its beginning in 1882; and later became president of the Good Government Club, which had grown out of the City Reform Club. The Good Government Club had been founded by another Harvard man, Edmond Kelly, for the purpose of fighting Tammany Hall. When Kelly found out that it was impossible to recruit the working class to his club, he gave it up and became a Socialist. But Chapman and another Harvard man assumed the leadership of the Good Government movement, and from 1895 through 1900 he had an odd and very interesting career as a non-socialist political radical.

In the election of 1895, the 'Goo-Goos,' unable to agree with the Republicans on a common ticket against Tammany, ran a campaign of their own and were defeated; and in all this John Jay Chapman played a spirited and provoca-

tive part. He made speeches from the cart-tail in the streets and created a great impression of getting down and manhandling hecklers who were trying to break him up, — he was a man of formidable build and stature, — then going back and finishing his speech and afterwards buying his opponents drinks; and he was able, also, to upset the routine of such accepted professional reformers as Joseph Choate and Godkin of the *Post*. His announced policy at political dinners was 'to say nothing that he would not regret'; and he is reported to have been the only person who ever caused the venerable and cultivated Choate to lose his urbanity in public — by pointing out to him that the anti-Tammany organization to which Mr. Choate belonged was guilty of a deal with the enemy. John Jay Chapman did not understand politics as the political reformers did. He combined the extreme exhilaration of hope with the utmost contempt of compromise. He had at this period what the poet Yeats calls 'the purity of a natural force,' and he disturbed and frightened people.

But he was presently to collide with another very powerful personality, with whom he had supposed himself to be traveling in the same direction, though he turned out to be crossing his path. In the autumn of 1898, John Jay Chapman was one of the leaders of a group of political Independents, who wanted to nominate Theodore Roosevelt for the governorship of New York. Chapman had an interview with Roosevelt, who accepted the nomination and continued to affirm his willingness to be run by the Independents even after the Republican Party had offered to nominate him, too. But in the meantime the Independents had drawn up a whole Independent ticket; and the Republican boss, Tom Platt, told Roosevelt that if he wanted the Republicans to run him he would have to throw over the Independents — which Roosevelt immediately did.

Chapman had been so unwary as to

fail to extract a written promise from Roosevelt, because he had thought a gentleman's word was enough. He had started down to Oyster Bay to call on his supposed candidate just before the news of his defection broke in New York; and when he got there he found there was no train back, so that he had to spend the evening with Roosevelt. It seems to have been a harrowing occasion, 'for I was not going home leaving any mist or misunderstanding in the air as to how the Good Government Club group viewed the situation. But I went further. I unloaded the philosophy of agitation upon Roosevelt and pictured him as the broken-backed half-good man, the successor of the doughface and Northern man with Southern principles of Civil War times, the trimmer who would n't break with his party and so, morally speaking, it ended by breaking him.'

II

Chapman knew very well what Roosevelt had promised him; and the incident gave him seriously to think. He observed that Roosevelt presently persuaded himself that he had never understood the original proposal; and that he thereafter became very vociferous over the damage done progressive movements by fanatics on their 'lunatic fringe.' Chapman had been publishing since March 1897 a review called the *Political Nursery* (originally simply the *Nursery*), and he now used it to attack Roosevelt's subsequent activities and those of the supposed reformist mayor, Seth Low, formerly a candidate for the Independents. It was the McKinley-Roosevelt era of American imperialist expansion, and Chapman fought the policy of the United States in Cuba and in the Philippines, as well as denounced the British in South Africa.

This review, which he carried on through January 1901, is probably one of the best-written things of the kind that have ever been published anywhere. Chapman wrote most of it himself, and

he dealt with philosophical and literary, as well as with political, subjects. Here he began the characteristic practice which William James described when he wrote of him: 'He just looks at things and tells the truth about them — a strange thing even to *try* to do, and he does n't always succeed.' But he did succeed pretty often, and he is at his best during this early period.

I shall quote some portraits and comments from his letters, covering his later as well as his earlier years.

Of James Russell Lowell, he wrote in 1896: —

I don't dislike the man. I think him a fine man, a little dandified and genteel perhaps, but still a good story character. His poetry is nothing but a fine talent, a fine ear, a fine facility — too much morality and an incredible deftness at imitating everybody from Milton down. I cannot read his poems with any comfort — but his early essays I still think the best things he ever did, witty, snappy, 'smart' to a degree, and quite natural — they are the only things he ever did that were quite natural. In later life he got all barnaced with quotations and leisure. He pulls out pocketbooks and gold snuff boxes and carbuncled cigarette-cases, and emerald eye-glasses, and curls and pomatums himself and looks in pocket looking glasses, and smooths his Vandyke beard and is a literary fop — f-o-p, fop. Too much culture — over-nourished as Waddy Longfellow says — too many truffled essays and champagne odes and lobster sonnets, too much Spanish olives, potted proverbs — a gouty old cuss in his later essays. But in '54-'65 he wrote rapidly and most clearly. Belles Lettres is the devil after all. It spoils a man. His prefaces — sometimes very nice, in spirit — but his later prefaces are so expressive — O my! so expressive of hems and haws and creased literary trousers. I feel like running him in the belly and singing out Hulloo! old cockalorum.

Of President Eliot of Harvard (1898):

Read the essays of (Pres.) Eliot. There's no offence in them. Two by six. Everything in Massachusetts is deal boards. You can put every man in a box — Smug, Smug. He has a good word for poetry too. It's the Dodgedom

of Culture. My God, how I hate it. He's the very highest type of a most limited and inspiring pork-chopism. My God, he is hopeful — calls his book 'American Contributions to Civilization' — thinks we don't understand small parks and drainage — but will learn and are doing nicely. Has a chapter on 'the pleasures of life.' It's all one size. Every word in this work is the same size. The Puritans — the war — the problems of labor and capital — education — all excite the same emotion — i.e. that of a woodchuck eating a carrot.

Of Eliot and J. Pierpont Morgan (1907): —

Pierpont Morgan is the actual apex as well as the type, of the commercial perversions of the era. The political corruption, etc., the power behind all. . . . Now then, at the dedication of the New Medical School, Eliot goes about in a cab with Pierpont, hangs laurel wreaths on his nose, and gives him his papal kiss. Now what I want to know is this — what has Eliot got to say to the young man entering business or politics who is about to be corrupted by Morgan and his class? How eloquently can Eliot present the case for honesty? Can he say anything that will reverberate through the chambers of that young man's brain more loudly than that kiss?

If Eliot is a great man, I want a small man.

Of Theodore Roosevelt (1930): —

I have just read in type-writing a book about Roosevelt — which ought to be called the Night Side of T.R.; for it is wholly malignant — and to that extent ineffective. But it's true. He was very nearly mad at times — and broke down his mind by his egotism and mendacity. I had a quarrel with him — political, and personal, and deadly. He was a great genius for handling a situation, and with men, in such a way as to get credit — but he was a damned scoundrel. His genius was to flash a light, put someone down a well, raise a howl to heaven about honesty, and move on to the next thing. Such a genius for publicity as never was — and our people, being boy-minded and extremely stupid, found him lovely. His feebleness of intellect appears in his writings — which are dull and bombastic — and I doubt whether he will go down as a great man. He's more like a figure out of Dumas.

In 1898, he published a volume of literary papers called *Emerson and Other Essays*. In this collection, and in the *Political Nursery*, he wrote a commentary on authors then popular — Stevenson, Kipling, Browning, and so forth — of which in our day the acumen seems startling. I cannot remember any other American critic of that period — except, in his more specialized field and his more circumlocutionary way, Henry James — who had anything like the same sureness of judgment, the same freedom from current prejudices and sentimentalities. Chapman was then — as, it seems to me, he was to remain — much our best writer on literature of his generation, who made the Babbitts and the Mores and the Brownells, for all the more formidable rigor of their systems and the bulkier mass of their work, look like colonial schoolmasters.

But the long study of Emerson had a special importance. It was something other than a mere essay on Emerson. It was rather an extension of Emerson, a re-creation of Emerson for a new generation; for it was an expression — the first full expression — of Chapman's own point of view. And what Chapman got out of Emerson was something entirely different from the gentle and eueptic aspect — though that, of course, was a part of the real Emerson, too — of Van Wyck Brooks's recent portrayals. What Chapman got out of Emerson was a sort of beneficent Nietzscheanism, as electrical as Nietzsche but less rhetorical.

It had seemed to him at college, Chapman wrote, 'as if Emerson were a younger brother of Shakespeare. . . . I was intoxicated with Emerson. He let loose something within me which made me in my own eyes as good as anyone else.' It was Emerson who had first made it possible for him to say to himself: 'After all, it is just as well that there should be *one* person like *me* in the world.' John Jay Chapman was thus a continuator of the individualist tradition of Emerson, which is also the tradi-

tion of Thoreau. (Chapman speaks of Thoreau less often, though it seems to me he is in some ways even more closely akin to him.) He had carried this tradition to New York (because, in spite of the influence on his thought of Cambridge and Concord and Boston, he was distinctly to remain a New Yorker); and it had undergone an interesting variation. 'As I look back over the past,' he writes, 'the figure of Emerson looms up in my mind as the first modern man, and the city of Boston as the first living civilization which I knew. New York is not a civilization; it is a railway station.'

Yet the prose of the New Yorker — though beside the New Englanders', with their Concord flavor and color, it may seem a little steely and abstract (as Henry James's does, also, beside Hawthorne's) — is that of the man of a larger world. He was to bring against Emerson a new criticism. 'Our people are as thin-skinned as babies,' he wrote in one of his letters, 'and the Massachusetts crowd has never been criticized.' No one had ventured to stand up to Emerson on the issue of the sexual emotions since Walt Whitman had walked with him on Boston Common and, after listening to all his remonstrances against the 'Children of Adam' section of *Leaves of Grass*, had replied that he could n't answer Emerson's arguments, but that he felt sure he had been right just the same.

If an inhabitant of another planet [wrote Chapman] should visit the earth, he would receive, on the whole, a truer notion of human life by attending an Italian opera than he would by reading Emerson's volumes. He would learn from the Italian opera that there were two sexes; and this, after all, is probably the fact with which the education of such a stranger ought to begin. In a review of Emerson's personal character and opinions, we are thus led to see that his philosophy, which finds no room for the emotions, is a faithful exponent of his own and of the New England temperament, which distrusts and dreads the emotions. Regarded as a sole guide to life for a young person of strong conscience and undeveloped affections, his works

might conceivably be even harmful because of their unexampled power of purely intellectual stimulation.

And Chapman was to take the Thoreauvian intransigence into society instead of into solitude. His attitude toward politics undergoes a curious development, which is set forth in his two other remarkable books of this period: *Causes and Consequences* (1898) and *Practical Agitation* (1900). *Causes and Consequences* is one of the most powerful tracts ever written on the debasement of American politics and government by business. It begins with a pungent fable about the gradual but complete domination of a small American town by a railroad which passes through it. This, says Chapman, when he has told his story, is the whole history of America since the Civil War. And he shows the results in the general cultural life with a force which was not later to be surpassed by Van Wyck Brooks or Mencken:—

We have seen that the retailer in the small town could not afford to think clearly upon the political situation. But this was a mere instance, a sample of his mental attitude. He dare not face any question. He must shuffle, qualify, and defer. Here at last we have the great characteristic which covers our continent like a climate—intellectual dishonesty. This state of mind does not merely prevent a man having positive opinions. The American is incapable of taking a real interest in anything. The lack of passion in the American—noticeable in his books and in himself—comes from the same habitual mental distraction; for passion is concentration. Hence also the flippancy, superficiality, and easy humor for which we are noted. Nothing except the dollar is believed to be worthy the attention of a serious man. People are even ashamed of their tastes. Until recently, we thought it effeminate for a man to play on the piano. When a man takes a living interest in anything, we call him a 'crank.' There is an element of self-sacrifice in any honest intellectual work which we detect at once and score with contumely.

What is one to do in such a world? The diagnosis of *Causes and Conse-*

quences is followed by the practical programme of *Practical Agitation*; but Chapman's practical agitation is of a special and unexpected kind. As a result of his experience as a reformer, he has ceased to believe in the possibility of organized political reform under the American conditions of the time. One of the most amusing and searching passages of *Practical Agitation* describes the absorption and the complete neutralization of a reform movement by the forces which it has set out to correct. The commercial solidarity of society has rendered organized reform impossible. One might expect such a man to turn Socialist; but he states his position in regard to Socialism as follows:—

The function of Socialism is clear. It is a religious reaction going on in an age which thinks in terms of money. We are very nearly at the end of it, because we are very nearly at the end of the age. Some people believe they hate the wealth of the millionaire. They denounce corporations and trusts, as if these things hurt them. They strike at the symbol. What they really hate is the irresponsible rapacity which these things typify, and which nothing but moral forces will correct. In so far as people seek the cure in property-laws they are victims of the plague. The cure will come entirely from the other side; for as soon as the millionaires begin to exert and enjoy the enormous power for good which they possess, everybody will be glad they have the money.

He does not, therefore, believe much in economics:—

The economic laws are valuable and suggestive, but they are founded on the belief that a man will pursue his own business interests exclusively. This is never entirely true even in trade, and the doctrines of the economists become more and more misleading when applied to fields of life where the money motive becomes incidental. The law of supply and demand does not govern the production of sonnets.

But, 'when you see cruelty going on before you, you are put to the alternative of interposing to stop it, or of losing your sensibility.'

What then? Here is where Emerson comes in. 'If a soul,' wrote Chapman, 'be taken and crushed by democracy till it utter a cry, that cry will be Emerson.' 'The thing seems to me about this,' he wrote in a letter of this time, after finishing an essay on the 'Social Results of Commercialism,' — 'Emerson made coherent. It's all Emerson. I should have had neither the ideas reduced so clearly nor the public to understand them if it had n't been for Emerson. I can't imagine what I should have been if it had n't been for Emerson.' For Chapman is thrown back on the individual conscience. Here is the situation with which the individual finds himself confronted:

Remember . . . that there is no such thing as abstract truth. You must talk facts, you must name names, you must impute motives. You must say what is in your mind. It is the only means you have of cutting yourself free from the body of this death. Innuendo will not do. Nobody minds innuendo. We live and breathe nothing else. If you are not strong enough to face the issue in private life, do not dream that you can do anything for public affairs. This, of course, means fight, not tomorrow, but now. It is only in the course of conflict that anyone can come to understand the system, the habit of thought, the mental condition, out of which all our evils arise. The first difficulty is to see the evils clearly; and when we do see them it is like fighting an atmosphere to contend against them. They are so universal and omnipresent that you have no terms to name them by. You must burn a disinfectant.

And one can take only individual action: —

You yourself cannot turn Niagara; but there is not a town in America where one single man cannot make his force felt against the whole torrent. He takes a stand on a practical matter. He takes action against some abuse. What does this accomplish? Everything. How many people are there in your town? Well, every one of them gets a thrill that strikes deeper than any sermon he ever heard. He may howl, but he hears. The grocer's boy, for the first time in his life, believes that the whole outfit of morality has any place in the practical world.

There can have been few codes of morality ever formulated so individualistic as John Jay Chapman's: —

If you want a compass at any moment in the midst of some difficult situation, you have only to say to yourself, 'Life is larger than this little imbroglio. I shall follow my instinct.' As you say this, your compass swings true. You may be surprised to find what course it points to. But what it tells you to do will be practical agitation.

And this code, with high courage and immense energy, he attempted to put into practice. These were intent and tumultuous years, during which he was shaken by many emotions. At the beginning of 1897, after the birth of his second son, his wife suddenly and unexpectedly died while he was reading to her aloud as she lay in bed. The next year he married his friend, Elizabeth Chanler. Through all this he had been speaking, writing, organizing, getting out his paper, practising law, and leading an active social life — while the immovable magnitude of the forces against him was gradually but inexorably becoming clear to him. 'My own family and connections,' he wrote, 'being a lot of well-meaning bourgeois, are horrified at me. But I enjoy it.' But, 'Politics takes physique,' he wrote at another time, 'and being odious takes physique. I feel like Atlas, lifting the entire universe. I hate this community and despise 'em — and fighting, fighting, fighting, fighting an atmospheric pressure gets tiresome.' When his friends expressed apprehension, 'As for insanity,' he replied, 'why, I was once examined for insanity by the two most distinguished physicians in Boston [at the time when he had burned off his hand]. It has no terrors. I talked to them like Plato.'

In the summer of 1900, he went out to attend a convention in Indianapolis which nominated 'Gold Democrat' candidates to run against both McKinley and Bryan; and he worked hard to organize a 'National Party,' whose proposed candidates refused to run. That

winter, after an attack of grippe, at the time when his wife was expecting a baby, he suddenly broke down in the midst of a speech in a small town in Pennsylvania. 'Too much will and self-will,' he wrote his mother.

He retreated to a darkened room. For a year he did not leave his bed, and, when he was finally able to get up, remained for two or three years longer under the delusion that he was unable to walk without crutches. Turned in on his own blackness, the sight of a beautiful sunset or the interior of an Italian church, which he had been induced to come out to look at, would excite him to the point of collapse.

III

The second half of John Jay Chapman's life is quite distinct from the first. In August of 1903, one of his sons by his first wife Minna was drowned in an Austrian river; and the shock seems to have brought Chapman to himself. He went back to the United States without his crutches.

He recovered, and thereafter for thirty years led the life of a well-to-do country squire at Barrytown on the Hudson. His second wife's family, the Chanlers, were among the most adventurous and gifted of that special race, the Hudson River gentry; and John Jay Chapman took his place in their special world. Chapman's father had been president of the New York Stock Exchange, but had lost heavily in the panic of the seventies, so that John Jay had had partly to put himself through college by tutoring, and he seems to have had a certain amount of difficulty in supporting his family on his earnings from the law.

On the eve of his second marriage, he had been troubled by apprehensions at the prospect of being well-to-do. 'The first thing you know we'll be drowned in possessions,' he wrote at that time to Miss Chanler, 'and then by thinking of our horses' health. It is not so easy to

keep the keen vision which an empty stomach lends, if you have footmen. I fear a footman. I tremble before a man with hot water. . . . Let's keep the New Testament open before us. The losing of wrath is to be feared. . . . If I become classed with men at ease about money, the Lord protect me. It is a steel corselet against the heart of mankind and the knowledge of life.' And there are indications in his later letters that he continued to shrink from allowing himself to be 'classed with men at ease about money.' 'I take rides on the busses — for 4d,' he wrote a friend from London. 'You can go at the rate of 10 m. per hour for half an hour. These things recall London — and student days. The cheap things give one most pleasure — when one is old and rich like me.' And: 'The food of the rich is disgusting to me . . . messes. Last night I had to go to Childs and eat cornbeef hash and poached eggs, which pulled me round.'

Yet he is haunted by ideas of his affinities with royalty and aristocracy. 'I never saw children like them,' he wrote of his sons by his first wife. 'They are King's children in disguise, and I am a stepfather to them.' And, during a visit to an Italian noble, 'I am having some gold fringe put on my pants and I have assumed the title of Monsignore. It is amazing how easily gentility sits on me. I believe some people are just naturally swells — you know what I mean — and fit well in palaces and eat good food naturally and without effort. I remember the first royal palace I saw — seemed to me — gave me a feeling — just like the old homestead. I often think that Grandma Jones used to say, "the Chapmans were once Kings." Dear old Grandpa, with his old cotton socks, would n't he be proud if he could see me he-hawing and chaw-chawing with Roman princes!'

His plays are full of kings and counts and princes. He had himself something of a kingly presence, especially wearing the magnificent beard with which he had

emerged from his illness. And it is impossible to escape the impression that the comfort and security of his later years had a certain effect of deadening his responses — or, rather, of insulating him from the active world. He succumbed to the Hudson Valley, in becoming one of its principal ornaments — to Dutchess County, with its cupola'd castles on the towering dark-wooded hills which do their best to give work or give alms to the humble feudal villages along the river bank; to the heaven-cracking thunderstorms and the heavy and slumbrous summers; to the tradition of public responsibility which Hamilton Fish shares with Franklin D. Roosevelt; to the culture which, where it occurs, is likely to range so much more widely and to seem to have so much more authenticity than that of most wealthy communities in America, and the naturalness and amiability which merge quietly and not unpleasantly with smugness — and all walled-in from the rest of America, alone with the noble river.

The early John Jay Chapman had plunged into the thick of his time. *Emerson* and *Causes and Consequences* had been talked about and read, had had their influence. In both his political and his literary writing, he had dealt with matters of current interest. But now, in his second period, Chapman seems to have withdrawn from contemporary life, and tends to confine himself in his writing to history and the classics. He seems almost to be talking to himself, he seems hardly to expect or hope for an audience; and so people cease to listen to him. The second half of Chapman's career seems inevitably surprising and depressing, though not precisely disappointing, to one who has been stirred by the first. Though he had been able to throw away his crutches, he remained in a deeper sense a crippled man all the rest of his life. Yet the alternative to survival on these terms would, one supposes, have been madness or death; and it is the proof of the authenticity of his genius that,

throughout this long period when he is turned toward the past, when he emerges into the present, as a rule, only to raise unreal or trivial issues, he keeps his power not merely to charm but also to arouse and disquiet.

The Americans who graduated from college in the eighties found themselves up against a world which broke most of them. One can see the situation very clearly if one compares the men of the eighties even with those of the seventies. In the seventies, the universities were still turning out admirable professional men, who had had the old classical education, a culture much wider than their profession, and the tradition of the public conscience and the political idealism which had presided at the founding of the Republic. The world which they had found when they got out had not yet become so different from the world for which their education had fitted them that they were not able, on the terms of that old education, to occupy in it positions of dignity. But by the later years of the eighties the industrial and commercial development which followed the Civil War had reached a point where the old education was no longer an equipment for life. It had, in fact, become a troublesome handicap. The best of the men who had taken it seriously were launched on careers of tragic misunderstanding. They could no longer play the rôle in the professions of a trained and public-spirited caste: the new society did not recognize them.

The rate of failure and insanity and suicide in some of the college 'classes' of the eighties is appalling. Some men learned the new games and choked their scruples and did their best to cash in; but John Jay Chapman — who had John Jay among his ancestors — was too honest, too fastidious, too proud, and too violently impulsive for this. Others compromised shrewdly, like Roosevelt; but the merest suggestion of compromise seems at that period to have driven Chapman into a frenzy. Almost all were

compelled to accept in some way the values of the world of business; but how little this was possible for Chapman is shown by one of his late letters in which he insists that, people may say what they please, business can never be a profession.

Given the fineness of Chapman's equipment, the overpowering nature of his emotions, and the relentless clarity of his insight, — and given the inescapable conviction of his superiority which made him, for all the ardor of his patriotism, talk about 'a soul crushed by democracy,' — there was nothing for him to do but break. And the permanent psychological damage which he had inflicted upon himself by beating his head against the great age of American business was as much one of the scars of the heroism of his passionate and expiatory nature as the hand he had burned off in his youth.

Let us see how he occupies himself now. He begins by writing little plays for children — then, later, attempts some longer plays. *The Treason and Death of Benedict Arnold* (1910) is not altogether without interest — with its Coriolanian picture of a man of sensitive pride and self-will driving through a perverse course of action.

But on the whole, as his biographer says, Chapman is unable to transmit to his characters his own power of self-dramatization. He shrank from and had little comprehension of the new dramatic forms of Shaw and Ibsen, as he shrank from the world they reflected. The companion of Shakespeare and Æschylus, he followed their methods as a matter of course, with results which were for Chapman rather surprisingly academic. His plays were mostly written in verse; and his verse — he also made some verse translations from the Greeks and published a certain amount of miscellaneous poetry — is usually effective only when it approximates to the qualities of his prose (of which he was a real master), qualities for which verse is not the proper

medium. There are a few exceptions to this — notably his fine translations from Dante; but the poet that there undoubtedly was in Chapman — no doubt it was still the Puritan heritage from which he seems in some ways to have traveled so far — functioned, in general, only as a preacher. As a moralist, he is a highly successful artist; and it is as a moralist that he now chiefly figures.

IV

With his illness, a new point of view emerges — really a sort of rarefaction of his earlier one. It was before the days of psychoanalysis, and he had been helped through his breakdown by 'faith healers.' Now, in a special personal way, he becomes religious. 'There was never anyone with more practical notions, or less under the belief that he was religious in his aims, than I,' he wrote to a friend in 1922 of his early political experience. 'I wanted to attack practical evils — find out about them anyway, affront and examine them, understand them — and I set out by experiment and analysis to deal with them as a workaday problem. And gradually under inspection and ratiocination they turned into spiritual things — mystical elements, and went back into the envelope of religious truth.'

To one who, like the present writer, is fundamentally unsympathetic with all modern manifestations of religion, the writings on religion of John Jay Chapman — *Notes on Religion* (1922) and *Letters and Religion* (1924) — seem genuine and impressive in a way that most other recent religious writings do not. There have been lately in fashion among writers two main ways of being religious: one historical, philosophical, and ritualistic — the convert turns to the Catholic Church; the other through a substitute pseudo-religion, like those of Wells and Bernard Shaw. Chapman gives me the impression of being much closer to the real experience of religious revelation

than anyone I have read of either of these schools. Of course, it is intensely Protestant: it is Emersonianism again. We are to look not to any church for direction, but each to his own religious instinct — each is to interpret the Scriptures for himself: —

Christianity accomplishes itself, and this not through a grand, frontal attack on humanity, but rather through the story and sayings of Christ which dart through the earth, pierce men's ears and heal them, run like elixirs through the languages and habits of men. They are couriers, arrows that live in the ether and need no inns or baiting-places between their flights. The sayings have inexhaustible meanings, and many depths of meaning which the comfortable people of the world cannot hope to fathom — meanings that lie in ambush in the texts, and enter men's hearts in the wake of grief. A man must have been disgraced and in jail to know many of them.

Yet the instincts of individuals are to unite in communion the whole of mankind. With the capacity for deep humility and the sympathy with American life which saved his sense of superiority from snobbery, he interested himself in popular philanthropies and religions: —

I believe that if we could see the invisible church as it actually exists in the interlacing of all men in God and with each other through the force that makes them live, the alarm of those who are fostering religion for fear it will die out would appear ridiculous. Even the half-charlatan, half-illiterate American religious cults deserve our interest and respect.

The later Chapman is a lesser Tolstoy, fighting out, on his estate on the Hudson, the same kind of long war with his conscience which Tolstoy fought out at Yasnaya Polyana. And we feel about him, as the contemporaries of Tolstoy seem to have felt about Tolstoy, that, whatever his mistaken causes and inconsistencies, there was something in him of incalculable value.

'Truly,' he wrote in one of his letters, 'it is the decay in the American brain that is the real danger, and in my narrow

philosophy I see the only cure in self-expression, passion, feeling — spiritual reality of some sort. We're about dead spiritually — that's my illusion.'

William James, the one of Chapman's contemporaries who probably appreciated him most, called him 'a profound moralist.' 'I have a notion,' he once wrote James, 'that I could tell you what is the matter with pragmatism — if you would only stand still. A thing is not truth till it is so strongly believed in that the believer is convinced that its existence does not depend upon him. This cuts off the pragmatist from knowing what truth is.' And: 'It is utter nonsense,' he wrote another correspondent, 'this great passion and little passion — this upper clef and lower clef. All life is nothing but passion. From the great passion of love to the regard for a passing stranger is all one diapason, and is the same chord. The whole of it vibrates no matter where you touch it — tho' in different degrees.' His ideal of practical agitation has in this phase subsided to this: 'I am saying things which will some day be thought of, rather than trying to get the attention of anyone.' 'It is an accident when I *do* right, but I *am* right,' he once declared.

He was right by virtue of some force which took possession of him and was stronger than he. We may be puzzled at first by the language in which he had written to Minna Timmins, his future wife, after the experience of burning off his hand: 'I do think there was something Promethean in it, in the capacity to yield.' What fire had Chapman snatched from Heaven? And is it Promethean to yield? He meant that a divine revelation had caused him to mutilate himself — the revelation of his love for Minna, which was unable to break through into his consciousness and possess him save by compelling him to recognize, and hence to punish himself for, his mistake.

He wrote later on to Miss Chanler: 'I . . . have broken and battered down

the doors of silence once and forever years ago, and go about the world escaped from that prison, I thank the powers of Life.' Yet he must break out of it again and again; and his language is always that of yielding to a revelation that invades him from outside: 'I'll tell you my philosophy — that there's only one real joy in life . . . the joy of casting at the world the stone of an unknown world.' His first love — his first wife and her children, with their fierce natures and their sudden or violent deaths — is itself like a force that seizes on him, a force for which he acts as a conductor and which leaves him partially shattered. And when it is not love, he calls it God.

During this period he published, besides these religious *pensées*, literary essays, historical essays, essays on social tendencies, and memoirs of New York and Boston. As a writer, he became consistently better: the 'style all splinters' of which William James wrote at the time of *Practical Agitation* is hammered out into an instrument of perfect felicity, economy, limpidity, precision, and point. Some of his most beautiful prose is in his very last writings. And he can still take our breath away by going straight to the root of some subject, by breaking through, with a brusque, direct gesture, all the familiar conventions and pretensions with which it has been enclosed.

In his relation to the literary classics, he was that perhaps unprecedented phenomenon, a highly intelligent and well-educated American who paid almost no attention to the criticism and scholarship of Europe. Well as he knew Europe, he was never afflicted with the nostalgia for it which seized the cultivated Americans of his time. In his judgments of European culture, he was as naturally and uncompromisingly American as Walt Whitman or Mark Twain. The accepted apparatus of scholarship he either quarreled with or disregarded — characterizing, for example, the absorption of Greek literature by

the scholarship of the English universities as an incident in the Expansion of the British Empire.

To Chapman, the great writers of the past were neither a pantheon nor a vested interest. He approached them very much as he was in the habit of approaching contemporary persons of possible interest. Not that he judged them by contemporary standards; he would go straight to them across the ages in the rôle of an independent traveler, who is willing to pay his toll to the people that keep the roads but wants to linger with them as little as possible. Sometimes he commits dreadful blunders: he got the relationships mixed up in the *Antigone*, and he never understood the simple enough principles which govern, in *The Divine Comedy*, the assignment of the souls to the different worlds — complaining that there was a good deal of injustice. 'You know,' he says in a letter, 'I've never known the literature of the subjects I wrote on. I never knew the Emerson literature — except Emerson himself.'

But John Jay Chapman has at least always got there and seen the man himself; and he can always tell you some interesting things about him. To me, the flashlighting and spotlighting of Chapman in his studies of the Greeks, Dante, Shakespeare, and Goethe (this last left unpublished at his death and unfortunately not yet printed) are among the few real recent contributions to the illumination of these familiar subjects. He was able to see the fundamental things that have been so long veiled away by convention that most people have never noticed they were there. He saw the basic barbarity of Greek tragedy, which he denounced Gilbert Murray for sentimentalizing; he saw the importance of the pederasty of Plato: Diotima, he writes, is 'an odious creature, being a man in disguise'; he saw, through all the Dante commentaries, how impossible it is to discuss Dante in terms of mediæval theology.

V

Aside from this purely literary activity, he carried on a certain amount of agitation, sporadically and in behalf of a strange diversity of causes. His rejection of economics, his failure, when he had recognized political corruption as a mere by-product of the industrial-commercial system, to study the mechanics and the history of that system, had left him without bearings in the political world.

First of all, he went back to the Civil War — one of his grandmothers had been a prominent Abolitionist — and in his book on William Lloyd Garrison fought the battle of slavery all over again with a spirit that would have been more usefully employed in fighting the battle of labor. It was the period of the rise of Bill Haywood's Wobblies, of the growth of Eugene Debs's Socialist Party, of Lincoln Steffens's muckraking movement.

On August 13, 1911, a Negro who had shot and killed a special officer of the Worth Brothers Steel Company in Coatesville, Pennsylvania, was burned alive by a mob under special circumstances of horror. Chapman, who was full of the Civil War, brooded upon this incident till he 'felt as if the whole country would be different if any one man did something in penance, and so I went to Coatesville and declared my intention of holding a prayer meeting to the various business men I could button-hole.'

He had difficulty in getting a hall, but finally, four days after the anniversary of the lynching, succeeded in holding the meeting, at which he delivered a strange and moving address. He said that, when he had read in the papers how 'hundreds of well-dressed American citizens' had stood by and watched the torture of the Negro, he had seemed to see into 'the unconscious soul' of America. And what he had seen there was death — 'the paralysis of the nerves about the heart

in a people habitually and unconsciously given over to selfish aims.' They had 'stood like blighted things, like ghosts about Acheron, waiting for someone or something to determine their destiny for them.' It was the old wickedness, not yet purged, of the slave trade, and all America was to blame. They could only open their hearts to God and pray that new life might flow into them. The only persons who attended the meeting were an educated Negro woman from Boston and a stool pigeon sent by the police.

The World War, when it first broke out, aroused him to a new burst of agitation. He was in Europe in August 1914, and went immediately to Balfour, Hal-dane, and Sir Edward Grey, and told them that it was of vital importance, in order to elicit the sympathy of the world, that the Allies should declare their aims to be nonaggressive and announce their intention, in the event of their victory, of calling a world disarmament congress; and he seems to have been deceived by the intelligence and kindness with which these statesmen listened to him. Later, he went to Wilson and urged him to elicit such a declaration. And he published a book, *Deutschland über Alles* (1914), in which, in exposing the patriotic propaganda which had worked the Germans up to their present pitch, he advised America to stay out of the war. 'If America should enter the war, the world would lose the benevolence and common-sense which we now possess, and which is a strong factor in the whole situation. You and I would, in that case, become partizans, cruel, excited, and bent on immediate results.'

In the meantime, however, his son Victor, his sole surviving child by his first wife, had, against his father's wishes, enlisted in the Foreign Legion and had later become one of the most daring pilots of the Lafayette Escadrille. He was killed — the first American to die in the war — on June 23, 1916. And his father became a victim of that war psychology which he had foreseen and dreaded for

America, and which even betrayed him temporarily into applauding his old enemy Roosevelt, whose pro-Ally bellying and pawing the ground was certainly no more to be taken seriously than the other Rooseveltian impostures which Chapman had so relentlessly exposed.

When Siegfried Sassoon came to New York in 1920 and read his poems and made an anti-war speech at the Cosmopolitan Club, John Jay Chapman — feeling, no doubt, an obligation to speak for his dead son — got up and aroused consternation and hisses by denouncing what he regarded as Sassoon's philosophy of fear and self-pity. The next day he tried to call on Sassoon and wrote him a letter: 'Sorry to miss you this morning. It was a suffering occasion last night. I think I suffered as much as you did. If you will do it, why, you must.' Had he remembered his early philosophy of the value of the individual gesture and reflected that Sassoon, after all, had been doing only what he himself had done when, for example, at that political dinner in 1895, he had made old Mr. Choate's face turn so pale?

The most wrongheaded of all his crusades, but the one to which he devoted most energy, was his attack on the Roman Catholic Church. He had received, no doubt, a terrifying impression of the bad influence of the Catholics in Boston, but he greatly exaggerated its importance in the United States as a whole; and he had by 1925 become so fanatical on the subject that it was thought best for him to go abroad to distract his mind from it and avoid another breakdown. And at one period he was inclined to believe — in spite of the admiration for Jewish culture which had caused him to characterize himself once as a 'Hebraist' — that the Jews, also, were becoming a sinister influence; and he even published a sonnet in the organ of the Ku Klux Klan. ('The Jews,' he had written in 1897, 'have in my experience more faith than the Christians.

They have clever heads, better hearts, and more belief in the power of good every way. They gave to the world all the religion it has got and are themselves the most religious people in it. I work with them day and night and most of the time is spent in prying up some Christian to do a half day's work.')

For two years he and Mrs. Chapman conducted a clubroom for young people in the Hell's Kitchen section of New York.

Besides all this, he was continually agitating against the influence of big business at Harvard and harrying with scolding letters the headmaster of St. Paul's School, as well as old friends in positions of prominence of whose activities he disapproved. One of his correspondents, Mr. T. B. Wells, the editor of *Harper's Magazine*, finally retorted by demanding what Chapman had ever accomplished himself more than had been accomplished by 'a lot of other brilliant fellows who did not make full use of their talents' to give him the right to call everyone else to account over the way each handled his job. And it is true that one feels a touch of envy in his tone toward men like Wells and Shaw, — even toward his friend William James, whom he admired, — who were doing work of a kind which one would think he ought to have applauded. And there is even an occasional accent of the ignorant and cutting Boston snootiness which he had disliked and ridiculed.

As one reads his later letters — as in reading his work of this period — one is made more and more uncomfortable by the feeling that one is shut in a chamber from which the air is being gradually withdrawn: shut in with a chafing spirit which, baffled of finding an outlet, is sometimes furious and sometimes faint. Then suddenly one recoils and stands outside the cell: one sees how Chapman's world has narrowed. One remembers all the things that have happened of which there is almost no mention in these letters — almost the whole significant life

of the time; and one realizes that Chapman's interests have become almost entirely confined to the horizons of his old Harvard circle. It is all Harvard College and St. Paul's School, Porcellian Club and Tavern Club.

He writes to Dr. Drury of St. Paul's and E. S. Martin of *Life* as if they were among the great moulders of thought of their age. We have the suspicion that even William James, as distinct from Shaw and Wells, is only admitted to the sphere of Chapman's interest because he, too, belongs to Harvard. It is the lost traveler's dream under the hill — the old conception of the caste of 'college men' who were to preside over the arts and professions.

One used to see him in those years in New York — in company a figure of a distinction almost exotic for the United States, with his fine manners, his sensitive intelligence, his clothes with their attractive suggestion of the dandyism of another era, his almost Jovellike beard and brow, his deep and genial laugh; or for a moment under a quite different aspect, when one had happened to meet him in the street: walking alone, head drooping and brooding, with his muffler around his neck, in his face dreadful

darkness and sadness and fear, as if he were staring into some lidless abyss.

He died after an operation on November 4, 1933. He had loved music, and, when he was a student at Harvard, had had what he described as 'an obsession, a sort of self-willed mania for learning to play the violin, for which I had no talent.' He had worked at it two years, but the students had discouraged him by throwing coal scuttles at his door and hanging alarm clocks outside his windows. After his father's financial failure, he wrote home, 'I shall sell the violin: it's no halfway business.' But when he had been recovering from his breakdown he had studied harmony. Now when he was dying, writes Mrs. Chapman, 'he kept murmuring, "A soldier lay dying, a soldier lay dying." I bent over him to catch the words, and he repeated the first four lines of "A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers," adding, "*But there is lack of nothing here,*" in a voice of deep feeling. But later, when semiconscious, he began saying, plucking at my fingers, "I want to take it away, I want to take it away!" "What?" I asked. "The pillow?" "No," he said. "The mute, the mute. I want to play on the open strings."'

THE WEDDING RING

BY ELIZABETH HOLLISTER FROST

I

THE parish priest of the village of St. Cirq-la-Popie was himself a St. Cirquois, the last member, on the mother's side, of the family Dieudonné who had lived in the 'House of the Tower,' on the square called the Sombrol, for six centuries. Soon after Monsieur le Curé took up his duties in his home village the enormous tower over his head, which hung at a giddy angle over the river Lot, swayed a moment in the hot sunshine one morning, while he was saying his prayers, split from the house with a shriek of stone, and fell with a murderous roar five hundred feet down into the valley below.

The tower was indeed a useless monument, having neither entrance nor exit known to its owner, so the young priest continued saying his beads, rose and had his gaping roof tiled over, mended the leering cracks in his whitewashed walls, satisfied that his humble house, shorn by God of its one distinction, was now better than ever suited to the reception of his poor, his penitents, and his lovers.

Monsieur le Curé was held in affection by all St. Cirquois, but especially by lovers. If a young fellow inherited his father's mistresses and they began quarreling because he was young and handsome whereas the old fellow had been stupid and bald, Monsieur le Curé managed, if it was told him in time, to prevent Marie from being put to sleep in the manner of the Borgias; or if a boy and girl fell into honest love outside the arrangements of their parents, Monsieur

le Curé, with his gentle tongue and beseeching eyes, — themselves made so obviously for love, — would induce the indignant elders to believe that this marriage was of all arrangements the most felicitous, the most advantageous, the most profitable. So that, from St. Cirq to Salvignac, distracted women with flying hair, incoherent strangers with savage eyes, and young girls with tremulous red lips were always toiling up the perilous ascent, prowling down from the wild Causse, negotiating the steep dark to the Curé's study.

'Why did he go into the Church? *Tiens!* Why did n't he marry himself, Monsieur le Curé?' cried Séraphine Soulinac. 'If he knows so well how it should be done, *té*, why did n't he marry?'

Séraphine was furious with Monsieur le Curé because he had overpersuaded her to consent to a marriage between her natural daughter, Niquette, who was an unwanted child without a sou, and Régis Cabbissut, the son of that slut la Lorilleux, who did not have enough for a wedding ring.

'You do not remember — you are too young,' said Éloïse Garrigou, an old woman sitting in the sun, under a budding almond tree, in her dooryard; 'but Jeannot Surtainville — Monsieur le Curé — was an only child, with two mothers, so what chance had he to marry like other men?'

'Two mothers? How is that? Impossible!' said la Séraphine.

'Yes, it was so. He came out of the body of the Little Fool Diane, who was daft, that is true; but this Cénobie, the truffle hunter, who was barren herself, seized him while the birth down was still on him; and from then on until he was seven it was a fight to the death between the two of them. Cénobie, la Truffayri, she was demented for a child. She got him! She got him! She sweetened her tongue, she ran her viper's tongue into the ear of the husband, Jeannot père, — who was stupid as a buzzard, — and little daft Diane was sent off, first to relatives and then to the nuns, and Cénobie la Truffayri crawled into the mother's place in the House of the Tower and coiled herself around little Jeannot, running out her red tongue, stinging with her viper's tongue anyone who put a hand on him.'

'She was well named "the truffle hunter," this Cénobie!' said la Séraphine.

'She was that!' said Éloïse. 'And little Jeannot — Monsieur le Curé — he was the truffle! Little daft Diane was the little pig who dug him up, but the truffle hunter snatched him before the little pig could give him as much as a lick!'

'There is no thief like the truffle hunter — everyone knows that,' said la Séraphine.

'But *pécaire!* That is not all!' said Éloïse. 'Diane was not such a fool as la Truffayri thought — no, no, no! Diane ate grass, it is true, like a hare, like a frightened hare; but she had had a child and she wanted him — *té*, she wanted him! And *té*, one day five years later she came wandering home, singing a little dallying song, picked out the little Jeannot from a crowd of children in the square, — her fair hair and his were a perfect match, — and took him by the hand to her own House of the Tower and began preparing the *pot-au-feu* for her husband, Jeannot père, the butcher, as though she had only been gone an hour. Cénobie came howling for the child, then, in the schoolyard, thinking him lost, and when she found him at home with his own mother returned, then, *mon Dieu!* it

was a fight to the death between the two of them.

'Cénobie used to sit on the salt box in the chimney — the chimney Monsieur le Curé now uses as a *prie-dieu* — and Diane on the chaise longue in the corner.

"Here are honey drops," Diane would say to little Jeannot. "This red one he flew into my pocket for my little Jeannot. He had gauze wings, this honey drop. *Viens! viens!* He will fly from the pocket of Maman into your mouth!"

'Then, "Here is my wedding ring!" Cénobie would tempt. "You can learn to read from the letters on the inside of this ring. It is gold! See how bright it is — it is of the gold of Figeac, my little Jeannot. Come! Take the ring of M'man!"

"M'man!" he would cry, and run to Cénobie and twirl the gold wedding ring on her finger; and "Maman!" he would shriek, and put his head into Diane's breast, which, though she was daft, was as soft as milk. When his own mother had him close, she would say, "The big tower over your head — Maman will give it to you when you are a man. It is strong, this tower; Maman knows the way into the tower, Jeannot, Jeannot, and the way out. No one else knows what Maman knows. Maman will give you this tower. Come! Come to Maman!"

"Maman!" he would shriek, and put his head into Diane's breast, which, though she was daft, was as soft as milk; and "M'man!" he would cry, and run to Cénobie and twirl the gold wedding ring on her finger in the warmth of the fagots.

'In the end Cénobie disappeared; they looked for her in the river, they looked for her under the Fall: one day she was hunting truffles, the next the truffles were rotting in the ground — no one ever saw as much as her shadow! And Jeannot grew up; and Diane died in the canopied bed eating a lettuce leaf like a wild hare; and the tower fell into the valley. But Jeannot no longer owned his own heart, which had been tossed back and forth

for years between the two of them, like a truffle — so how could he give to any woman that which had never been his? *Ça y est! C'est fait!*'

II

Éloïse's sense of things came from her stomach, huge as a hill, from her enormous breasts fallen with years. The stream of race knowledge, running secret, running hell-swift through her body, was currented into her enormous belly, made a pool in her spacious lungs, was breathed into the upper air through her tender, cunning, and faded mouth. '*Tiens!* When a man has two mothers he becomes a priest. Monsieur le Curé marries Cyprien and Margoton, Calixte and Madelon, Émile and Huguette, Eugène and Pierrotte; and our little Niquette, he will marry her too, *pécaire*, to Régis without a Sou, without enough for the wedding ring. *Ça y est! C'est fait!* Then she will have the good pain!'

'Niquette! Where are you going?' la Séraphine called out to her daughter, who, with her affianced lover Régis, crossed, just then, the pink light of the village square.

'To gather snowdrops at Castan,' the girl replied.

'*Folle!* Do not go where the tower fell — it is unlucky!' screamed her mother.

'The ghost of the Little Fool Diane likes snowdrops too — you may meet her there!' cried her great-aunt.

'The wraith of Cénobie Dépradeux, la Truffayri, was seen among the blackberry and the ferns digging for truffles without any pig, looking under the stones for the little Jeannot!' cried her mother.

'Shut up, Old Ones!' Régis flung over his shoulder in anger. 'We carry with us our own luck and our own pain.' He put the girl in the crook of his arm and they began to laugh.

The path was steep and took them where they were alone. Niquette was a slender girl with a transparent skin, like

the freshly opened petals of a flower. She wore a faded blue shift, made out of an old dress worn forty years before by a woman called 'the Virgin' whose finery had clothed the needy of the village for a quarter of a century. Niquette did not have a sou, but though she had no dot, not even a dress of her own, she was herself a natural snare. Her arms, sweet and firm, were a normal device for securing a man to her; her lips, soft and full and with a little pensive droop, were the medium of the most natural and delicious laughter; her cool and vibrant hands were an ingenious contrivance for stroking away pain or seducing to rapture.

And if Niquette was a natural snare, Régis was no less adroitly designed for love. His wide shoulder in its torn black smock was exactly the right height to support the head of Niquette, and his powerful arms were so fashioned that they made a natural fortification around her; his lashes tickled her ready cheek and his red lips seemed to have been made expressly to fit to a nicety over hers.

Régis did not have a sou, even as Niquette had no dot, and he was so young that he had found no one to employ him. His clothes were frayed, his black smock rusty; but out of the open collar his neck rose haughtily, carrying a head of astounding beauty. They walked light, lifting their lovely bodies and their hearts swelling with gentleness, goodness, and ardor.

The little path to Castan is a steep declivity and dropped them immediately beneath the derisive and scornful cries of their elders. The narrow and precipitous way runs down the sheer cliff on the crest of which the village is built, to the valley of the river Lot below; and from the high shelf where the young lovers paused before starting the descent they could survey the great bowl of the fertile valley beneath, rising to the wide arc of palest blue above, and they seemed at this moment to slit open with their

slender bodies this astounding circle, slip within its mysterious and lovely light and move down the side of the mountain as though they slid along the curve of the sphere, as though they helped to turn this marvelous and vast circumference of sky and earth with their running feet; and they ran faster and faster, with ardent cries, disturbing the honeyed scent of the slumbering grape, brushing the dew from the high wild box, scattering its spice into the flowing air. The ferns moved under them as they ran, fast, fast; the primaveras twinkled in the pale grass, till, suddenly breathless, suddenly languid with love, they flung themselves down on a shelf of huge stones and moss and gazed around the great circle of twilight, which they no longer appeared to turn with their running feet, but which now seemed to turn them through the gathering dusk in a slow, lovely, and inevitable revolution.

The spot where they had chosen to rest was directly under the high brow of the village and was, indeed, the very place where the tower had fallen into the valley and from which their elders had warned them to keep distant. Enormous stones which had once composed the tower lay all about them, covered with moss and brambles; chains of ivy which had once adorned the tower walls still adhered to these stones and wandered from them into the short grass among the snowdrops, white anemones, and *roses de Noël*. Niquette threw herself on a narrow mound of moss, resting her head against what appeared to be an oval stone, singularly white and delicate, but overgrown with grass and concealed and embellished with little lichens, cup mosses, and creeping sedums.

The young girl looked up at her lover and laughed, and he, transported by her sweetness, began gathering the white flowers and tossing them over her blue shift till she was partly buried. He flung himself down then, opposite, so he could look into her darling face; clasping her knees with both arms, he rested his head

upon them and began arranging the flowers in little circles around each breast. She gazed at him tremulously, her lips parted, her lovely eyes dilated a little with delight, her heart swelling with innocent joy and rapture. He had almost finished the second circle when, needing another flower, he leaned across her and pulled one from the moss at her side. As he did so her eyes, fixed in adoration on his countenance, noted a change in his expression. A startled, amazed, and astounded look transfigured his face; he leaned farther over her body, nearer to the earth on her other side, put out his hand as though to take something, and drew it back, uncertain.

'Marie, Joseph!' he breathed.

Niquette came then to a sitting posture, spilling the anemones into her lap. Half frightened, breathing quick, flushing all over her lovely neck, she followed his fascinated gaze to a spot just an arm's length from her own side.

A small white stick, perhaps two inches long, stood perpendicular among the snowdrops in the moss, holding upon it a wedding ring of pure gold.

'*Dieu Sacré*,' breathed Niquette.

'Jesus and all the Holy Family!' said Régis.

'The ring, it is from Heaven!' said Niquette.

'It is for us!' said Régis.

'The Holy Virgin dropped it!' said Niquette.

'We can be married to-morrow,' said Régis. 'Niquette! Niquette!'

'Régis! Régis!'

'Niquette!'

'Régis! Régis!'

They flung their arms around each other, kneeling opposite in the grass. When they rose to their feet, holding the wedding ring on the little white stick, 'Monsieur le Curé! Let us tell him!' cried Régis.

'Monsieur le Curé! But he will be joyous!' cried Niquette.

They began to laugh, taking the mountain in great leaps; the ferns flowed under

their feet like a waterfall, the boxwood trees spilled on them spice, the high wild grape breathed its honeyed breaths.

'It is of the gold of Figeac, that ring!' cried Niquette.

'The gold of Figeac, it is the best gold in the world!' cried Régis.

'I shall be married like a lady!' said Niquette.

'You will be married to-morrow!' said Régis.

III

When they reached the Sombrol above, the whole square was quiet, for all, save the lovers, were concerned with the *pot-au-feu*.

'But we also have been fed,' said Régis.

One of the houses in the square winked at the lovers — the sly window on the left is lower than that on the right, producing a grimace; another cocked its proud roof at them in derision. They ran by the morose red gable of the Moulie-rats', ducked past the house next, all six windows of which were open in astonishment, and approached the more reticent house of Monsier le Curé.

This house is still called the House of the Tower: it has a surprised and startled manner. Its gaping heart, where the tower tore away, has been neatly tiled over, but the lacerated living quarters seem all in a shiver and a shy stare, the arched door is wary, and the scant curtains in the two windows sniff the air, now in, now out. A lamp of welcome beams from some shelf within the house, and its yellow rays stream through the arched door, illuminating the fair hair of Monsieur le Curé, who himself stands on the threshold. Now that his mother is gone, his is the only fair head in the village, for he is the last of the Norman Dieudonnés. Monsieur le Curé resembles his mother Diane: he has her hair, like corn silk, her beseeching eyes, looking, looking for something, her raised nostrils, sniffing here, sniffing there; yet he is an intelligence, while she was called the Little Fool all of her days.

Monsieur le Curé looks tenderly and with compassion, expectancy, and love at Niquette and Régis. All three pass through the ancient arch to the freshly whitewashed interior of the room. It is a large, low room: there are two chimneys, one to the left with the *crémaillère* for the *pot-au-feu*, and one opposite the door which has been converted into a *prie-dieu*. A holy picture of Christ and His Mother hangs over the *prie-dieu*, and a small bunch of wild alder stands in a glass between the candles. To the right of the door, in an alcove, stands a canopied bed, hung with a faded cotton cloth of blue and white. A red quilt is neatly folded at the foot. When Monsieur le Curé enters the room he goes to the alcove and pulls across it a sombre gray curtain. The room is full of a grave light, amber and kind and loving. This light encircles the radiant boy and girl and Monsieur le Curé, and from the lovers fresh light and sparkle flows into the grave air of the room, revitalizing it.

'Monsieur le Curé!' bursts Régis.

'Listen, Monsieur le Curé! It is a miracle!' says Niquette.

'We found it off the path to Castan, among the snowdrops, lying on the moss, on a little white stick!' says Niquette.

'It is of the gold of Figeac,' says Régis.

'It was dropped to us from Heaven!' says Niquette.

Monsieur le Curé took the ring on the little white stick. His face, trained in austerity, did not change its expression, but a deep flush, starting at his neck, spread over his sensitive features to his brow and receded, leaving his cheeks pale.

'But, *mes enfants* . . .' he began; then, seeing their dark eyes fixed on him in rapture, hearing their happy breath coming quick, coming swift into the silence with joy, he paused, looked at the ring again and said gravely, 'But it is a perfect ring, this ring.'

He took the ring in his hands and, as though automatically, as though obeying an inner impulse and compulsion, he

twirled the little gold band for a moment on the small white stick. As he did so, as he performed this act unconsciously and without intention, he saw with his inner eye his foster mother, Cénobie Dépradeux, sitting on the salt box in the chimney; saw her wedding ring glitter, glitter in the bright, the soft, the comforting light of infancy; felt the ring, the ring, twirling, twirling in the heat of the fagots under his infant fingers.

Then he heard his own mother's voice: 'The big tower over your head, Maman will give it to you when you are a man. It is high, this tower; Maman knows the way into this tower, Jeannot, Jeannot, and the way out. No one else knows what Maman knows. Come! Come to Maman!'

Then his heart grew faint in his body. His child's eye saw his foster mother, Cénobie Dépradeux, sitting on the salt box; then he did not see her. He hid with fear. He heard the men of the village hunting for her; with sharp cries, with quick feet; under the Fall, up in the Causse, down in the river. Presently they did not hunt any more. No one ever saw again as much as her shadow.

Monsieur le Curé put his hand on the crucifix in the chimney for support; then, with an involuntary motion, he withdrew his hand, slowly, slowly, and recoiled from the chimney as though chilled with a sudden icy breath.

In later childhood Monsieur le Curé had had an unreasonable fancy about this unused chimney. The stone wall in which it was built was rough-hewn; in the centre, over its leering mouth, several stones projected like a nose, and two depressions, one on either side of the façade of the wall, gave his childish mind the impression of closed and always-sleeping eyes. It was a hideous notion to him that, though the eyes in this strange, enormous face always slept, the cunning mouth was wide-open night and day like a vast trap; and he would run past that mouth always, with leaps of the heart, with suppressed cries.

If he had been alone Monsieur le Curé would have run now, would have fled shrieking from the open maw in which his mature body now actually stood; but he was not alone. He moved back calmly to his former position within the chimney. As he moved, the fears of childhood blew about his ankles; his cassock billowed with their odious breath; but he put his hand upon the crucifix for support and said, looking fixedly and gently at the two loving faces:—

'*Mes enfants*, where, exactly, did you find this ring?'

'But we said! Among the snowdrops and brambles and ivy, off the path to Castan, in a little secret place, quiet and still, where we go to be alone.'

'Standing in the moss, Monsieur le Curé, under our very eyes!'

'Near where the tower fell?' said Monsieur le Curé, the flush coming, the flush going over his face.

'Yes—where the tower fell, among the tower stones,' said Régis. 'Off the path a bit, behind a boulder.'

'My Aunt Garrigou, she called to me as we left. "Do not go where the tower fell!" she called. "It is unlucky!" Oh! Oh!' Niquette cried. 'The old ones, they know nothing!' Her lovely laugh leapt out of her sweet mouth, peeling past the head of Monsieur le Curé, bent a little lower now over the gold ring.

He saw among the tower stones, hidden in the green valley, all that the lovers, because of love, had failed to see: under the moss and last year's grass, the lichen-ed skull and the slender bones; and he sensed that his mother Diane's secret and daft and cunning means of preserving to herself her child was his, now, for the knowing. He knew, too, that his mother Diane, and his father Jeannot, and he himself in the early years, had lived with death sealed up over their heads till time sheared off the tower.

First Monsieur le Curé was weak with the knowledge; it was too great a weight, he could not support it. Then, being a devout man, being a priest of God and

accustomed to looking for the ways of God in all things, he saw the miracle, the wonder of these two children, innocent as the morning and more mysterious than night, seeking out for the site of their contest in love, their artless, noble, and essential play, this spot where horror lurked in the ferns and mosses, where strange and demented crime secreted itself behind snowdrops, where despair and torture sank beneath the grass. Then he knew definitely that all things lovely persist in spite of death and corruption: out of the dung grows the flower, out of the muck the wheat, the grape, the wine and the good bread.

'But the ring,' said Monsieur le Curé, in a matter-of-fact voice, 'the ring is just a little too small for our little Niquette. See! I will file it, I will make it a perfect fit.' And taking a little file, smiling now with hope, with ecstatic joy, Monsieur le Curé filed the name of Cénobie Dépradeux — he knew it was there, he had learned to read by these letters — from the inside of the little gold circle.

Niquette and Régis leaned close as he worked; with quick breaths, with bright eyes, they watched the delectable ring turn in Monsieur le Curé's clever fingers.

As he filed the ring all the village passed before Monsieur le Curé's eyes: Madame the Eagle and her young Delphine; Francine the Virgin and la Laurent; Madeleine, Jacqueline, Germaine and Jacques, Émile, Félicité and Éliette, Cyprien, Élodie and Éloïse; Cénobie, Diane, and now he himself; Niquette and Régis and their wedding ring — all woven into an intricate, inevitable, repetitious refrain, a strange, lively, murderous, despairing, and yet rejuvenating pattern: a dirty dissolving, a dying away and a despair; and a lovely reviving, a cleansing awakening, rebirth and renewal, an innocent and naïve and radiant regeneration.

These lovers, these artless children, became to Monsieur le Curé the symbol of the inexorable, secret, slow, and inevitable renewal of loveliness on earth.

Over the defiled soil and the secret stones, over the moss and the grass, the lichened skull and the slender bones, they kissed and laughed; they called: —

'Niquette! Niquette!'

'Régis! Régis!'

'Niquette!'

'Régis! Régis!'

A MINISTER'S MAIL

BY JOSEPH FORT NEWTON

I

FOR almost five years I have conducted a feature in the American press, called 'Everyday Living,' which reaches millions of people each day. It is a kind of everyday church, in which the people talk back at the preacher, as no doubt they often want to do in other churches. They say many lovely things to him, but they also tell him where they think he is wrong, and why. They speak very plainly at times, and that does them good and teaches him much that he did not know. Indeed, if I had known years ago what I have learned from my readers, my ministry would have been different — more simple, more intimate, more full of pity.

The response has been extraordinary, and one is struck by the gift for strong, simple, vivid writing shown by people untrained. Often the grammar is off key and the spelling awry, but the matter is good, alive and kicking, the very stuff of life itself, racy with its reality, salty with the tang of its humor and its tragedy. Of course it has its amusing side, as when a little girl asked me to help her sell some kittens, promising to divide the profits fifty-fifty; or when a man wrote a long intricate thesis, with maps, charts, and a maze of figures, proving that the world is hollow and that we live on the inside of it — which explained to me the kind of hole we are in and why we can never get out of it.

My readers write me about every sort of subject, asking questions no mortal can answer, presenting problems no one

can solve. They tell me their perplexities, their difficulties, the terrible tangles they get into, their bitter sorrows, the wrongs they suffer, even their sins — many things too intimate to be discussed in print, which are dealt with so far as possible by letter. It helps people to tell their troubles. To write a thing down defines it, clarifies it; and one who is detached and sympathetic can often make suggestions that are helpful. As one reader said, 'I know what you will tell me, but I want you to say it like a Dutch Uncle; it will buck me up a lot, and that is what I need.' Often, even when people know what they ought to do, they want to be told to do it.

It is an awesome experience to be taken into confidence by thousands of people of all sorts and conditions: the servant girl, the truck driver, the bank executive; the minister whose faith has been shaken; the mother whose daughter is running wild; the father in hopeless desperation; the young man who is confused by life and wonders what it is all about; the man who is old and unwanted; the shut-ins and the shut-outs; sensitive people who feel the hardness of life and hate its humdrum; those who reckon themselves failures and accept defeat; men who have been unemployed for years, and are first bitter and then numb; those wounded by death and things worse than death; women on relief who fear that dry rot has set in; those who seem unable to adjust themselves to life at all. My letters are from people in

every kind of human situation, and they have taught me more than I can ever teach anyone else. They have shown me the real issues of life, the inner enemies of human souls, the problems with which men and women wrestle in the secret places of their hearts.

Of course, not counting many notes of thanks and good will, most of my letters are from people in dire plight, under terrific strain and pressure. If people are happy, they seldom write about it. For this reason, no doubt, marriage muddles loom large in my letters, and one sees the causes of unhappiness in the home. They are the same things that make unhappiness everywhere, only in marriage they are more acutely felt, because the relation is so intimate and constant. Economic stress plays its part, along with the changed spirit of our uprooted age. But more often it is 'an inside job'; people who cannot live with themselves and keep the peace can hardly live with others without friction. The desire to dominate, to use another as a doormat, is the commonest cause of misery, to judge from the letters that reach me. Money, too, mixes things up; lack of tact, lack of real partnership and understanding, and the golden circle is broken.

Out of mountains of letters not more than half a dozen have brought up any question of theology, such as the differences which divide the religious communions. Such issues do not seem to signify in actual life as people struggle with it, perhaps because they are unrelated to its realities. No matter how tormented my readers may be by untoward experiences, it hardly occurs to them that religion can help or that it has anything to do with their woe. A generation ago it would not have been true in the same degree, but people to-day do not know how to use spiritual energy in daily life. They have no technique for doing so, having neglected, if they ever knew, the arts and offices by which such reality is made real. Yet religion, if we know how to use it, ought to help us to attain

serenity and self-stability, and most of all to build up an inner defense against the pressures and strains of life in a hectic time.

How to live is the main matter, and that is the subject with which my daily talks have to do — trying to learn how to take the stuff of life and shape it into forms of beauty, power, and joy. Life for so many to-day is deflated, a thing to be endured rather than enjoyed, and our problem is not so much to add years to our life as to add life to our years. All of us have a sense of unfulfilled possibilities; we are people of whom more might have been made. We are living below our possible selves, and we are unhappy, thwarted, frustrated, unable to find a way out. Yet, as many great lives show us, there is a way of thinking and living which, if we can master it, will set us free to use our powers to the full. What are the things that hold us back from the larger life we want to live? What is it that inhibits us, cripples us, making us victims of the morbid fatigues that spoil our joy? After reading piles of letters, many of them 'human documents' in very truth, in which people have poured out their souls, some things have been burned into my heart.

II

The first thing taught me is that Private Enemy No. 1 in human life is neither sin nor sorrow, bad as these can be. No; as Kipling wrote of the shadow that leaps so swiftly through the jungle, 'He is Fear, O Little Hunter, he is Fear!' It is not too much to say that human life is a battle against fear in which there is no truce. No wonder Montaigne said, 'The thing in the world that I am most afraid of is Fear'; and that is the fact we must face and the force we must harness and handle, else we may be wrecked by it. Some things, of course, we ought to be afraid of. Two fears should follow us through life, Robert Frost has told us: fear lest we prove

unworthy of the One who knows and loves us best — that is fear of God; then there is fear of Man — lest he misunderstand us and withdraw his fellowship from us. These fears are real and valid, useful and wholesome, and they ought to be the end of all other fears. But alas, as we know well enough, it is not so.

To-day we have a thousand other fears, less real but no less terrifying, which torment us by day and torture us by night. Never has the world been so full of fear, and it takes all sorts of subtle, shadowy shapes. A lot of our fear is a hang-over from days when life was more dangerous than it is to-day, and this surplus fear, unless mastered and directed, is apt to turn inward and work havoc. Sensible fear stimulates; foolish fear paralyzes. Oddly enough, the fear most rife to-day is not fear of death, but fear of life, not only fear for ourselves but fear of ourselves; and that is not healthy. The thing that benumbs men to-day is fear of failure, of breakdown, of illness, of poverty, fear lest they be unequal to the demands made upon them. So few have any material security; and we have set so much store by such security that the lack or loss of it assumes hideous forms and gigantic dimensions in the night, robbing us of the rest needed to do our work aright. It is this self-fear which makes life an agony for so many sensitive souls.

How can we fight our fears, real and unreal, and win the victory? Half of our trouble in life comes of wanting to have our own way, and the other half from not facing facts. The first fact to face is that 'since most of our fears have been learned, so they can be unlearned.' Also, if we 'really understood ourselves, we should be afraid of very few things in the world.' Courage we need, of course; it is the finest human quality, if not the root of every virtue — courage to 'take it' and come back, courage to meet defeat and not be defeated. The plain pluck of people is astonishing, as my letters show. Many a frail little woman

faces disaster with a grit equal to that of a soldier going over the top. But even the finest courage wears thin unless it is supported and fortified by the 'something beyond courage,' of which Lady Montagu wrote in a letter. What is that 'something'? Only a mystic can tell, but surely it is Faith — finding that in God and in our own souls which enables us to endure and triumph over anything that life or death can do to us. When faith flies out of the heart, fear crawls in, a vile and slimy thing. By the same token, when we win faith, which is 'reason grown courageous,' fear is driven out of our hearts. As a friend of mine put it picturesquely, 'Fear knocked at the door. Faith opened it, and lo! there was no one there!' We hate a thing because we fear it; when fear is dead, love lives, and life begins.

Next to fear — if not a form of it — the worst thing in life is the nagging, gnawing worry which wears us out, weakens us, and unfits us for living. Worry is a kind of subconscious fear, a tiny rivulet of fear seeping or trickling into the mind, like a slow poison, until it paralyzes us. Unless it is checked, it cuts a channel into which all other thoughts are drained. Some things we ought to worry about, but it very easily becomes a habit of anxious, fearful, fretful thinking, and that is bad. The insecurities of the last few years have told terribly on the inner lives of people, as my letters show. Many have been almost eaten up by anxiety, and it will be so for years to come, if we do not learn a finer art of living.

One of my readers — a dear lady eighty years old — taught me these two things which have helped me greatly. She learned them, she said, slowly and at great cost, and they prolonged her life. One is that we must learn to forgive people for what they are, as well as for what they do; because what they do grows out of what they are. We cannot make people over, as the old button-moulder wanted to remake Peer Gynt,

and if we could we might make them worse than they are. Besides, our business is to make ourselves better and others happy, and that is enough to keep us busy. If only we attend to our own business, in this respect as well as in others, it will make for our own peace and the happiness of our fellows.

The other thing my reader learned by living is that we must wait and see what happens, and not worry till it does happen. In nine cases out of ten the thing we are afraid of and worry about does not happen. But if it does happen, as it does at times, other things will happen too which will change the setting and modify the result, making a different picture from the one our fear paints now. By a little effort we can learn the knack of putting things from us, throwing them off far enough to see them more clearly, and think of them as they matter — many things do not matter, and are not worth the bother of worrying. Also, we must never believe our night thoughts; they are the biggest liars on earth. Then, she added, if we are patient enough to live one day at a time, letting yesterday go and leaving to-morrow till it arrives, — which is really all that is asked of us, — strength will be given us to bear what is laid upon us and to do what is required of us. Here is real wisdom, learned in a long life, if we are wise enough and brave enough to obey it.

By reading thousands of letters, a third thing has been brought home to me overwhelmingly, and that is the appalling loneliness of human beings. If one of my talks touches on this topic, a shower of letters follows. Never were human bodies so jostled; never were human souls so much alone, especially in the crowded loneliness of great cities where life treads on life. Many, to be sure, living to great age, are left alone, and they must learn to be alone and not be lonely. Others are isolated, but the loneliness that is most keenly felt is the loneliness of insulation, lives locked up, inhibited by fear, by shyness, by flat-

ness of life, by a sense of inferiority, unable to get out of themselves into other lives. They have a craving to be liked, a hunger for intimacy, but shrink from the emotional contacts needed, unable to enter into other lives or to allow others to see into theirs. They are made prisoners by bolts and bars they cannot break, and one feels the ache of it.

Loneliness is one thing; solitude is another. Loneliness is thrust upon us; solitude we seek at times if we are wise. Loneliness hurts; solitude heals. Our religion is what we do with our loneliness, a great philosopher tells us. We can do two things with it — try to get away from it by going places, doing things, hunting escape; but that way does not work. Or we can make contact with One nearer to us than our own souls and turn our loneliness into solitude, if we learn the law and art of doing it. It is not easy to do in an age of blinding speed and shattering noise, but it can be done. Otherwise we are broken off from the Centre and Whole of Being and left isolated and adrift; life becomes ingrowing, not outgoing, and we get on our own nerves. As Bertrand Russell put it profoundly: 'We are suffering not from the decay of theological beliefs but from the loss of solitude'; and that insight goes down to the roots of our restless, feverish life, anxious, fear-driven, and haunted by a sense of the futility of existence.

But we also need the fellowship of human beings, with needs and hopes like our own, if we are to escape self-centredness; not organization, but fellowship. To get out of ourselves, to get ourselves off our hands, is the first step toward health and joy. Some know the knack of it; others are inarticulate, awkward, inhibited, held by some secret bondage which must be broken. The Church, said Newman, is 'the home of the lonely,' and one wonders why more lonely souls do not find it so. Perhaps it is because the fellowship of the Church is not as rich, as real, as warm and fruit-

ful as it ought to be. Here, no doubt, is the reason why so many are seeking today in outside groups, of one kind and another, a freedom and intimacy of fellowship they do not find in the Church. One may regret some of the uses of such groups, but they do tell of a deep need when a new loneliness has settled down upon human beings.

One other thing my readers have taught me in a startling way. It is amazing to me to find how many people go limping through life, crippled souls, owing to some hurt or humiliation, some injustice or cruelty, suffered in childhood. The stories told me are staggering — of starved souls, of people looking for something they have lost, of stabbing hurts and devastating frustration. We do not realize how sensitive children are and how easily they can be injured, even when we do not know it, much less intend it. Humor we need in dealing with them — yes, but not satire, not sarcasm; they make deep wounds and leave ugly scars. How often, when one of the primary instincts is thwarted or bruised, it may mar a whole lifetime, unless it is healed. As a mother wrote: 'My boy fails in nearly everything he undertakes, and he seems to expect it.' Exactly; something or someone broke down his belief in himself, and he is defeated before the battle begins — self-defeated by a negative pattern of mind, which it will take time and tact to alter. Else he may become a poor derelict drifting to and fro among the unburied dead, to be dropped at last into the wastebasket of the world.

After reading so many records of little lives mutilated by unkindness, it seems to me that kindness is the greatest thing in the world, if not the final joy of life. As Dr. Johnson wrote to his friend Taylor on the last Easter Monday of his life, 'In the meantime, let us be kind to one another'; for that is the central and supreme simplicity of religion, as Jesus

taught and lived it. In a rough world where we hurt each other so sadly, let us be kind, very kind, 'kinder than is necessary,' as a young husband said in a Barrie play; for it is needed. What else is there that we can do in this crazy, cruel world? Little indeed, so little that it looks like giving pills to cure earthquakes. Yet, little though it seem to be, it is the one thing more needed than all else.

III

Fear, anxiety, loneliness, and unkindness, these four things make human life horrible; and the worst of these is fear. It is the cause of most of our wickedness, our weariness, our unhappiness, and our strange stupidity which passes belief. There is not as much sin in the world as many of us think; there is enough, God knows, but most of our brutalities are the blows and blunders of blindness. We hate, we hurt, we rob and wrong each other, making life hateful to ourselves and to our fellows, because we are afraid.

A noble Spanish seer, who died not long ago, had only one dream and desire: 'To know the truth in life and the life in truth,' as he put it. For there is a Truth about life — nay, a Truth in life — a Truth that makes all other truth true, which, if we are true enough to grasp it and brave enough to follow it, will set us free from the torment and terror of fear. Man was not meant to be a cringing being, eaten up by anxiety, shut up a prisoner in silent loneliness, living in blind cruelty. He was meant for great adventure, if he has the insight to see the laws of life, and the key of kindness to unlock doors; and in his quest for the best in others he will discover something in himself not guessed before. For each of us, though we may not be clever or commanding, but only average and unknown, life can be a winged and wonderful thing, full of meaning and music, if we have faith to live, love, and learn.

(A thoughtful and rewarding analysis of the human significance of Mr. Newton's paper will be found immediately following the serial installment of 'Enchanter's Nightshade' in this issue.)

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT FURS?

BY MARGARET DANA

FINE furs have always been, and very likely always will be, comparatively rare, and therefore costly. The world supply of sable, mink, ermine, and the like, is definitely limited, even with the new trend toward ranch growing of fur-bearing skins. This scarcity, and the fact that even the not so expensive furs are limited, have been enough to put good fur beyond the average reach for most of civilized history. But as the supply has grown scarcer and prices have risen, the technique of manipulation of cheap furs once considered unfit for human use has advanced to the point of being a fine art. To-day almost anyone in this country may own fur coats or scarfs which are attractive to look at and pleasant to touch. Their warmth and their durability will vary greatly, but this is true also of the most expensive skins.

Since to-day, however, there are so many more kinds of furs available to the consumer, and since an inexpensive fur may be made to resemble a costly fur so exactly as to confuse all but a few experts, it is advisable for buyers to know more about all furs in general and about individual ones specifically before they are purchased. As in all fields of merchandise, imitation of appearance does not necessarily carry with it the duplication of other generic qualities. At present, terminology and description of furs in advertising or selling are about as precise and informative as Chinese mythology. Not only may one name — such as Persian lamb — cover a multi-

tude of unindicated grades, but such grades may in certain furs be marked by quite different coined names, understood, undoubtedly, by manufacturers and retailers, but less certainly by consumers. For instance, sealine, beaverette, French seal, erminette, chinchillette, Mendoza beaver, and lapin are all terms for types of coney skins manipulated by various processes. Although the Federal Trade Commission requires advertisers to complete their descriptions by naming the original fur, — French seal must be called 'seal-dyed coney,' and so on, — the ruling does not go far toward helping the consumer distinguish between grades of these skins.

That a difference exists is only too true. Coney skins are first graded as bucks and does, the buck being a stronger, thicker pelt than the doe, with a probability of about four years of wear as against one or two from doe skins. Lapin is almost invariably made from doe skins, while the best of seal- or beaver-dyed coney is made of buck pelts, though cheaper grades may be made of does. Incidentally a best-grade seal-dyed coney-skin coat may be a much better buy from every standpoint than a poorer grade of Hudson seal, although the latter will cost more.

It happens to be true also that manipulation such as is used in imitating one fur with another is not necessarily harmful in these days. Dyeing and processing were once a great gamble, but to-day *if these processes are well handled* the durability of the fur is not harmed. That

'if,' however, is a rather shaky bridge, since no consumer is in a position to tell how the processing of skin or fur has been done. For such hidden qualities as properly dressed skins, a minimum of mended seams, good dyeing, and careful handling, any lay buyer must depend upon a retail guarantee obtained either from the manufacturer or through an impartial testing laboratory. To do without such a guarantee is an almost inexcusable carelessness, however inexpensive the coat or garment.

Nobody can hope to know everything about furs, but there are some general facts and a few specific ones which may be of practical help to the consumer buying them.

First, for instance, there is the fact that a fur coat *per se* has no unique warmth qualities, as is generally supposed; many fabrics have an equal resistance to air flow. Furthermore, furs themselves vary considerably in their warmth, because most of that desirable quality comes from the dense, thick under-hair next the skin. Where this is present in great quantity, the fur is warm; where it is skimpy or almost absent — as in the case of many flat skins such as caracul, galyak, kid, pony, and so on — the warmth does not exist to anything like the same degree. The long outer hairs called guard hairs, very conspicuous on some types of skins such as fox, raccoon, and the like, are what their name implies — a protection for the tender under-hair which constitutes the animal's real 'red flannels.'

Furs with long guard hairs usually wear better than the furs with only a soft dense under-hair, and they resist the damage usually done fur by water. Beaver is an exception to this; yet, though not harmed permanently by moisture, beaver does mat badly when wet and must be restored by glazing or electrifying. Incidentally, there are several processes in use to-day for making fur moisture-repellent, and the results are encouraging. Fur coats prop-

erly so processed come out smiling from heavy showers. If all fur coats, however, are carefully handled after being wet, kept from heat and allowed to dry naturally, very much less damage will be done than if they are simply thrown over a chair before an open fire.

One point about furs in general which is insisted upon by all experts is that consumers should invariably buy the best of any particular type of fur, whatever the price. In other words, if you have a limited amount of money to spend, put it into a coat, garment, or scarf which will represent the best skins and workmanship to be had in that field, rather than into a second or third grade of a more expensive fur. Grades are never mentioned by retailers, but furs tend to have a more completely stable intrinsic value than any other product. The first qualities stay in their price brackets almost invariably; 'bargains' are generally seconds or thirds, with their accompanying defects and weaknesses.

There are some specific points about certain furs which are also interesting. Take Persian lamb, for instance, and all the other lamb types — krimmer, caracul, and others with various names. These lamb furs are perennially popular, and yet not a great deal is known about them. It is taken for granted that Persian lamb will wear superbly. So it does if the skins have been properly treated and handled all the way along; but occasionally a woman finds that her Persian-lamb coat peels soon after she begins to wear it. This is due to a curious cause. Persian lambs have a double skin with a membrane between, and, since the baby lambs are killed when only a few days old, these skins are tender. If, then, they are not handled with great care, that membrane may become damaged; and once it begins to dry out and harden, the outer layer of skin will crack and peel away.

Persian lamb in its natural state may be black, gray, brown, or mottled. So

may krimmer, which is often mistaken for Persian and miscalled Persian. To tell them apart is fairly easy. They are both, as a matter of fact, made from lamb skins of different type, and the skins are distinguished by tightness of curl. Persian lamb has a very tight curl, a beautifully high lustre, and a supple, pliant skin; krimmer has a flatter curl, with dull finish and a tougher skin; caracul is the same lamb type, but with a still flatter, more open curl. Obviously Persian, with its tight, close curl, will wear best. Incidentally most of the caracul to-day comes from China. What effect the present Chinese difficulties may have upon the caracul market is a cause of wonder to many fur people.

It may interest consumers to know that Persian lamb is not Persian at all, since it comes from Russia, Afghanistan, and Africa. But once long ago it was sent through Persia for sale. And another interesting point about the lamb-skin class of furs is the fact that galyak was for years considered unfit to sell. It is the fur from unborn lambs, and is excessively fragile. However, as a trimming it is now in high favor; and so long as no hard wear is put upon it, it should retain its texture satisfactorily.

Sealskin has been steadily coming back into its own for some years, and is imitated by many other types of furs. Nothing, however, can duplicate the wearing qualities of the first-grade sealskin. It also holds its dye well, and has great warmth. Nevertheless, it should be remembered that seal has three grades — even though this is seldom mentioned. The best is never cheap, and cannot be. Northern muskrats are skillfully dyed and processed to create what is called Hudson seal — which is not, as one naïve lady suggested to me, seal caught in the Hudson River and therefore cheaper than Alaska seal because it comes from nearer home! Hudson seal in itself has excellent wearing qualities, good color and texture, and medium warmth. And of course it costs far less than Alaska seal.

Mink is always a feminine favorite and it deserves its place, for it not only has in its best quality great beauty and warmth, but remarkable durability as well — ten or twelve years not being excessive for its life. But American mink should not be confused with Japanese mink; the latter is naturally a yellowish color and must be dyed for wearing. It is made to have an attractive appearance, but rates a durability expectancy of only about four years. There are first and second qualities of Japanese mink, too, with about \$100 difference in the retail price and more than that in wear. Japanese mink 'bargains' are apt to be second-quality skins.

There is always some debate as to whether a *natural* American mink coat is best or a *blended* mink coat. I find that technicians agree that blending does no harm and may actually enhance both beauty and wearability. Blending is merely the delicate touching up with dye of mink skins to make all conform to a desirable dark tint. If you prefer untouched skins, a simple test to determine if they have been colored is to wet a cloth in water to which a small amount of ammonia has been added and rub it over the fur. If color comes off, you will understand the furs have been blended. The amount of color reaction will be small — not enough to alter the fur. Shops, however, will probably not welcome such tests, although reputable stores will supply a guarantee at the customer's request.

Finally a few points to watch in buying a fur coat of any type may be useful. Find out exactly what the name of the original fur is — do this when buying *any* fur, as trimming, scarf, and so forth. Check it for durability on the list at the end of this article. Feel the coat to discover if the pelts appear to be of equal thickness and nap, and be especially sure to see that the fur on edges of cuffs, fronts, elbows, at collar next to neck, and on pockets is heavy and close. Find out whether the facings of fronts are

skins folded over — as they should be for long wear — or extra pieces seamed at the turn.

When buying silver fox, ask if it has been pointed. If pointed, it means that extra guard hairs, usually badger, have been glued to the skins to imitate more expensive furs. On a silver-fox collar, for instance, it is sometimes done to increase the 'silver,' but you can tell this for yourself, because badger hairs are silver-gray all the way from root to tip, while true silver fox is black at the root,

then silver, and finally black again at the tip.

Last of all, in buying a fur coat make sure the fit is loose and roomy enough at shoulders and arms. Tender skins, defects, or poor workmanship will show there first under undue stress.

Appended is a list of the more familiar furs, with their cost ranges and approximate durability as determined by several fur experts. The length of life indicated is merely probable, and in no sense to be understood as definite.

APPROXIMATE FUR DURABILITY

5-10 Years

Low-Cost Furs

Muskrat

3-5 Years

Australian opossum

Civet cat

Wombat

1-3 Years

Galyak

American opossum

Barunduki (chipmunk)

Coney or rabbit

Kidskin

Marmot

Pony

Gray fox

Sheared and dyed Lincoln lamb

(American broadtail)

MEDIUM-COST FURS

Alaska sealskin

Beaver

Seal-dyed muskrat

(Hudson seal)

Persian lamb

Persian-type lamb

Baum marten

Japanese mink

Kolinsky (China mink)

Skunk

Nutria

Raccoon

Caracul

Leopard

Mole

Squirrel

Badger

Red fox

Wolf

Krimmer

HIGH-COST FURS

Fisher

Mink

Sable

Chinchilla

Ermine

Russian broadtail

Lynx

White fox

Silver fox

Blue fox

Cross fox

THE GOOD SOCIETY OF THE FUTURE

BY NEWTON D. BAKER

'Our political views are determined in a last resort by the estimate we have formed of human nature. Those who think meanly of it naturally cry aloud for autocracy and a strong hand. Those who think highly of it inevitably desire the maximum of self-determination and self-realization and the minimum of constraint.' — GEORGE PEABODY GOOCH

I

BY a survey of current intellectual conceptions of the case of man in the world, we are able to judge from time to time his progress. This is never constant. At certain stages, the world will be full of books stoutly maintaining his integrity and sustaining the clear goal at which he is aiming. At other times the world becomes dark and uncertain, its leaders hesitant, and, over the whole face of literature, mankind becomes a satisfactory product only if he can restrain impulses at war with his wishes.

At the time of the Second Crusade, a lonely priest was able to stir the world with a fresh enthusiasm. The struggle between Rome and Byzantium, the wide separation of distances, the deep penetration of home-grown varieties of the struggle for power, became insignificant so long as the holy places in Palestine were in the hands of the infidel. Nothing was so important as to rescue them, and bands of armed men, who had previously devoted themselves to the pretensions of local leaders, marched uniformly across Europe to Palestine concentrated upon one objective — the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre and the restraint of the Saracen invasion. There is little known of the action of men in the western countries while this crusade went forward, but we do know enough to appreciate their common consent to its general main-

tenance. We can realize how, after a little, its tension grew less and the struggle to maintain the advantages which it had started ceased to attract men's minds as new efforts for regeneration at home supplanted the great objective of the Crusade itself.

Mr. Walter Lippmann's *The Good Society* raises in the minds of the thoughtful many questions like this. Twenty-five years separate his *Preface to Politics* and his inquiry into the 'Provisional State.' In the meantime the people of the world have become as confused as he was. When he undertook the *Preface*, the World War had not intervened. Men's eyes were scarcely opened as yet to the evils of propaganda. No nation, as it then existed, realized its self-importance. In the heyday of Wilson's New Freedom, there was as yet no room for the state which demanded complete sacrifice of the individual that it might press forward its claims. We were all able to imagine a continuance of 'the peace since Waterloo' and a gradual enlargement of the empire built in a régime of personal liberty, gradually expanding a planned and intelligently directed social order. Then the war came. The great powers of the earth devoted themselves to its prosecution for five years, and sacrificed ten million lives in the process. Gone were the old

theories, and a new set of questions had arisen.

Russia was free to develop, from her maritime ports to the German border, a civilization which would resist all encroachments. But in the meantime Germany, tied in at the waist by the Versailles Treaty, felt her population tugging at her; and Italy, aroused by a new impulse, was likewise demanding a place in the sun. Japan, under the compulsion of the new spirit, laid hold of Manchuria. The three peoples thus involved became inflamed with a new set of common ideals, and at the present moment everything in their common psychology is committed to the supremacy of the state. But it is important to note that the peoples of these three countries are absorbed in certain very definite ideals. The supremacy of the state to which their minds are committed is a military supremacy. The man in the street looks forward to an immediate contest with his neighbors. There may be a complaint of the poorness of life, but an immediate comparison is made with the results of the conquest which he assumes his state is about to achieve. Many people in these countries want butter, but they will tell you that the Minister of Propaganda has explained that cannons are more important.

In each one of the three there has come a sudden reversal of the status of military men. To-day in these countries the head of the army is the head of the state. The contributions which the learned men used to make to the development of a more or less humane civilization are narrowed down to their respective contributions to the art of war. As a matter of fact, the German, Italian, and Japanese psychology revolves about the instant application of that psychology to the country's immediate neighbors, and the dominant thought in each country involves the sacrifice of the individual to what is temporarily regarded as the highest good.

The war and its consequences left

strange bedfellows. In England, from Land's End to the Scottish Highlands, every thoughtful conversation turns on England and what will be left of her when the next outbreak comes. Middle-aged people regard the bombing of London and its environs as the inescapable penalty Great Britain must pay for German and Italian aggression, while the French people regard the efforts of Germany and Italy to establish, in Spain, the dominance of their theory as the beginning of the end when Germany and Italy take up the war to which their hearts are now committed.

The other side of the world finds the Chinese Republic, with incredible bravery, reorganizing itself into a modern state and yielding with infinite reluctance to the savage onslaught of Japan, which has swept away the twenty million Chinese in Manchuria and has now captured Peking, while at the same moment it terrorizes the heart of China at Shanghai.

II

The observation of Mr. Gooch quoted at the beginning of this article can, therefore, be accepted only in a free world, and the temporary invasion of the affairs of the world by the acceptance of fixed devotions to radical ideas postpones inevitably the long working out of the ideas upon which it depends. Nothing is more certain than that war prevents the abstract consideration of all qualities which stand in its way. However well disposed one may be to the resumption of normal human relations, he is balked into silence when war comes. Accordingly one is not surprised to discover in Mr. Lippmann's book a frank protest against the dominance of the world by war and, throughout the course of his argument, repeated references to the purpose which animates those who are at present guiding the destinies of the world. As the result of steadfast thinking, Mr. Lippmann comes to the conclusion that a 'directed society must be

bellicose and poor. If it is not both bellicose and poor, it cannot be directed.' He comes to the corresponding conclusion that 'a prosperous society must be free.'

Whatever may be the result of Mr. Lippmann's thinking, it is inconsistent with the present purposes of the world. Mussolini, Hitler, and the military clique which governs Japan will have none of it. It does not fit in with their theory of the state. It measures itself beside great and peaceful purposes, and until the theory that devotes these countries to war is replaced, any escape from the present alternative is impossible.

It would be simple to trace this fever through other lands. Czechoslovakia, Austria, the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes, each have their own fears of what their fate will be when the tide comes, born of an ancient tendency on their part to inflict similar disasters on mere neighbors. The southeastern section of Europe has for a long time been nurturing some such philosophy as this, and so, according to the old rules, it was called the 'Bear-pit of Europe'; but now the pit is enlarged and includes three great military powers, while the peaceful powers of the world are correspondingly diminished. So long as the Bear-pit consisted of these subordinate military elements, Europe, strong in her reliance upon force, was able to control it. Now, however, it is apparent to everybody that the war spirit has grown mandatory. Nations which were once peaceful have accepted its theory.

The League of Nations, established to promote peace among the powerful, finds itself unable to lay down rules which will restrain the aggression of the states which by concerted action lend authority to its decisions. With Italy, Germany, and Japan demanding war, no combination which can be made at Geneva will impose even a temporary restraint upon the world. Whether this war will come depends upon the conditions which leaders in those countries believe to exist. They have discounted

England and France. As far as the United States is concerned, there is a very serious question in their minds whether the peaceful persuasion of our people is a state of mind or a preparatory declaration. The United States is always for peace, yet in moments of great righteousness it decides for war.

There is a corresponding uncertainty about Russia. So long as the Trotsky theory obtained in that country, there was widespread concern lest it should be found active and energetic in the presence of a European war. Apparently Stalin has imposed another theory upon Russia, and at least for the present there is a great desire on the part of the Bolshevik Government to be left alone while it develops Russia for the Russian people. How long that will satisfy the Russians neither the Germans nor the Italians know, nor can they have any adequate idea of the extent to which Russia is prepared in the event of an attack upon her. In both quarters of the world, the Italians and Germans on the one side and Japan on the other, there are secret misgivings as to what may turn out to be the real strength of Russia if simultaneously attacked. Her diplomacy is certainly aggressive. If her military policy is correspondingly brave, Italy and Germany realize the possibility of a war with England, France, and Russia, with an overwhelming onslaught by Russia from the east.

Meantime, in the world of finance, both Germany and Italy are gradually reaching the ultimate limit of preparation. Both countries are devoting all they have and all they can borrow to preparation for a war which is scheduled to happen to-morrow. Internal taxation has reached the limit beyond which it would be subject to the law of diminishing return, and external loans cannot be expected to replace what would be needed to keep those countries ready for war unless the war comes soon. One is warned by the experience of other years against counting too much on this pos-

sibility. A nation which cannot afford to buy butter for its inhabitants has not often been able to buy cannon for its armies.

Thus we have at the present moment everything tending to war except those undefinable instincts which hold states in subjection because of the uncertainty of the result. Should war be declared, the likelihood is that it will at once become universal. The little states in Central Europe will become immediately involved; but their power is negligible. Italy, Germany, and Russia will determine the outcome, with England and France helping in every way, but themselves involved, perhaps controlled, by the outcome. The theory of life Mr. Lippmann advocates will then be postponed, and if, as many people think, a new world shall arise from such a disaster, it will be controlled by the consequences imposed.

III

Most of the books current nowadays in this country deal with America as though she had no part in the world struggle. Certainly the mind of America is withdrawn from any part in such a controversy. We are absorbed in technical problems of a purely domestic sort, and it may well be that a war could break out in Europe with consequences so immediate and disastrous as to leave no room for us to interpose our strength in time to avert its disastrous effect. The probability, however, does not lie in that direction. We must not permit ourselves to forget Canada, Austria, New Zealand, and India, which will be crossed by radical currents as the result of such a war; nor should we forget that the consolidated good will of the world lies in the hands of the British Empire, the Scandinavian States, and the United States, as its present sole custodians, and that in the last analysis the policy of this country will be gravely affected by a manifest threat by warlike Europe to seize and imprison historic unities in those coun-

tries which represent, after all, the highest stage civilization has yet reached.

It may be that the world has grown too complicatedly intimate to be governed by the old subdivisions which we knew as states, but when the last word is said the result of the struggle for liberty on the one side and despotism on the other will present a problem in which the United States will be obliged to take a share. This was the crisis which in the World War presented itself as a choice. Much has been written since the World War from an opposite point of view, and those who were instrumental in forming the policy of the United States during the World War have grown sad or silent in the present circumstances; but the next time that choice comes the same decision will be made, and America's attempts to adjust compensation for her veterans will be forgotten and all the heyday preparations of America to make the world safe for democrats will cease to be important if America again embraces the idea that her liberty is endangered.

In *The Good Society*, Mr. Lippmann parts company with the commentators in the United States on the question involved. For twenty-five years he has struggled with the American mind, and he is no longer deceived by ephemeral books which lay the basis for a temporary philosophy. The brooding and meditating mind finds it impossible to stop with these temporary expedients, and accordingly it cuts down between two deep theories, with the satisfaction of realizing that on one side is human progress and on the other side is an encroachment on the rights of man until what is left will be swept aside in the flood of some tempestuous upheaval remembered only because of its cataclysmic character. It would have been enough if he had said baldly that the present world is organized on the theory of war, that the future world should be organized on the theory of peace. Instead of this, however, he has laboriously undertaken to examine the doctrines of the eighteenth century

and comes to the conclusion that Adam Smith had something in his mind very different from the interpretation which has been put upon his work by the glosses of national prejudices and temperament which have interpreted it since 1776. *The Wealth of Nations* is not a proclamation of *laissez faire*, but it is one of the movements in favor of the freedom of the individual which is constantly being encroached upon.

'Collectivists generalize from an interpretation of a relatively short historical epoch.' They find it impossible to generalize except in narrow limits. In any collective economy there must be a blow-off place where the mind, unable to be satisfied with the conditions of an art, can impose new conditions, and the intervention of such thinking into a collectivist scheme is the final condemnation of it. This has always been true, but never so true as in our industrial age. Every year sees multiple appliances for the simplification of the arts, and every successful simplification requires their reconstruction. To impose upon this movement the obstacle of governance is to impose the impossible. It is essentially absurd to assume that there can be a group of men so placed and circumstanced that they can suppress all ideas. Philosophers would not do, for every one of them has matured, developed, expanded, and changed his ideas. Politicians would not do, for the scope of the mass with which they have to deal is far beyond their comprehension. Manifestly a set of highly trained specialists will not do, because of their interests. Society is not organized, nor can it be, to make a progressive system out of the inventions and discoveries of the individual, except as those inventions and discoveries are allowed to make a place for themselves.

The example given by Mr. Lippmann of the regimentation of the textile industry in France is a fair illustration. From 1666 to 1730 the regulations were extended until they were finally to be found in four quarto volumes of 2200

pages with three supplemental volumes! A similar application of the principle of regulation to the steel industry of the United States would require a library of many volumes, with changing daily regulations throughout its entire field. This may have been possible once, when regulations were possible because they were local; but, in an age of telegraph, telephone, and wireless publicity, progress depends upon the state of the art to-day, and upon provisions applicable to the raw material, wages and hours, fiscal arrangements, customs, and a dozen other things that make to-day's product available to a man with money in his hand.

The statement of this case is overwhelmingly made by Mr. Lippmann. Man has reached a condition where every political agency is seeking to control him in the interest of a forthcoming war. Control is sought to be exercised on the other side of the same man by a wilderness of demands of a peremptory nature. He can take his choice and become the servant of the state and surrender his freedom, or on the other hand, by imposing proper limitations upon the power of the state, retain his freedom and continue to advance. The answer to this problem may not be what Mr. Lippmann expects, but that he has stated the problem will not be denied; nor will it be denied that he has successfully intimated certain great problems connected with the security of the individual which will need to be attended to, though upon this phase of his inquiry the expanding future will put its own mark.

The next few years may set his book entirely aside, to be reviewed again when the war is over. The next few years, however, may take the other course if man is as rational as Mr. Lippmann feels he is. For in the latter case there will come a turn against war, and, with that terror removed, the flow of invention and discovery will soon stop attempts to regulate. Man will realize that he has a higher destiny than the service of the state.

YOU HAVE SEEN THEIR FACES

BY ERSKINE CALDWELL

I

THE South has been shoved around like a country cousin. It buys mill ends and wears hand-me-downs. It sits at second table and is fed short rations. It is the place where the ordinary will do, where the makeshift is good enough. It is that dog town on the other side of the railroad tracks that smells so badly every time the wind changes. It is the Southern Extremity of America, the Empire of the Sun, the Cotton States; it is the Deep South, Down South; it is The South.

Twice a year it takes life easy, lolling in the shade when the sun begins to blister, huddling around the stove when the cold winds begin to blow. The rest of the time it works harder than anybody else, chopping its cotton and sawing its wood from dawn to dusk. In return for its labor it does not expect much, does not ask much, never receives much. It has pockets in its pants, but there are holes in the pockets. When it is paid in nickels and dimes, the money dribbles along the wayside before the day is over; when it is paid with a dollar bill, the money is stowed away in the toe of the shoe, and kept there until Saturday.

This is the place where anybody may come without an invitation and, before the day is over, be made to feel like one of the home folks. Scientists with microscopes and theologians with Bibles come to the South to tell it what is wrong with it, and stay to buy a home and raise a family. Gaping tourists come to pick its flesh to pieces, and remain to eat

fried chicken and watermelon for the rest of their lives.

Mark against the South its failure to preserve its own culture and its refusal to accept the culture of the East and West. Mark against it the refusal to assimilate the blood of an alien race of another color or to tolerate its presence. Mark against it most, if not all, of the ills of a retarded and thwarted civilization. The South has been taking a beating for a long time, and the pain and indignity are beginning to tell. That fact can be seen any day now in the lean and hungry faces of men. It means unrest.

The troubles of this part of America have been laid first to one cause, then to another, and finally to the entire list of civilization's plagues and afflictions. Slavery, climate, and hookworm have been favorite causes for generations of finger-pointing pulpитеers and pamphleteers. High-tariff and free-silver advocates had their opportunity to pin something on somebody somewhere, but after they had had their day the South was still sick. Blaming it all on the failure to build the Nicaraguan Canal was for a time a serious-minded occupation. The coming of the boll weevil, the army worm, and the screwworm brought forth a new generation of bush beaters and stump thumpers who were certain they held the secret of the South's troubles in the palms of their hands. After all these years the sun still rises in the east and sets in the west and the South is still sick.

II

The Mississippi Valley Delta and the Black Belt of Alabama are two sections of the South that still produce cotton in abundance. It grows, matures, and yields without fertilizer and without effort. The soil there will be deep, fertile, and productive for a long time to come. Elsewhere the subsoil, both sand and clay, is being ploughed up to be mixed with the little topsoil that remains in an effort to make plants grow. There is no fertility in subsoil, but when brought to the surface it gives the appearance of fertility and, when mixed with fertilizer, will produce enough cotton, provided that the rains and sun are not extreme, to pay for the fertilizer in normal times. Farming in sand or clay is a backbreaking, spirit-crushing existence.

There are reasons for this impoverishment of the soil that go deep into the economic life of the South. The successful cotton raisers have always been plantation owners. The plantations were large, generally from five hundred to five thousand acres of land in size. The owners for the most part had one main concern, and that was to make as much money as they could as quickly as they could.

Nothing made money like cotton. Nothing else grew like cotton. Cotton was king.

Now the day of the plantation is over, except in the Delta country and in the Black Belt, and cotton is not king any longer.

The plantation system pauperized the soil to such a great degree that raising cotton became a means of making a bare living rather than a method of making a fortune. The plantation owner, when he became aware of what had happened to the soil, withdrew to the nearest city to live the remainder of his life on his accumulated wealth.

What he left behind was eroded, depleted, unprofitable land. His tenants still had to work for a living, even if he

did not, and out of their desperation grew a new system. He became an absentee landlord. The plantation was divided into one-man farms and rented to the tenants. The rent was paid either in half of the cotton produced or in an agreed-upon number of bales, or on the basis of a combination of the two. The plantation system was traded for the share-cropping system, and the South, to its sorrow, got much the worst of the bargain.

Rent was paid to the landlord for the use of the land on a sharing basis. When a hundred tenants produced six bales each, the landlord received three hundred bales, the individual tenant three bales. The tenant who set out to farm his portion of the plantation discovered that the land required fertilizer. Without fertilizer he could not grow enough cotton to provide himself with a living, and to pay rent. The rent came first. The landlord generally saw to it that the tenant paid his three or four bales for rent before the sharing began. If there was nothing left to share after the rent had been paid, there was nothing the tenant could do about it. He could only look forward to the coming year, hoping he would be able to make more than the minimum number of bales the rent required. If the following year was a good one for him, he paid off the chattel mortgage he had given in payment for fertilizer he had bought in an effort to produce the rent cotton.

Much can be said about the detrimental effects of such an agricultural system, more especially when there are ten million persons now living under its yoke. They live in this cotton country on tenant farms which, in many cases, are little more than sand dunes and clay stacks. They are either already worn-out physically and spiritually, or in the act of wearing themselves out. They are grouped in families of man and wife and from one to sixteen children. They are farming, for the most part, soil that has been yielding diminishing returns for

fifty or a hundred years. No matter if they get up an hour earlier to work by lantern light, no matter if half a dozen more children are begotten to supply additional hands in the field, they will continue to fall steadily behind as long as they live on land that produces less and less each time a new crop of cotton is planted.

It is foolish to ask a tenant farmer why he remains where he is. He does move from farm to farm from time to time, but only rarely can he improve his status. There is cotton to be raised, and he has trained himself to raise it. That is his specialty. It is his life and, as long as share-cropping is an institution, it will become his death. The tenant farmer in the South is trying to hold on to a spinning world until by some means he is enabled to get a grip on a better way of life. He knows he cannot buy land of his own from the profits of share-cropping. He knows just as well that he cannot save until he earns, and that he cannot earn much more than a bare living from sterile, barren land. He does well, under the circumstances, to hold on at all. Now that his condition has sunk to depths that stop just short of peonage, there has appeared the first sign of hope. What there is in store for him in the future remains to be seen, but now for the first time there is hope. There has been talk, from one end of the South to the other, of joining with other tenant farmers to take collective action against the institution of share-cropping. The day when it was a sacred bull has passed.

III

Government and God put together in a lifetime could n't beat a pinch of sense into those fool cotton farmers. They think all they've got to do is go out there and get hold of forty acres of land, plant cotton, and look at the pictures on hundred-dollar bills. Most of them don't even try to raise feed for their mules. They think if they touch anything but cotton they'll be doing something beneath their dignity. When I was out there

twelve years ago trying to make a living raising cotton, I did n't act with any more sense than the farmers do now. It seemed as though cotton went to my head just like a drink of raw whiskey. I thought I was somebody. I'd come to town and tell everybody how to raise cotton, how to run a farm, how to educate children, how to treat a woman, how to keep the blacks in their place, and how the government ought to be run. All that time I'd have amounted to something if I'd tended to business and tried to do what a farmer ought to but don't have the sense to do. I thought it was beneath my dignity to plant a garden and raise feed for the stock. The first thing I knew, I did n't have an inch of land left, and I was so puffed up being a cotton farmer I did n't have the sense to know I was drunk on cotton. That's the worst thing cotton does to a man. It makes him think he's sitting on top of the world, and the first thing he knows he's spending more on food for himself and feed for his stock than cotton brings in. Storekeeping is no high-minded calling, but it teaches you what a fool cotton can make of a man.

— CLINTON, LOUISIANA

The Delta and Black Belt landowner has been systematically eliminating the white tenant from his plantation for a number of years. The white tenant was given to understand that he was no longer wanted. Next, if he did not take the hint, he was told to leave. Finally, if he persisted in remaining where he was, he was driven off the land. As soon as he was out of the way, his place was filled by a black tenant. The white tenant farmer was forced to gather up his family and make his way into the eroded and depleted hill country. The landowner in the rich plantation country wants a man who can be subjected to his will by means of fear and intimidation.

The Negro tenant farmer is the descendant of the slave. For generations he has lived in mortal fear of the white boss in the cotton country. He has seen his women violated and his children humiliated. He himself has been discriminated against, cheated, whipped, and held forcibly in an inferior position. Every white face he sees is a reminder of

his brother's mutilation, burning, and death at the stake. He has no recourse at law, because he is denied the right of trial before his peers. The Negro tenant farmer on a plantation is still a slave.

Arnold Berry is a Negro tenant farmer on a plantation in Eastern Arkansas in the Delta country. He is twenty years old, single, and lives with his grandmother, who is fifty-five years old. They live, rent free, in a tenant house of three rooms on the Teacher Plantation. This plantation, within sight of Mississippi River levees, is near Wilson, Arkansas. The Delta country there is part of the best cotton-producing land in America. The soil is black, well watered. The plantations in that section are large, generally of one to eight thousand acres.

Berry has worked on the Teacher Plantation as both share-cropper and field hand. When he works as a share-cropper, he averages about \$180 a year. When he works as a field hand, he receives seventy-five cents a day — not seventy-five cents every day in the year, but seventy-five cents a day when there is something for him to do. He has averaged \$190 a year as a field hand. He has never made more than \$200. He has often wondered why, at the end of a year, he has never been able to make more than that.

Like all the tenants on the Teacher Plantation, he is allowed a maximum of \$4.50 a week credit at the plantation store. At the end of the year, as far back as he can remember, his store bill has always amounted to \$234, which represented the total of his weekly credit for fifty-two weeks. Sometimes he bought less than \$4.50 worth of goods at the store, but always his bill for the year was the same. When he found that out, he made up his mind to use his credit to the limit. He always found himself in debt anyway, according to the books in the plantation office, and whether the debt amounted to \$34 in a \$200 year, \$44 in a \$190 year, or \$54 in a \$180 year, it was carried over as debt and entered

on his account for the following year. He works off the debt at seventy-five cents a day and, when the cotton crop is unusually good, by deducting for his store account all money due him over and above \$200. The method of paying off his yearly debt was suggested by the plantation owner.

The plantation store carries in stock staple groceries and clothing. Berry buys flour, meal, bacon, coffee, lard, and candy; he also buys overalls, shirts, and shoes, and his grandmother buys calico, buttons, and shoes. He can buy anything in stock that he wishes, up to \$4.50 worth a week. He could get cash if he asked for it, but the plantation store is the only one near by, and if he walked to the next store it would be a store owned by another landlord, and then he would be called upon to explain why he earned his living on one plantation and spent his money at another.

When Berry is sick, his weekly credit is reduced to \$3.50 a week for as long as he is unable to work. The plantation pays the doctor's bill and the medicine bill, and they in turn are entered on the account books to be deducted from his credit when settlement day comes at the end of the year.

There has been talk of the daily wage being raised from seventy-five cents to one dollar. When Berry heard about it, his first thought was that he would be able to get out of debt. He did not wish to marry, or go to Memphis, or buy an automobile. He wished to be able to stop cotton farming and to sell household supplies, such as soap, to tenants on the plantations in the Delta. If that turned out to be successful, he wished to save enough money to buy some cotton land of his own — not a plantation, but ten or fifteen acres. He had given up hope of ever getting ahead by working on the plantation.

Berry considers himself fortunate. He does not own anything, except the clothes on his back, and a change of them in his house; he cannot move

from the plantation without getting permission from the landlord; if his grandmother should die, he would have to marry and produce children, since it is a custom on the plantation that each tenant shall supply one or more additional hands for the fields.

He considers himself fortunate, nevertheless. Most important of all, to him, is the fact that he is a tenant on the Teacher Plantation instead of being a tenant on the Harris Plantation. The Harris Plantation adjoins the Teacher.

The Harris Plantation is one of the largest, most prosperous, and most notorious in the Delta. Berry has friends who are tenants there, and who wish they were somewhere else. He has seen things take place there that he is afraid to talk about, and after seeing one of his friends whipped by a rider he was more determined than ever to get out of debt and into house-to-house salesmanship.

The policy of the Harris Plantation is to pay tenants for their labor and their cotton in coupons instead of in money. The coupons can be used only in the plantation store. The white share-croppers and wage hands protested against the coupons, and asked for payment in money. Thereupon a systematic exclusion of white tenants was instituted. The plantation offered to buy, at approximately fifty cents on the dollar, the white tenants' crops. If the offer was accepted, the white tenant took the money and moved off the plantation; if it was rejected, the white tenant was forcibly evicted and the crops confiscated. When the white tenants had been moved off, Negro share-croppers were brought to the plantation. They were more easily intimidated, and were afraid to protest against the coupons. Those who did object attempted to leave; the riders caught them, and they were whipped for leaving without permission. They were then told that if they wished to leave they could do so by paying the plantation fifty dollars in cash. None of

them had fifty dollars, or any part of it. They remained.

The white share-croppers and wage hands who were forced off the Harris Plantation scattered in all directions in the South. Some found farms in the Delta, some went to the Arkansas hill country, others crossed the Mississippi River and settled on whatever tenant farms they could find.

Whether life is like this in Arkansas or Louisiana, in Mississippi or Alabama, is of small importance. Plantation life for the share-cropper, no matter where, is difficult. The fact that some plantation owners conduct their farming operations humanely is not enough to overbalance the defects of the plantation system itself. It is an antiquated method of agricultural production that has no place in a social order where, notably in industry, labor demands and receives compensation for services rendered. Workers at other trades in America may have longer hours, may even receive less pay, but plantation share-croppers live in bondage.

These are the plantation-bound families that eat corn bread and molasses, that buy a fifty-cent bottle of patent medicine when one of the members is ill because the doctor and his medicine cost three dollars, that have neither newspaper nor magazine in the house, that have no lamp because kerosene costs twelve cents a gallon.

These are the people who have to take off their hats when they meet a white man walking along the road, keep their mouths shut when their children are allowed but four months of school a year or none at all, accept without the batting of an eye an oral accounting of their year's labor.

The Negro share-cropper on a Delta plantation who has learned the white man's rules, and who keeps them, is allowed to live a peaceful life. On many of these plantations, if he protests, or even so much as presumes to argue over the number of bales of cotton he has

raised, he is a bad nigger, a human being who is hounded and persecuted for the rest of his life.

They'd have to call out the regular United States Army to make me go back to Eastern Arkansas and work on one of those cotton plantations. I'm making good pay bossing a road construction job for a contractor, and I know when I'm well off. Two years ago I was out there living with my sister and her husband in Arkansas and we had a good prospect of clearing twenty bales of cotton, after sharing with the landlord. The crop came along fine all summer, the sun was just right, the rain was just right, and the insects held off just right. We'd been there four years, and it was the best-looking cotton I'd ever seen. After we got it laid by, in late summer, my brother-in-law and me started talking about buying a farm of our own up close to Little Rock. Then the first thing I knew, the landlord came down and said he wanted to buy us out. I told him we'd sell out our crop for what twenty bales would bring. He said ten bales, or nothing. We told him nothing doing. The next day he sent a colored family down to move into our house. We did n't budge an inch. Pretty soon half a dozen of his riders came down and stood us off while the colored family was moved in. Our things were dumped out in the road. I went to town to see the landlord, and he was there waiting for me with a bill for back debts against us for three hundred and some dollars. We had n't done any buying at the plantation store on credit, but there the bill was, and he had a deputy with a warrant all made out to serve. He said he'd deduct the bill from ten bales of cotton and would n't make any more trouble if we'd leave the county. There was n't anything to do but take what we could get and move our furniture over to Memphis.

— EDGEFIELD, SOUTH CAROLINA

IV

The Mississippi Valley Delta is the garden spot of the South, but it is a relatively small spot on the map. From the Atlantic to the Ozarks and from the Gulf of Mexico to the Tennessee River, in eleven Southern states, there are thousands and thousands of tenant farmers

vainly struggling to squeeze a meagre existence from an almost totally impoverished soil.

The Delta country can and does produce one and two bales of cotton an acre; every rain and flood in the Ohio and Missouri River valleys brings downstream more silt and loam to add to its fertility. The eroded and depleted tenant farms in the hills do well to produce from one-eighth to one-half bale of cotton an acre; every bale that is gathered from these hardscrabble acres hastens the land's depletion.

The Negro tenant in the Delta receives as much as two hundred dollars a year for his labor; most of the hill-country white tenant farmers consider themselves fortunate when they receive a hundred dollars for their year's work.

In Emanuel County, Georgia, there is a share-cropper whose name is John Sanford. He is forty-seven years old, and he has worked on tenant farms since he was a boy of eleven. He was born in Emanuel County and has never left it except for infrequent trips to near-by towns.

Sanford has been married twice, his first wife dying after the birth of her first child. He has already had four children by his second wife, who also had one child by her first husband. Inevitably they expect others to come, since both are resigned to the conclusion that there is no way to stop having them. There are ten persons now living in the Sanford home. Sanford's son by his first wife married his wife's daughter by her first husband. This union has produced two children. These four live in the house with Sanford and his wife and their four children. The building has four rooms.

Sanford is a share-cropping cotton farmer. He has been raising cotton on shares, first on one tenant farm and then on another, for twenty-seven years. Once he made enough to buy two beds, half a dozen chairs, a dresser, a washstand, and the kitchen stove. Another

time he made enough to buy cheaply a secondhand automobile. The furniture has lasted, except for three of the chairs; the automobile did not last. He does not own anything else, except a change of clothes, beyond a few odds and ends. His wife cuts his hair; he pulls the children's teeth when they begin to bother. He has a form for making concrete grindstones; and, when he can get the cement, he makes several every year to sell to his neighbors.

Three times a day the family eat corn bread and molasses, and with one of the meals they generally have meat. The meat comes from one of the hogs running at range, — some of the hogs belong to Sanford, although he does not know how many do, — or from a rabbit caught in a rabbit-gum. They have twelve or fourteen hens and a rooster; every year his wife saves enough eggs to make two or three sittings, and the rest of the eggs laid are used to make corn-bread batter. A chicken furnishes meat for the table when a hog or rabbit is not at hand.

The fifteen-acre farm is worked on shares. The landlord furnishes a mule and half the fertilizer used; he furnishes also half the seed for corn and cotton. One of the acres is a cane field, planted every year to supply molasses. The landlord does not take a half share of that. There is also a garden, about a quarter acre in size, planted every year in cabbage, turnips, and sweet potatoes. Sanford has no cow, nor has he had one for six years.

The land that Sanford farms borders a brook that runs well most of the year. In midsummer it usually runs dry for a month or six weeks. The land slopes upward from it, away from the brush and undergrowth that hide it from view. The soil is sandy. When Sanford first began farming it, the soil was fairly productive, making almost, in good seasons, a bale of cotton to the acre. After seven years, the length of time he has farmed it, the rains have washed

much of the loam and topsoil away, and what remains is sandy white earth that becomes whiter after every rain. The sand acts as though it were a filter. The fertilizer that is mixed with it each year in the spring produces what cotton there is to gather in the fall.

Sanford has never made any money, as making money goes in the United States, except during the two years when he had enough left over after food and clothing to buy the furniture and the automobile. He has worked for twenty-seven years, on seven or eight tenant farms, but there has hardly ever been enough to buy food and clothes for the family. He raises four acres of corn each year, half of it going to the landlord and half being ground into meal to make the corn bread.

Twelve of the fifteen acres are planted in cotton every year. With the help of his wife and children, Sanford grows cotton. He grows cotton as though cotton were food and drink and wine and music. When he can make a pound of cotton, he has made a little sugar for the table, a little tobacco for his pipe. Cotton will keep them, and, next to corn and cane, nothing else can. He plants cotton, cultivates it, and picks it; he works every dry day during the season from dawn to dusk. The last crop was an average one: he made three bales of cotton on twelve acres.

After dividing the cotton with the landlord, sharing it in halves, Sanford's part was 640 pounds of lint. The ginned cotton was sold for $10\frac{1}{4}$ cents per pound. The seed did not amount to anything; his share had to be kept to plant the next year's crop. He received, in cash, \$65.60 for his crop of cotton. He received also, as his share of the government's crop-benefit payment, \$4.88. The two sums made a total of \$70.48. He did not receive any other money during the year.

Seventy dollars and forty-eight cents for his year's labor bought Sanford and his family some salt and pepper; snuff

for his wife; some sugar and coffee-and-chickory. It bought smoking tobacco for himself, some candy for the children. It bought several yards of gingham, thread, and buttons for his married daughter; two dresses for his wife, and a pair of shoes; enough material to clothe three of the children so that they could attend school. It bought several bottles of patent medicine, a cane knife, kerosene, and stamps for letters to his wife's relations.

There were several articles which his wife expressed either a wish or a need for. One of them was soap; soap could be made from hog fat, but all the hogs ran at range, and the ones that were caught and butchered supplied lean meat but not enough fat for soap making. Clothing was another; most of the time during the cold months the children took turns going to school, since there were not enough coats for all.

Sanford works hard — not as hard as some men, harder than many. He was the son of a tenant farmer, and he learned in childhood from his father that tenant farming required all the energy a man could bring to it. He works a little harder each year, because the soil grows thinner after every rain, because the children grow larger and ask for more food, because he is not satisfied with what he makes.

John Sanford is not the kind of share-cropper a landlord takes pride in. He has grown surly. He accuses the landlord of weighing the cotton short. He tells the landlord he wants more than half the cotton because making a crop requires more labor on farmed-out land.

He is not a good farmer now. There is no incentive for him to take care of the land. As it is, he is a little lazy, but still energetic enough to work in the cotton when the cotton needs it. He cannot stand the sun so well as some men now, but by putting green leaves in the crown of his hat he can work through the hottest part of the day without stopping.

He might have become much lazier

than he is. Instead, he became resentful. He became critical. He wanted to know why a bank would not lend him enough money to start buying a farm of his own. He wanted to know why it was that a landlord would give a Negro share-cropper the best land, taking it away from a white share-cropper if necessary. He wanted to know, finally, why all the white share-croppers in the country did not get together and run all the Negroes out.

He is of little or no value to his landlord. He has tried to find a new landlord who will give him a farm to work on shares, but most of the men he has seen are afraid he will not be able either to make enough cotton to pay the rent on shares, or to support his family, or both. They are afraid they would have to supply food for the family once Sanford moved on their land.

One of these days the tractor and the mechanical picker are going to catch up with cotton, but by that time it's going to be too late to help the tenant farmer. He'll have ruined the soil for raising any other crop, and broken his back, to boot. Don't ask me whose fault it is. I don't know. I don't even know anybody who thinks he knows. All I know is that one man out of ten makes a living, and more, out of cotton, and that the other nine poor devils get the short end of the stick. It's my business to sit here in the bank and make it a rule to be in when that one farmer shows up to borrow money, and to be out when those other nine show up. I don't even know how to make money raising cotton myself. If I knew, I'd be out there doing it, instead of sitting here trying to lend money to one farmer while trying to keep nine others from knowing I don't want to lend them money.

Some nights I can't sleep at all for lying awake wondering what's going to happen to all those losing tenant farmers. A lot of them are hungry, ragged, and sick. Everybody knows about it, but nobody does anything about it. The tractor and the mechanical picker — if it comes or if it does n't come — won't make any difference in the end. The world can get along without cotton as soon as something comes along that's a cheaper

substitute, and as soon as it does, cotton will pass out just like spinning wheels and one-horse buggies. — AUGUSTA, GEORGIA

V

The share-cropper's life generally follows a well-defined course. He begins life just as most men begin, hopeful, eager, confident. He works with all the enthusiasm and zest of youth. Then something happens; what it is, he does not always know. The first indication that something has happened is when the children beg for food, then cry for it. It is then that he knows something has happened. He works harder than ever before in his life after that realization has come to him. But there is still no more food, perhaps less, and the children continue to beg and cry for it.

Then he looks about him and realizes that the land he has worked all these years has been farmed-out, or that erosion has washed the topsoil away, or that he has broken his health until he cannot work. Usually all of this comes to him at once. With bitterness and resentment come hopelessness and despair.

It is then, perhaps for the first time in his life, that he looks at the landlord and wonders what it is the landlord represents. The landlord has the power of law and wealth behind him. His word is final. A share-cropper cannot dispute his word, cannot question his honesty. He represents an agricultural system that acquires share-croppers and mules for their economic usefulness, and disposes of them when no more profit can be extracted from their bodies.

We've been here most of our lives, my husband and me, and I feel like I'm done for, and my husband looks it. If it was n't for our boy, we just could n't get any cotton raised to pay the rent. I've got body sickness and can't stand working in the fields any more, and it's all I can do to drag myself around the house and cook a little food. My husband is just no account. He sits there on the porch all day looking out across the road and don't pretend to move. Sometimes he

sits there three or four hours, looking like he's dead, but he's not. He's just no account.

Sometimes I think I've had more than my share of hard living. My daughter is only half-bright, and can't do nothing much more than sweep a room, and she's not good at that. If I could get over my body sickness, I might be able to do a little something. I don't reckon I ever will. All I feel like doing most of the time is finding me a nice place to lay myself down in and die. — TROY, ALABAMA

VI

Being a social welfare worker in Philadelphia is one thing, but being a union organizer among these share-croppers is something else again. I thought I had case histories up there in Philadelphia that would make your hair stand on end, but what I've found out down here in Arkansas and Mississippi is the kind of thing that makes cold-blooded murder look like child's play. Trying to put slum people on their feet when they are so down and out they don't care one way or the other is a heart-rending task. You soon get the feeling that they don't expect to stand on their feet, and about all you can hope to accomplish is raising their standard of living a few degrees. Down here in the cotton country you are dealing with individuals who want to rise above privation and degradation, and you soon get to where you are fighting mad about the subjection and intimidation they live under. Any one of these tenant farmers, once the fear of the landlord is taken out of his mind, will fight for his rights at the drop of a hat. That's why these peons will be dangerous people some day.

— MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE

Eighteen years ago I went to the bank and said I wanted to buy me a farm. I don't reckon it made any difference if I was a colored man, because they said they'd sell me this place if I thought I could pay for it. I asked them how much it would be, and they said \$1800 on time, or \$1100 cash. I still don't know if thirty-seven acres of this hillside cotton land is worth that much, but I signed up to buy it on time. They knew I didn't have \$1100 in cash, but I did n't mind paying \$700 more than it might be worth, because I wanted to own my own land and not have to rent or share-crop for a living. I've paid a little on it every year since then, but I don't know how

much I've paid. I don't reckon I'll ever finish paying for it, because the interest keeps adding up and I don't make much more than a living for me and my wife as it is.

— RIPLEY, TENNESSEE

There have probably been as many methods offered for the elimination of economic distress among field hands, renters, and share-croppers as there are cures for warts, and none of them has proved to be any more effective. Four persons out of five can be counted upon to give pat answers to a question for which no reply is yet available.

The plantation owner usually answers the question to his own satisfaction by saying that white tenant farmers, if they are worth their salt, will acquire their own land, and that Negro tenant farmers do not need anything more than a bare living anyway.

Politicians and ministers will sometimes agree with each other to the extent of saying that the remarkable curative properties of time will produce an equable balance between the landlord and the tenant, and that some day in the future the owner and the worker will share and share alike in the distribution of wealth.

Sociologists of one school stake their reputations on a plan for sterilization of the mentally and physically unfit among the tenant farmers, and those of another school hold to the belief that educational advantages and health instruction will suffice.

Economists, although agreeing on the fact that a need exists, find it more difficult than any other group to reach among themselves an acceptable programme of action. The more radical among them insist that the feudal plantations should be broken up at any cost. The more conservative advocate helping the tenant farmer buy his own land.

Tenant farmers have lived for so long a haphazard, catch-as-catch-can existence that most attempts to help them have proved to be wasted effort. Furnishing them with mules, either by outright gift or by selling to them on small pay-

ments, is not wise, because mules can be sold, starved, or beaten to death. Providing land to a man not qualified to take care of land means that it will be allowed to erode, that it can be sold or traded, and that it can be exhausted of its fertility. Supplying farm machinery, by gift or sale or rent, means that in all probability the tractors and ploughs will not have proper attention and care, and that the life of the implements will be shortened by exposure to the weather and by abuse.

There is no evidence to show that any plan thus far advocated will in itself be sufficient to change the economic condition of the Southern tenant farmer. There is no reason to believe that any plan would succeed unless it were accompanied by reëducation and supervision. There are two means of bringing about a change; one method is collective action by the tenant farmers themselves, the other method is government control of cotton farming.

Unionization of tenant farmers has been in progress for some time, principally in Arkansas and Alabama, but it has been difficult to bring together such a widely scattered mass of people under a central organization. The greatest hindrance to collective bargaining has been the fear that has been instilled in cotton-field workers by landlords for generations. For that reason the most successful attempts to organize have been in the heart of the plantation country where the density of population gives the tenants a feeling of safety. The isolated share-cropper in the hills is sometimes afraid to run the risk of being a union member in a region where the closest neighbor may be ten or fifteen miles away.

The landlords, no matter how sympathetically inclined at heart, will not of their own volition take steps to alleviate the tenant farmer's condition. An individual landlord will, to the best of his ability, consider that he is doing all he can, without injury to himself, to give

his tenants a reasonably high standard of living. But no matter what his motives are and no matter what steps he takes, he is continuing the operation of a ruinous system of agriculture. It is ruinous because the system itself is not a collective venture, but one of personal profit.

The fact that the landlord operates a plantation for profit places him in the position of a business man, and business elsewhere has long had laws imposed upon it to assure the public of fair treatment. Business, other than plantation cotton farming, is conducted under restrictions that prohibit the owners from inflicting injurious practices upon labor and customers alike. Pure-food laws, minimum-wage laws, and child-labor laws have protected the worker. But in the cotton country a landlord employing a hundred workers enjoys special privileges that exempt him from paying a living wage, furnishing a healthful dwelling, and guaranteeing periodic settlement in money for work performed. Some tenant farmers are lucky to get even scrip with which to pay the interest on their food bill at the plantation-owned store.

There will always be farm laborers. Not all tenant farmers have a desire to be the owners of land. But all men, women, and children who work on tenant farms have the right to demand adequate pay for the work performed. If the landlord refuses to pay for work done, he should either be barred from employing labor or be forced to post a bond that would ensure the payment of wages. Field hands and share-croppers should have the same protection from unscrupulous employers that workers in steel mills and department stores receive. If the states and the Federal Government refuse to provide protection to this class of citizen, tenant farmers have every right in the world to protect themselves against unscrupulous and untrustworthy employers. In that case, it is the duty of the states and the Federal Government

to inspire, promote, and protect unionization of cotton farmers in the South.

Some provision has been made for the farmer who wishes to leave the plantation and work his own crops. Rehabilitation and subsistence farms, land loans and crop loans, have appealed to men who are capable of making a living without the supervision of overseers. These are a small percentage of the tenant farming class. Most tenant farmers are content to work as field hands and share-croppers, provided they receive a living wage for their labor, and would much prefer not to have the responsibility of land ownership. No provision has been made for these workers, and it is on them that the hardest blow falls. They are the men and women who work for from fifty cents to a dollar a day, from three to six months a year, and who are forced to live in a dwelling detrimental to health, to wear insufficient clothing in cold weather, and to exist on an insufficient quantity and variety of food. These are the people who develop pellagra, and who use snuff to deaden the desire for food.

There is an urgent need for a government commission, invested with authoritative power, to make a study of tenant farming in the cotton country. The commission, in order to produce effective results, should be nonpolitical in membership. It should propose to study all phases of tenant farm life over a period of time long enough to familiarize itself with the needs of the tenant farm class.

It would be difficult to anticipate the final result of such a study. No surmise could be undertaken until the facts of the survey were known. Whatever the first results of the study would be, they would be enough to show how little was previously known about the tenant farming system, and that some planning is necessary in order to regenerate ten million persons who are actually threatened with the possibility of living in economic slavery in America.

THANKSGIVING IS N'T CHRISTMAS

BY ELSIE SINGMASTER

I

MRS. EICHELBERGER was a woman after Benjamin Franklin's own heart — she saved daylight both summer and winter. When, standing at the telephone on Thanksgiving Day, consternation on her face, despair in her voice, she saw Henry Ide's long car enter the lane, it was her twelve o'clock and everyone else's eleven. She laughed excitedly — what a day for Henry Ide to come!

She wore a dark blue dress and neckerchief and a transparent white cap, small and beautifully made. An all-enveloping green gingham apron protected a less voluminous but still large white apron. Her eyes were blue, her smoothly parted hair was dark brown.

She was a Mennonite, but not an Amish Mennonite, and the rule of her meeting did not forbid her rolling her hair a little over each ear. The dark curve of her hair, the bright rose of her cheek, the smooth cream of her neck, gave her a beauty not counteracted by the green apron.

She was looking neither at the telephone nor at the clock, nor at the stove, nor at Pop, sitting at a far window, the Lancaster almanac in his hands, nor at the long table set for dinner and extending pretty well from wall to wall, nor at the kitchen table between the dining table and the stove, laden with vegetables prepared for cooking. She looked through the telephone and the wall to New Holland ten miles away. The fields between her and New Holland, a short

time ago covered abundantly with wheat and corn and tobacco, bore now a crop of white which filled the hollows and lay deep on the level. A wind was rising; the smooth surface began to show light arabesques.

The table might well have held her attention, or that of anyone else. On the stiffly starched cloth were laid places for twelve — Pop; John and Melinda and their two older children; Levi and Sally and their older child; David and Ethel; finally, the queer but interesting and attractive outlanders, Mr. and Mrs. Hugger. By 'outlanders' Mrs. Eichelberger meant persons not born in Lancaster County.

There was an apparent omission — there was no place for Mrs. Eichelberger. The omission was deliberate — Mrs. Eichelberger would eat after the others finished, not because she was afraid of the number thirteen, but because no one could wait on so many guests and sit at the same time. Melinda and Sally and Ethel would jump up when their aid was required; there was no doubt that obliging little Mrs. Hugger would jump up also when she was needed, or before. But Mrs. Eichelberger would stand throughout.

'For one thing, I can't eat and jump so round,' she said. 'It shakes me too much up. For another, I know how to do. I had once such a shussle to help; she forgot the salt in the second peas and cut her pie in wedges that would n't cover a saucer. The folks, they thought their Mom was getting old — or mean.'

The places at the table were not the only accommodation for Mrs. Eichelberger's family; in the bedroom opening from the kitchen stood two cradles and on the broad bed lay two tiny pillows.

Now, at her twelve o'clock, Mrs. Eichelberger shifted her weight from one foot to the other and leaned her elbow on the telephone shelf. Her feet were, though she would have refused to confess it, a little tired. She had risen at four by her time to prepare for dinner at twelve by her children's time. It put an extra hour into the morning.

She had begun to telephone at her eight, which was Levi's and Sally's seven. They lived far away, almost as far as York County, which was separated from Lancaster by the Susquehanna River. Even at that early hour she had had a little trouble reaching Levi and Sally.

'Hello!' she shouted. 'Central!'

Central did not answer.

'Hello!' she called again.

Still Central did not answer. She jiggled the hook. 'Hello! Hello!'

'Number?' asked Central briskly.

'I gave it.' Mrs. Eichelberger gave it again. When she was excited she could not remember how to shape her lips and protrude her tongue slightly between her teeth to say *th*. 'Sree, nine, one, eight.'

'Your number?'

Mrs. Eichelberger was always astonished because Central could not remember her number. As she waited she contemplated the table, which even at her eight o'clock and the world's seven was ready for her guests.

'Sally!' she called at last, joyfully. 'My, I tried long to get you! Have n't you started yet, Sally?'

'Levi says,' said Sally, and that was all that Sally said. In vain Mrs. Eichelberger called. 'Perhaps Levi told her to get quick in the auto,' she thought, knowing that that was an inadequate explanation for Sally's failure to proceed. 'Central!' she called. 'Central!'

At her ten o'clock she tried for the

third time to get David and Ethel. The turkey was long since in the stove, four pies having yielded their places. The kitchen was scented with the odor of spices and of browning turkey.

'Ach, Essle!' she called. The plain people no longer used only Bible names; there was a Doris Zook and a Gladys Ebersole and a Sylvia Kleibschedel. There would no doubt be Sheilas and Yvonne's presently. Perhaps eventually there would be girls called Freddie and Teddie and Bobbie. It was sorrowful to think of.

Ethel did not mind being called 'Essle' — almost everyone called her 'Essle,' but she hated being called 'Asel,' which was the pronunciation of *Esel*, German for mule.

'Ach, Essle!' called Mrs. Eichelberger, again, rapturously. 'Have I then got you?'

It was not Ethel whom she got — it was nobody. She thought of the turkey, a twenty-pounder, of the ham and mashed potatoes and the gravy and the corn pudding and the tomatoes and the buttered beets and the sauerkraut and the bread and the chow — not a dog but a pickle — and the piccalilli and the hot slaw and the spreads and the pies — mince and pumpkin — and the cherry custard.

'Central!' she called, shaking the hook as a dog his bone.

At her eleven o'clock she tried again, frantically, first Levi and Sally, then David and Ethel, then John and Melinda. By this time Pop had come into the kitchen and sat down by the window to study the almanac. He had exchanged his boots for shoes and had shed the old overcoat in which he had tried without success to keep the path to the barn clear. The small area of cheek which showed above his thick beard was burned red by the wind and the stinging snow.

'You can give just so well now as later up, Mom,' he said in the metallic tone of the deaf. 'It says here the last week in

November will contain a period of storm, possibly severe cold and high wind.'

'You could a said that before,' snapped Mrs. Eichelberger, unreasonably.

Pop said nothing.

'Of course you can't change Thanksgiving because it might give bad weather,' acknowledged Mrs. Eichelberger, now sure of her *th*'s. 'That's something else again.' There was certainly a faint tinkle of the telephone bell — she turned like a shot. 'Hello! Hello! Sure it's Mom.' She pressed her plump bosom against the shelf. 'Ach, how it spites me! Hello! Hello! All right! Yes, I hear. Ach, no! Hello!'

She turned to face Pop. 'John's can't come, near as they are,' she announced. 'The lane's drifted tight shut. John's thought David's could perhaps get to them. They can't even do that. John says Thanksgiving is n't Christmas, but I am sure put out.'

Half an hour later, as Henry Ide's car turned into the lane, Levi's Sally called faintly.

'It's no go, Mom. We started and we had to turn back.'

'The others can't come, either,' wailed Mrs. Eichelberger. 'What will I do with this eatings?'

'The Huggers can come — ain't so?' called Sally.

'Yes, they can. They —' Mrs. Eichelberger interrupted herself. 'Sally!' she screamed. 'Believe it or not, the Pest is in the lane! He comes in his limousine. It pushes the snow like a plough. He missed the gate by a hair!'

As though Sally's laughter strengthened the current, her voice came clearly. 'He's God's gift to you to-day, Mom. And you like him, no matter what you say — you know you do. Thanksgiving is n't Christmas, Mom — we'll be there Christmas. It can't throw two such snows. Let him have the picture and buy yourself such an electric washer. You washed long enough by hand. You do that, Mom!'

'An electric washer! His money would buy no washer, not one tenth part of a washer. I —' Mrs. Eichelberger realized that she was talking over a dead wire. Pop had not heard the roaring of the car, bucking the snow on low gear. 'Look once the window out, Pop!' shouted Mrs. Eichelberger. 'See what the Lord sent us to eat turkey.'

II

Ide, traveling jerkily up the lane, was a tall, broad-shouldered man with a close-trimmed gray beard and gray eyes. His suit was gray and he wore a very dark red tie. He smoked a pipe which gave his mouth a smiling twist. He had spent the early part of his life making machines for the manufacture of ice and he was spending the latter part putting into circulation the money he had made. He liked to help people and he liked to collect mediæval paintings and also Americana of all sorts.

Haverstock, the chauffeur, was tall and broad-shouldered and dressed in a black uniform. He looked not unlike his master and would have looked more like him if Ide had not worn a beard. Ide's sister said that that was why Ide wore a beard — it was simpler than to do without Haverstock. She suggested that sometime they change for the sake of variety.

Wisely Ide sat by Haverstock; on the remote rear seat he would certainly have suffered physical injury. The limousine quivered, it wagged its tail, it dashed ahead as if to mow down the fence, it sped toward the corncrib. It backed, then leaped sidewise; it crouched and sprang. The wheels slid; they spun round, making no progress but sending up fountains of snow.

The gyrations were accompanied by snorts, and these made Ide smile round his pipe. 'The dear thing heard us long since,' he thought. 'I'll bet she's shouting to Pop.'

His lips smiled, but his eyes were

hungry. He lifted his arm and pressed it against his side. There was no great bulk there, only a thin billfold. 'I wonder — will she — at last?'

Mrs. Eichelberger made a frantic dash at the table and began to take off knives and forks and glasses. Then she laughed and set them down in disorder, and opened the kitchen door. The flush on her cheek brightened and deepened; her neck seemed whiter by contrast, her eyes shone.

'*Du liever Friedel!*' she cried. The words mean, 'Thou dear peace!' They signified, used thus by Mrs. Eichelberger, 'Of all things!' 'Did you ever!' 'In the name of common sense!' She held out her hand. 'But you are welcome! And Haverstock!'

Haverstock stepped into the rear of the car, where he began to gather parcels into his arms.

'Are you home to company?' inquired Ide.

'Am I home to company?' Mrs. Eichelberger kept hold of Ide's hand and arm till she had him well within the kitchen. 'Look once there if I'm home to company!'

Ide was taken aback. 'This is no day for me!'

'No day!' mocked Mrs. Eichelberger. 'How else would we eat the turkey — I and Pop and the thin Huggers?' Mrs. Eichelberger burst out with accounts of John and little John and Melinda and Levi and Sally and little Levi and little Sally and David and Essle — there were no *th*'s now. 'I phoned till my throat gave almost out and not a soul can come — not a soul.'

'I'd have known better than to come Christmas, but I did n't think of a Thanksgiving party.'

'We don't make so much over Sanksgiving,' said Mrs. Eichelberger. 'But we make always a little somesing.'

Ide shook hands with Pop. He liked Pop and Pop liked him. It might be said that Ide liked everybody in Lancaster County. When his sister teased

him about his beard he threatened to let it grow like an Old Order Amishman's — unchecked, unpruned, flamboyant.

'It looks as though you expected the whole meeting,' he said to Pop in a shout.

'Only our own and two others yet,' corrected Pop. 'I and Mom are already many times multiplied. By the next generation you can count us by hundreds.'

Mrs. Eichelberger made a dash at the oven door and pulled the huge turkey pan out on the lowered lid. 'Just in time,' she said, basting swiftly.

'That is n't a turkey — it's an ostrich,' grinned Ide.

Mrs. Eichelberger counted places. 'I and you and Pop and Haverstock and the Huggers,' she said. 'Six in all.'

'The Huggers?' repeated Ide. 'And who are the Huggers?'

Mrs. Eichelberger turned to greet Haverstock, who came in with arms laden. 'A few oranges, et cetera,' explained Ide.

'It's well you brought along a little food once,' mocked Mrs. Eichelberger. 'Put them down on a chair.'

Ide permitted himself a witticism which would have been acceptable from no one else in the world. 'The Huggers,' said he. 'I know the Dunkers and the Foot-washers and the Quakers and the Seventh Dayers, but I never heard of the Huggers.'

'These are no religious people,' explained Mrs. Eichelberger. 'That is, not our religion. I guess they have religion of some kind. They are painters. Hugger is their name — they spelled it for me.'

'Painters? What do they paint? Barns?'

'They paint people,' answered Mrs. Eichelberger with some asperity. 'They are a he and a she. They talk a little queer. They painted Pop and they painted me, but not that we knew it. And they paint cows and they paint woods and the fields and such. And the

crick — they painted the crick — you could see the water flowing.'

Ide laughed his easy laugh.

'They're nice people,' continued Mrs. Eichelberger. 'They're not rich people. They live' — she nodded her head toward the west — 'they live in the chicken house.'

'In the chicken house!'

'Ach, it's a big chicken house David built before he was married. No chickens lived ever in it. It has a nice door and windows. He will sometime move it to where he now lives. I put a stove there. They get pretty good along.'

'How did they come here?'

'In such a Ford. They just came and they looked in and they stopped the Ford; it lays now back of the barn. It has the taking-off. He works on it sometimes. She says he don't work no faster because he don't want to leave me.'

'He shows good sense. Where are their pictures? I'd like to see you and Mr. Eichelberger painted by the Huggers.'

Mrs. Eichelberger made a grimace. 'They have them. We're not for images in our meeting — you know that. The Ten Commandments are also against them.'

Ide looked straight at Mrs. Eichelberger and laughed.

'Go up on the attic if you must,' she said. 'Your sweetheart's yet there.'

'That's the right name for her,' laughed Ide. 'I love her dearly.'

Mrs. Eichelberger shook her head. 'She let herself be painted when she was yet worldly. That she would n't a done later.'

Ide opened the door of the enclosed stairway. 'Haverstock might take some of the oranges and other things down to the Huggers,' he suggested.

'Yes, he might,' agreed Mrs. Eichelberger. 'But he could wait yet a little; then he could help Hugger get her up through the snow.'

'Is she sick?'

'No, not sick. But little to plough through drifts.'

When the door was closed and the echo of Ide's footsteps died away, Mrs. Eichelberger reopened the door. 'Dinner in an hour,' she yelled. 'Don't be late! And don't kiss her and take the paint off!'

She caught Pop's eye and tapped her forehead and Pop shook his head. 'It's good they came,' he said. 'It'll help get things away.'

As though she were stabbing into a feather bed, Mrs. Eichelberger poked her finger toward the stove, on which some of the viands were cooking, then toward the table where others waited to be moved to the stove. 'Potatoes,' she counted. 'Corn, tomatoes, beans, — green and wax, — beets, sauerkraut — all is O. K.'

Ide took the second flight of steps slowly as if to come deliberately to a goal of delight. He raised a window shade at the end of the low attic and lifted an old quilt from a large framed oil portrait which stood against the wall. It was he who had covered the portrait, he who had persuaded Mrs. Eichelberger to move it downstairs in summer, away from the burning heat close to the roof. He lifted it and stood it on a chair and sat down in front of it.

The portrait, signed Jacob Eicholtz, was that of a girl of eighteen; she was, Mrs. Eichelberger said, less than twenty when she died. She had dark brown hair like Mrs. Eichelberger's and wide blue eyes and a delicate throat. Her dress was white, and round her neck was a scarf, blue like her eyes. On her lap lay a handful of wild roses — she looked down at them as though bidding them farewell. A hard second glance might condemn the portrait for sentimentality, but no first glance could do anything but adore.

Ide leaned back in his chair and filled his pipe and drew slowly upon it. Mrs. Eichelberger's great-gran'pop must have grieved when his young wife died. Pos-

sibly he wore a young, curly, abundant beard, a long coat with tails, a bright shirt, blue or purple or green, finished with a plain band, and a flat high-crowned black hat, but he must have had some engaging qualities to attract so lovely a creature. Ide leaned back farther and clasped his hands at the back of his neck. The attic was cool, but he did not feel chilled.

III

At her one o'clock, which was Ide's twelve, Mrs. Eichelberger opened the stairway door. Six places had been removed from the table, but the table was not shortened. There was exactly the same amount of food to be placed on it — why not leave it as it was? 'We shall have for once elbowroom,' said she to herself.

Haverstock was here and the Huggers, all hanging their snow-sprinkled coats on the pegs on the door. The wind had risen still more; there were drifts against the fences. Powerful Haverstock had done more than help Mrs. Hugger — he had carried her. The Huggers were slender, dark people, not, Mrs. Hugger to the contrary, very young. They looked worried except when their eyes fell on the turkey or on the Eichelbergers. A city person would have said they were charming people — Mrs. Eichelberger did not know that word. She would have said, and had said, many times, 'They are for sure nice!' Their clothes were a little shabby.

Mrs. Eichelberger put her head into the stairway. 'Come on down,' she called. 'Time to give her good-bye.'

Ide descended in a dream. He looked at the Eichelbergers and at the Huggers and blinked, as though by so doing he could recover full consciousness.

'This here is Mr. Ide,' said Mrs. Eichelberger. 'These here are Mr. and Mrs. Hugger.'

Ide washed his hands at the sink, then shook hands with the Huggers. He

looked a little surprised, but he got no chance to say even 'How do you do?' so prompt and voluminous was the flow of Mrs. Eichelberger's speech.

'This man is picture-crazy,' said she. 'He likes best of anything in the world to sit in the attic and look at my poor great-gran'mom. I never look at her — her neck is too bare. He wants always to buy her; he thinks well of her.'

'“Always” is the word,' said Ide gloomily. 'Twenty times I've been here.'

'Sit on the table,' invited Mrs. Eichelberger. 'When it gives more than six I stand, but to-day I sit.'

Pop carved the turkey, Mrs. Eichelberger served the vegetables. The vegetables overflowed the large dinner plates; happily, Mrs. Eichelberger owned many side dishes. There were side dishes in place, both saucers and plates.

'Put your mashed potatoes on such a side plate,' she directed, passing the vegetable dishes. 'Then the sauerkraut over the top — that's the right way. They get then mixed, yet not altogether mixed.'

Ide came out of his brown study into his usual mood of gayety; Haverstock put in a few shy words. Mr. and Mrs. Hugger talked and laughed a great deal, as though they had not for a long time indulged in just this kind of talk and laughter. Their speech was a little odd, not in form or idiom, but in accent. Pop did not talk much; he meant to, and did, eat a great deal, and mastication was difficult. Mrs. Eichelberger talked most of the time; through her speech ran a refrain. 'Ach, eat!' she urged. 'Ach, eat!' she pleaded. 'Ach, don't make me ashamed of my cooking!'

Ide studied Hugger's face from the side — it was slender, dark, beautifully modeled. Hugger's gestures were very unlike Ide's deliberate motions and equally unlike Mrs. Eichelberger's swift jerks of elbow and forearm. His wrist turned lightly; once he lifted his hand and it was as though a bird fluttered.

When he talked to Ide or to anyone else he seemed to give all that was in him.

'French,' thought Ide. 'Strange to find him here.'

Turning his head, Hugger met Ide's gaze so squarely that he felt that he must have been staring at Ide. 'Mrs. Eichelberger has never told me about her great-grandmother,' he said to cover his confusion.

'No?' said Ide. 'After I've eaten one more slice of turkey and a spoonful of filling and three pieces of pie, I'll take you to see her.'

Mrs. Eichelberger laughed. 'He makes free with my house,' she said. In her heart a plan was forming. 'It's Thanksgiving,' she thought. 'Thanksgiving is n't Christmas, but I'm going to give him a present. I'm going to give him my great-gran'mom without any money passing. None of my children or grandchildren need a great-gran'mom with such a bare neck.'

Ide and Hugger climbed the stairs and after a long time descended. Their voices could be heard meanwhile rising and falling.

'What do you think of that for a Pennsylvania German artist, a copper-smith by trade, untrained except by himself?'

'Amazing!' commented Hugger. 'Amazing for anybody. There are faults of technique, many of them, but there she is — to break the heart.'

'Exactly,' said Ide. 'She's often broken mine.'

'Are you going to get her?'

Ide shrugged his shoulders. 'I've been trying to for fifteen years.'

'Does anybody else know about her?'

'It's known that she once existed and then that she vanished.'

'How did you find her?'

Ide imitated Mrs. Eichelberger's delightful vernacular. 'Ach, I chust stopped once by!'

Down in the kitchen Ide reached for his overcoat. 'I'm going to Mr. Hug-

ger's house with him, Mrs. Eichelberger, to see his portrait of you.'

'I have a milk bucket in each hand,' answered Mrs. Eichelberger. 'You could well use your time otherwise.'

Hugger threw back his head and laughed. The grace of the gesture caught Ide's eye.

'Mr. Hugger,' he said, suddenly, 'how do you spell your name?'

Hugger laughed a little and flushed. His eye met his wife's and both bestowed a fleeting glance on Mrs. Eichelberger. 'H-u-g-e-r,' he said.

'Huger!' cried Ide. 'Not *Huger*!' He gave the name a pronunciation strange to Mrs. Eichelberger. It sounded like 'U-gee'; she was mortified by Mr. Ide's ignorance.

'There was a French artist of that name in whose hands one could safely put old paintings for restoration,' went on Ide excitedly. 'He was a genius. I've often wished I could find him. He could n't have been your father!'

Mr. Hugger nodded.

'What became of him?' Ide did n't wait for an answer. 'The war?'

Again Hugger nodded.

'Were you his pupil? Can you do the same kind of work?'

'I try to.'

'Is it that you know Hugger's pop?' demanded Mrs. Eichelberger, agape.

'I know his name well. It is n't a week since I heard him talked about and regretted.'

'See, I knew they were somebody!' cried Mrs. Eichelberger.

IV

Ide opened the door and took Hugger by the arm and they went out. The snowplough was chugging in the road, the sun was breaking through the clouds, a rush of pure air filled the room.

'It seems too good to be true!' cried Ide as the door closed.

Mrs. Eichelberger and Mrs. Hugger washed the dishes and Haverstock went

out to clear the snow from the porch and the path to the barn. Pop sat by the window, his chin on his breast. When he opened his eyes and saw Haverstock send the snow flying, he smiled beatifically.

The sun was declining when Ide and Hugger came back. Mrs. Hugger saw them coming and called to Mrs. Eichelberger. 'They have their arms full of canvases!'

'Good!' approved Mrs. Eichelberger. 'He could easy buy half a dozen.' But Mrs. Eichelberger was not quite happy — suppose this new art made her present of no value? She was embarrassed when Ide again mispronounced Hugger's name. Ide was an educated man; it was queer for him to make such a mistake. He was excited — that was the reason.

'I'm going to take Mr. and Mrs. Huger back to Philadelphia with me if Mrs. Huger consents,' said Ide. 'What a day, Mrs. Eichelberger!'

Mrs. Eichelberger hurried to speak. She was a little jealous of the Huggers. 'Thanksgiving is n't Christmas,' she said. 'But I'm going to give you —'

She paused while Ide took out his billfold. It could n't be that Ide, who had such good manners, would offer to pay for his dinner! 'Then he need never come back,' she thought. 'Never in this world!'

Ide laid a green slip on the table. 'Let me take her,' he coaxed.

Mrs. Eichelberger's lips parted. In absolute stupefaction she bent her head above the green slip. Her *th*'s vanished; it was days before she recovered them.

'Eicholtz was such a coppersmiss!' she gasped. 'He made coffee-pots and tea-kettles. He painted pictures, but he painted signs, too. He was well known round here!'

'That's all true,' said Ide. 'And he was well known a long distance from here.'

Mrs. Eichelberger seized Ide by the arm. 'But it says sree sousand dollars! I'll give her to you for nosing! I'll —' Mrs. Eichelberger halted. There was a mortgage on John's house and there was to be a third baby at Levi's and she hoped there would soon be a first baby at David's. Also, David wanted to move his chicken house and put it to its proper use, and that was expensive. 'I'll —' she said, and stopped.

'Give her to me for nothing!' mocked Ide. 'Nonsense!'

'But sree sousand!' protested Mrs. Eichelberger again. 'You talked about sree, and I sought you meant sree, not sree sousand!'

'Three thousand,' said Ide, pronouncing the *th*'s with care. 'That's what she's worth.'

'*Du lieber Friedel!*' cried Mrs. Eichelberger. 'My, but Sanksgiving beats Christmas!'

LITTLE RED SCHOOLHOUSE— 1938 MODEL

BY EDWIN R. EMBREE

I

THIS is the story of efforts in the South to drive rote teaching from the school system and to put some education in its place. Especially it is the story of coöperative activities by Southern teachers and one of the philanthropic foundations — the Julius Rosenwald Fund — to lift rural schools out of the formal routine into which so many of them have fallen. The efforts and ideas reported in this paper are simply examples of fresh interest that is springing up in many places in one of America's most cherished institutions — the little red schoolhouse.

The Julius Rosenwald Fund, as an institution interested in education, had as its chief programme for many years the building of schoolhouses for Negroes in the South. This was a happy and successful effort. It contributed to the building of more than five thousand schoolhouses in almost every county of the fifteen Southern states. It transformed the physical facilities for the public schooling of this large group of the population.

But in spite of this success we began to wonder if we were really promoting education. We were certainly building up physical plant and contributing to a system of schools. But some of us were becoming suspicious even of the biggest plants, even of the most smoothly running systems. This was a rather unpatriotic suspicion, because America has taken its public school system very seri-

ously. It has assumed that because we have more children in school than any other nation, and have more expensive buildings and more elaborate equipment, we must be providing better education than is known anywhere else in the world. The public school has become a kind of sacred cow in America. To question it is almost sacrilege.

And it is true that the success of our nation, at least in buildings and organization, is spectacular. Not only are almost all children of elementary-school age actually enrolled in school, but we have carried higher education to numbers beyond the dreams — or nightmares — of any other country. During the current school year more than seven million children are enrolled in high schools or other institutions of secondary grade. This is nearly 70 per cent of the children of this age group and is an amazing contrast to the 15 or 20 per cent of secondary-school enrollment which is the best that has ever been shown even by such enlightened countries as England, France, and Germany. Our enrollment in colleges and universities exceeds a million, and is in even stronger contrast to the relatively small numbers in other countries. Our investment in educational plant is estimated at three billion dollars, and our current expenditures for education are almost three billions each year.

Certainly America has given every outward sign of her belief in education.

But no one who looks beneath the surface is satisfied with the results that are coming from our enormous and expensive school plant.

At any rate, when the officers of the Julius Rosenwald Fund began looking into what was going on inside the little schoolhouses they had helped build in the rural South, they were appalled. The teaching was routine, formal, and almost completely detached from the life of the communities and the interests of the children. Rows upon rows of boys and girls were being drilled by ill-trained teachers in a routine which neither teacher nor pupil pretended to understand and which they went through day after day and week after week in a kind of fatalistic resignation.

At first we thought this mumbo jumbo of rote recitation might simply be the mark of Negro schools, but when we enlarged our explorations to include white schools in the same communities we found little to choose between the two. In general the Negro teachers had less training, worked for smaller salaries and with shabbier equipment. Yet, in spite of handicaps, occasionally the zest and ingenuity of this hearty race resulted in activities and interests above the practice in the white schools.

We became convinced that the curse of American education is rote teaching, the continuous meaningless drill in formalistic studies. This, of course, is no new discovery. All thoughtful educators realize it. The struggle of true education the world over is against this archvillain, rote learning.

The problem in the rural South, as everywhere else, is to get the school to open the minds of the children, to lead them out into ability to think clearly and to act sensibly. While much of school time is necessarily devoted to training in the basic skills, it is perfectly clear that nothing of value is accomplished unless these skills are put to use. In fact, it is impossible even to learn the skills except by using them.

We ran into some choice examples of rote teaching. In a little school just outside Baton Rouge, Louisiana, the teacher had been hearing a class read a lesson on birds in one of the standard textbooks. To drive home a point from the lesson, she asked a boy, 'When do the robins come?'

The pupil answered promptly, 'In the fall.'

'Now, Jimmie,' urged the teacher, 'read the lesson carefully again.'

After he had droned out the text a second time, she said cheerily, 'Now, Jimmie, when do the robins come?'

More hesitantly and sullenly he answered again, 'The robins come in the fall.'

'James, James!' shouted the teacher. 'Read that lesson again. Now tell me, when do the robins come?'

Almost in tears the boy finally answered, 'The robins come in the spring.'

And so they do — in Boston, where the text was written. But in Louisiana, just in order to avoid the Northern winter, they come in the fall, as the boy well knew.

Here we had an all too frequent combination of a stupid teacher, who was intent on grinding out a 'lesson,' and a textbook unadapted to the region. The result must have been either to destroy the boy's confidence in his own common sense or, more likely, to break down completely his respect for book learning.

In a Negro school a teacher holding a health catechism read from the text, 'Why should we wash and comb our hair?' And the row of little Negroes droned back the answer, 'So it will not get stringy and fall down in our eyes.'

Neither teacher nor pupils seemed to think this a surprising answer from pupils whose hair was so kinky that it never could get into strings or hang down anywhere. This was the lesson; all that teacher or pupils had to do was to recite it. As with Tennyson's Six Hundred,

'theirs not to reason why, theirs but to do and die.' And in this rote learning children's minds die as stupidly and as wantonly as did the members of the Light Brigade on the fields of Balaclava.

II

What happens in the rural schools of a given region is of more than local interest. It concerns all of us. In the first place, if we can devise good educational practices anywhere, these may be expected in time to influence our whole school system.

Furthermore, those of us who live in cities have a very direct interest in country schools because to a great degree the future citizens of the large centres are being educated not in the schools of those centres but in the rural communities. It is well known that urban populations are not reproducing themselves and that rural regions are continuing to produce surplus populations which are steadily moving into the cities.

The greatest excess of children is in the rural South. And the heaviest reproduction rates are not, as is sometimes supposed, among Negroes, but among native white Americans. In the Southern rural states the number of children under five years old, per 1000 native white women of childbearing age (twenty to forty-four years) is more than double that of Northern industrial regions, figures for typical states being 827 for North Carolina, 786 for Alabama, 777 for South Carolina, and 740 for Mississippi, as contrasted with 363 for Rhode Island, 362 for New York State, and 359 for Massachusetts. During the three decades from 1900 to 1930, three and a half million of the people born in the rural states of the Southeast moved to other regions. The education of these rural children, many of whom will be the future citizens of Chicago, New York, and similar metropolitan centres, is a matter of quite as much

concern to Northern cities as to Southern counties.

But the main concern of rural schools, as of any schools, is to educate the children for their life in their present communities. The great bulk of rural children will go on living in the country. America in her recent spectacular development has largely ignored the people of the countryside. If we are to have a healthy nation we must bring up to decent living and to enlightenment the rural masses. The great task of the rural school is to improve life right in the country.

Lively education should be more easily possible in the country than in the city — there are so many exciting things lying all about in the countryside that should engage the child's interest. As a matter of fact, merely living in the country is in itself an education. Rural children, from time immemorial, have picked up a good deal of skill in handicrafts, a lot of knowledge about growing things and the processes of nature, and a good deal of generalized ability to meet all kinds of problems. The man who has grown up in the country is notably much more resourceful than a person who has spent his youth in the more restricted and artificial surroundings of a large city.

How, then, can we plan the rural school so that it will capitalize the natural educative interests of the countryside and at the same time cultivate those general mental abilities that are needed by every citizen of the modern world? The problem is not only to provide the children with the basic tools of knowledge, but also to get them to put those tools to use currently for their own growth and for the improvement of the communities in which they live. It is the problem of supplanting rote lessons by active learning. That it can be done we have proved by our own experience in many little schools in both rich and poor communities, with both white and Negro children.

III

Let us consider, then, what we should expect to-day from the little red school-houses of the countryside.

First, whatever else is done, the school must provide skill in the use of the three R's. No child is prepared to take his place in the modern world without competence in reading, writing, and arithmetic. Language and number are tools so basic to our civilization that teaching them is the first task of any school. The only thing we need to remember in this connection is that language and number are, after all, simply tools to be used in various ways. They are not ends in themselves. The chief fault in the teaching of them is that the lessons in reading and writing and arithmetic become so formalized that the pupil scarcely understands why he is learning them. In fact, in spite of the great amount of time devoted to these primary subjects, a shocking number of children — especially in the rural regions — do not acquire even an elementary knowledge of them.

If a child really learns to read, and puts this knowledge into practice, he can care for all the rest of his academic education by his own efforts. The difference between educated and uneducated people is largely the difference in the range and understanding of their reading. Abraham Lincoln was one of the best-educated of men in spite of meagre schooling — because he read so avidly. Almost the whole of the subject matter of the elementary school may be regarded as practice in reading. And reading, by the same token, should be thought of not as a 'lesson,' something associated with a special class or a special set of textbooks, but as the means of mastery of all the subjects and projects which make up school life — and all life.

In addition to the three R's, the rural pupil should get an acquaintance with two other fields: handicrafts and the

processes of nature. We advocate these not at all as 'vocational subjects,' but simply as essential tools quite as general in their use as language or arithmetic.

Ability to use one's hands is a fitting supplement to ability to use one's wits. Manual arts run the whole gamut from homely hand labor to high expression in art and music. Certainly the beginnings of hand skill should be a part of any child's preparation for life.

What we mean by the understanding of nature is harder to define, and it will probably be harder to work into the educational programme. It is not merely instruction in gardening or animal husbandry or in the protection of our own health, although it should be applied in all of these. It is the beginnings of knowledge of how natural forces work. 'Nature study' is probably the best term, in spite of the fact that this phrase has been put to some pretty sentimental uses. At any rate, what we are urging is an introduction to the simple biological facts which are a vital part of all our lives and which are particularly important and conspicuous in the rural scene.

Now the addition of these other fields of interest will not in itself protect the school from rote teaching, but it will help toward connecting lessons with life. The big problem is to get each of the elementary tools constantly applied so that there will be a clear relationship between living and learning, between tools and their application. This is what is meant by the slogan 'learning by doing.' It is the basis of the programmes of the so-called activity schools and the chief feature of the movement which calls itself 'progressive education.' Skill and knowledge — it cannot too often be repeated — are of no value unless they are put to use; children cannot learn even the elementary skills unless they practise them.

The three R's, for example, easily fall into a rote so perfunctory that no learning results. It is easy to give rules for

reading and arithmetic and to set 'exercises' or 'lessons.' Children may be drilled week after week, year after year, without ever realizing that they are acquiring tools which are usable in many ways. In such cases skill in reading or writing or the manipulation of numbers is on a level with the skill of parrots who have been taught to call words, or of dogs who have been taught to jump through a hoop or to sit up and shake hands. Much of our school work, it must be sadly confessed, does not go far beyond this animal-training level.

The autobiography of a Southern country boy records that after going to school for several years he happened to pick up the family Bible. To his amazement he found that he could read it. Up to that moment, he said, it had never occurred to him that the rote drill in school called reading had any connection with something he might do out of school. Suddenly he discovered that what he had supposed was a scholastic trick was instead a generalized tool, by means of which he could gain information and pleasure from the whole realm of literature.

This seems an extreme case. Yet the tests given to the draft troops during the World War indicated that 25 per cent of that cross section of American youth had never made a successful transfer from the school lessons to reading. One fourth of the whole American draft army, although most of the individuals had spent several years in school, had not learned enough to carry over into life the ability to read simple sentences or to write their own names.

In mathematics the percentage of educational failure is even greater. Many pupils become skillful in performing the cunning tricks of addition, multiplication, and division, or even in handling what are so aptly termed improper fractions. But they gain no general mathematical ability. In many cases they do not even understand that the problems are intended solely as

exercises or examples, on the one hand, of simple dealings which they will have every day of their lives, and, on the other hand, of the highly sophisticated process of dealing with quantities by symbols.

The additional fields of interest which we have suggested — manual dexterity and the understanding of nature — are happily less liable to rote training than the three R's. In fact these subjects are so generalized that they may better be introduced through related activities than through formal courses. Certainly the school lessons attempted, for example, in health have proved to be almost as deadly as the ills they were supposed to correct. But stimulating activities that involve manual dexterity and natural processes can easily be arranged by any resourceful teacher. They do not require elaborate or expensive equipment. In fact the less formal equipment the better, since the aim is to stir up the creative impulse and to develop resourcefulness. This is especially true for country children, whose problems are to create utility or beauty from meagre materials.

If true education is learning from the doing of one task how to use similar processes in other problems, then handwork and activities with nature are almost necessarily educational. One can scarcely use a saw or a hammer without realizing that this tool is usable in many ways and for many ends; the handling of clay or cloth or a musical instrument is by its very nature a lesson in generalization. Similarly, in the processes of nature, variety rather than routine is the rule. The planting of a school garden, for example, involves so many variables (seed, soil, fertilizer, weather, parasites) that it is almost impossible for it to become routine.

Furthermore, the introduction into the school course of these hand and nature activities tends to break down the rote learning in the three R's. When a child sees multiplication at work

through the breeding of rabbits, he cannot keep from realizing that arithmetic is something more than a lesson. Reading becomes an active tool — not simply an exercise — when it is used in finding out how to plant flowers or cultivate vegetables. Figuring comes alive when a boy measures off a garden plot or computes the yield from seed corn.

We have not listed social studies among the subjects of the rural school because it seems to us that the whole school should be organized around the social setting. The school which realizes its full functions, especially in the country districts, will be at work improving and leavening the social life of the community. And only as school learning is applied can it be said to be education.

If rural children can gain some competence in these basic skills and can put them to active use, they will have some preparation for happy and successful living. Surely the learning of the three R's and some acquaintance with handwork and nature are not too much to expect of the six to eight years of the common school. The reason these or any other subjects are not mastered is that, instead of generalized study and practice of a few broad topics, the school attempts to cram a great multitude of lessons into the brief days. Subjects are artificially divided into fragments which are rehearsed in tiny sections, grade by grade. In many rural schools, one or two teachers rush through a whole day made up of lessons of less than fifteen minutes each. No wonder that teachers, driven by fantastic schedules of rote lessons, fail to offer real education in any subject, or that children, hurried from class to class, come to regard school as a place for reciting rather than for learning.

All this may seem to be arguing the obvious. It is. But the plain fact is that thousands of schools in America to-day are not attempting to give any application to the simplest of routine skills.

Millions of children are merely learning scholastic tricks — just like parrots or trained fleas. Hundreds of millions of dollars of taxpayers' money are going into schools which are not educational institutions at all but simply a species of jails for keeping children in order for a few hours each day.

IV

Unfortunately there is no panacea for school ills. Education is one of those combinations of science and art which, constantly making use of new knowledge and fresh insights, must be constantly adapting themselves to varying conditions. The encouraging thing about rural education in the South is that many agencies are now actively exploring and experimenting with a view not to devising some new formula but to infusing the whole educational process with fresh life. The Julius Rosenwald Fund is simply one of these forces. Our efforts are naturally merged in those of Southern agencies generally, for the function of a private foundation is to stimulate and coöperate rather than itself to try to do a job which rightly belongs to the people of the region. Efforts of this Fund and of Southern officials are directed to a number of specific programmes.

In the first place, reform is going forward in both white and colored schools. While Negroes have been grossly neglected, the white schools in the rural South are also cluttered with set schedules and dull routine. If we are to change the content and methods of education it is not feasible to work with simply one segment of the population. The new ideas must be infused into the whole school system.

Secondly, the strategic approach is through the public school system. It would be easy with money and special personnel to build up a few good schools under private auspices anywhere. But education in America has been accepted as a public function, and only as changes

can be brought about in the public schools are these changes likely to be of lasting effect and widespread benefit.

In a number of individual rural schools, both white and colored, experiments have been going forward during the past two years to see how typical units in the regular public school system may become lively influences upon the minds of the pupils and the attitudes and practices of the community. With the approval of the local authorities special teachers have been supplied and given a free hand to explore the various possibilities for giving a sound and stimulating education to country children. While in general these experimental public schools have followed the policies outlined in this paper, the only fixed principle has been to drive out rote teaching and to put in its place a learning process in which the pupil takes an active part and in which the stimulating environment of the countryside is used as much as possible.

Textbooks and informal teaching materials are being prepared with special reference to the lives of the people in the communities and regions concerned. For example, nature study for children of rural Louisiana and Georgia is being prepared with a view to conditions there rather than in Boston and New York City. In many conference groups the rural teachers themselves are taking part in the creation of the materials of instruction which they are to use.

School libraries have received special stimulus. The Rosenwald Fund has distributed some four thousand small libraries to rural schools — chiefly Negro schools, since these have been most neglected. This single little device is having great influence in carrying reading out of rote lessons and into the realm of use and enjoyment. School authorities throughout the South have awakened to the educational value of supplementary reading, as evidenced, to cite two examples, by special appropriations this year by the states of Georgia and

Tennessee of funds of \$100,000 each for school libraries.

Strenuous efforts are being made in several counties to coordinate the services of the various public agencies in teaching and promoting the several aspects of public welfare — farm extension teachers, home demonstration agents, health workers — and to link all these special services to the general education of the school. Too often these subjects are hammered home by their special agents as though they were separate entities, whereas what the pupil and the community should realize is that health and farming and good homes, as well as reading and figuring and thinking, are simply parts of civilized living.

Every school in this group of experiments gives attention to the care and beautification of its building and grounds. It is a delight — and a surprise — to see how eagerly parents join with pupils and teachers in the communal task of making the school an object of pride. Grass and flowers and shrubs are planted in front, while the surrounding grounds are devoted to play spaces and to gardens, a rabbit hutch, often a chicken run. Clean toilets are built in the back and a deep well adorns the foreground. Sometimes a shack is built by the voluntary labor of students and parents to serve as a shop for the boys, and a small room is partitioned off in the schoolhouse for a sewing machine and a cookstove for the use of the girls. Skillful carpenters and farmers among the parents, and competent housewives, — rather than paid professional teachers, — prove to be willing and able directors of these supplementary units. The school at once becomes a matter of pride and interest to the whole community, while ideas of hygiene, farming, and homemaking become a natural part of daily discussion and practice.

It is clear that good teachers can be held in the country only as decent salaries are paid. At present the ladder

of pay and prestige runs from the country to the city and from the lower grades to the higher. Recently Southern states have begun adopting new salary scales on a state-wide basis to iron out the irregularities which penalize the rural teacher. The new law in Georgia, for example, provides equal salaries for qualified teachers regardless of the size and situation of the school district. The interesting practice in British Columbia of paying a bonus to teachers in rural communities is attracting attention in those Southern agricultural states where the great bulk of the people live in the country.

Chief emphasis in the whole movement is upon the normal schools and teachers' colleges, for it is evident that the spirit as well as the procedures of the school depend almost wholly upon the teacher. The contributions of the Rosenwald Fund and of other educational foundations are being increasingly centred on improving the preparation of teachers. Specifically, we are coöperating with the state normal colleges at Statesboro and Carrollton, Georgia, and with the Negro State Normal School at Grambling, Louisiana, and with two private colleges, Fisk University (colored) and the George Peabody College for Teachers (white) in Nashville, Tennessee. The purpose is to improve the general quality of the teaching and to explore the methods of preparing teachers especially for the rural schools. One of the greatest needs in America is that teachers' colleges — too often the neg-

lected stepchildren of our university systems — be given the prestige, the financial resources, and the wise planning that have gone into other branches of higher education.

Much of the recent ferment in Southern rural education has arisen from the Council on Rural Education, which is composed of Southern officials, teachers, and private citizens, and of persons of educational wisdom from the country at large. This Council on Rural Education has been a clearinghouse for ideas and the directing force in the studies and experiments. Through it the several educational foundations are working together with Southern educators toward improvement of the Southern rural schools.

In these efforts in behalf of rural education all of us have been greatly heartened by the fresh interest throughout America in the content of living as contrasted with merely making a living. In this interest in a better life for the total people it is clear that the rural areas must be given a chance to come up to general national levels both in standards of living and in enlightenment. If the school can be kept from dull routine and can be infused with true education, it is the natural force for enriching country life. In spite of present doleful conditions, there is such ferment, and so great an opportunity, that one is encouraged to believe that in time we may begin to justify the almost mystical faith which Americans have always had in their public school system.

This is the second of a series of papers on progressive methods in elementary and secondary education. The December issue will contain an article by M. E. Herriott describing the advance in the junior high schools. — THE EDITORS

WINGS FOR CHINA

BY CAPTAIN WALTER C. KENT

S. S. PRESIDENT JEFFERSON
AT SEA, *August 18, 1937*

DEAR FAMILY: —

The Shanghai we got out of yesterday is as near my idea of hell on earth as human eyes can bear to see!

Last week I was in Tsingtao, having flown there to open a new air route because of service disrupted by war conditions — secure in the belief that it would be at least six weeks before our baby would arrive and that Shanghai was completely safe forever, no matter what happened elsewhere in China. Then came the order to return at once; Marie was dangerously ill.

Poor little girl — after all she has suffered already, she endured fifty hours of punishing labor; twenty hours before I was even able to reach her! There is no way to express the terror I felt, but on the night of August 11, at 9.58, the boy was born.

Dr. Sun had him placed immediately in an incubator; and when I was allowed to see him it did n't seem possible a human child could be so tiny — only four pounds, twelve ounces. But, Mother, when I looked at him my heart rose right up in my throat; his hair is red, but his little face is a miniature replica of Dad's! Marie's condition improved at once; she began to sleep restfully and to be hungry for the first time in months. We were so encouraged and happy — then hell broke loose.

Of course, we all knew the Whangpoo was lined with Japanese battleships; that homeless Chinese were pouring into

the city from the fierce conflict northward. There had been sporadic machine gunning and artillery firing since the twelfth, and several huge fires in the Japanese and native Chinese sections of Shanghai. But this was quite in line with past performances. Nobody dreamed the sacred confines of the foreign settlement could be affected by any of this.

It was on Saturday, the fourteenth, that I got a private tip of an air raid on the Japanese Consulate and their third-fleet flagship, *Idzumo*, docked in front. I was fairly boiling with excitement. Here was a chance to see in action what our group had worked to build up — the participants would be men I'd helped train, many of them friends of mine. I'll swear, at that time, I thought of the coming fracas mainly as a demonstration of military technique and not in terms of flesh and blood. But that was before my first-hand view of the toll which war takes of the innocent and helpless.

Late Saturday afternoon found me with Bill Hunt on the roof of his eleven-story office building, behind the British Consulate. Everything looked just as usual except for the hordes of refugees milling about in the open space along the Bund — poor, miserable coolies, most of them, crowding close to the foreign settlement in hope of safety. Two hours passed, and Bill said, 'It's a false alarm; I'm going,' for he had an engagement to meet Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr. and her son at the Cathay Hotel shortly. He had just rung for the elevator when I saw the *Idzumo* start blink-

ing a signal to the Japanese planes scouting overhead. Before Bill could come hurrying back at my yell, six Northrop bombers broke through the thin layer of fleecy clouds that had concealed them.

Chinese bombers! There was the wing insignia, familiar to me as my own initials — Lord, what a kick it gave me!

Anti-aircraft batteries on the *Idzumo* opened a terrific fusillade, augmented by batteries across the Whangpoo. Right through the heavy barrage the planes moved on in perfect formation. Down through the clouds I saw a load of 100-pound bombs turned loose and a direct hit in the midst of the shore batteries.

I guess I was yelling with excitement and pride for the beautiful piece of aerial warfare when I saw one bomber begin a slow, gradual descent, like a wounded quail. He'd been hit; and I held my breath while he disappeared in Chinese territory.

As these six ships hurried out of gun range, six others took their place. The Japanese batteries roared again, and suddenly I realized a startling development. Flying across the wind, these bombers were drifting strongly off course; in a moment they'd be directly above us!

Scared? You can bet! But there was no time, no place to run to, atop a tall building. We just stood, frozen, watching the bombs — eight of them — come down. They seemed to float as slowly as feathers — would they ever land? I had one sick thought of the teeming hundreds in the streets below and of ourselves — then they struck! It looked to me as if the whole Palace Hotel rose in the air in tons of debris, and sheets of flame enveloped the Cathay.

'My God, they're killed!' I heard Bill cry, and knew he meant the Roosevelts.

Downstairs, my car and chauffeur were waiting and we told him to rush to the Cathay. Just as we turned, I had my first sight of the human — not the military — angle of war. Down the side street a coolie woman was running — her face a mask of horror and grief, in her

arms a little girl of about two years; the baby's entire face was blown away. The woman's features writhed in anguished grimaces; tears poured over her cheeks. I hope I shan't keep on remembering it as I do now.

The Bund was a shambles; hundreds of people screaming, running, falling beneath stampeding feet. The traffic officer, neatly decapitated, lay quietly on his back with not even his uniform disarranged. A coolie, with his whole calf torn away, dazedly jammed his hand into the hole, but with every heartbeat blood spurted like a fountain.

The Cathay's steel grille doors were closed, but we got in through windows of shops bordering the sidewalk, being careful to avoid long jags of glass on which I saw one body impaled as on a skewer. The lobby was thick with smoke; great pools of blood smeared the magnificent Oriental rugs; people rushed about screaming, falling, rising and falling again — some wounded, some singed by fire from the explosions; some, I think, unconscious from shock or concussion. Somehow, in the pandemonium, Bill learned the Roosevelts had gone out just before the bombing.

What benign fate prompted Mrs. Roosevelt to leave, five minutes earlier, for the safe Columbia Country Club we can never know; but now, though we felt sure she and her son must have been killed at the very hotel entrance, we realized that present search would be useless, and I had to get to Marie.

All this takes time to read, but actually it was n't ten minutes. Planes still roared overhead; Japanese batteries fired, as we drove down Foochow Road toward Avenue Edward VII, boundary between the International Settlement and the French quarter. Bill and I kept our heads out, following with our eyes the planes' course. Suddenly, almost above us, I saw one ship turn loose two bombs which I knew must fall directly ahead. I yelled to the chauffeur to stop. We jumped out, and just then they hit,

200 yards ahead, at the wide intersection of Thibet Road and Edward VII, a space literally jammed with people.

A great, pyramid-shaped mass rose straight up in the air, with solid sheets of flame shunting sideways. Bodies soared like skyrockets; heads, arms, legs, scattered back to earth; some seemed literally to splatter like too-ripe fruit against the sides of buildings. Ghastly fire flared suddenly all about; it was from automobiles with gas tanks punctured by shrapnel. In a few seconds they'd burn to ashes, before wounded or unconscious occupants could escape.

I took the wheel from the chauffeur; he was past driving any more, poor fellow — collapsed with sheer horror. But I had to reach Marie, and somehow we fought our way out of it, to the hospital on the outskirts. I had a hard time concealing my sick nervousness from her, but when I explained all the firing as fighting in the Japanese quarter she believed me. Like all 'old residents,' she never thought of danger to the Settlement.

Of course, this bombardment was accidental. American friends still at Hangchow told me the official Chinese explanation of bomb racks damaged by Japanese fire is true. When that plane reached Hangchow later, another bomb fell, without exploding, because it had been 'safed,' and when the pilot realized what he had done he fainted and was carried from his plane.

Can you believe that 1053 were killed that night, and next day it took thirty-seven trucks to haul away mangled remains? All over the streets and inside stores and buildings, heads, arms, legs, and fragments of flesh were scattered like ghastly confetti.

I won't go into detail of the fighting during the next few days, when Chinese planes practically demolished the Japanese Consulate, silenced the *Idzumo's* rear guns, and wrecked the wharf of Japanese shipping firms. Forty-odd Japanese planes passed over Sunday

morning for raids on Nanking and Nanchang, and when I saw five headed in the direction of Hangchow I knew the school was in for it, too. Later, I heard the Chinese had defended these points brilliantly; their pursuit shot down in flames ten Japanese bombers during the raids, and during Saturday's performance, when the Japanese fired no fewer than 250 rounds of ammunition, only one Chinese plane was damaged.

A wife and child do something to a man's intestinal fortitude. All my life I've felt convinced nothing would happen to me. Now I was just as sure every possible disaster would overtake Marie and the baby. Visions of wrecked sewers, epidemics, shortage of water, doctors, medicines, hospital space, as wounded flooded the city, set me crazy. Then there was the awful danger of looting mobs out of control and ravaging like beasts if Shanghai fell. I knew I had to get Marie and the baby out, even before the American consul-general gave me advance warning that evacuation of women and children would be ordered.

Already I'd been vainly pulling every wire to get steamer reservations, any time, to any place, and it looked hopeless. But now the consul-general had commandeered the Dollar Line's *President Jefferson*, en route from Manila to Seattle, to put in to Shanghai and transport a load of women and children back to Manila. The British would evacuate their nationals at the same time to Hongkong on the *Rajputana*, and a truce had been arranged with both Japanese and Chinese while refugees went down the Whangpoo on tenders to liners outside the jetties.

The rest of that day is a jumble in my memory: trying to assemble all the things needed for such a journey by a five-day-old infant in an incubator and my poor little Marie — only 97 pounds left of her former 120, and so weak she could scarcely lift her head from a pillow. Most shops were closed; I got into some by fair means and some by foul, while I

gathered all kinds of medicines, bottles, nipples, diapers, powder, soap, olive oil, gauze, cotton, 110-volt light bulbs to run the incubator on board, and a special syringe, over which a nipple fits, to squeeze milk into the baby's mouth when he tires of nursing.

Of course, I had no idea of going, too; but next morning the order suddenly came. One more man was needed to take charge of a group of forty women, and because of my family's helplessness I was selected. United States sailors and marines supervised that one-and-a-half-hour journey down the Whangpoo, and let me take my hat off, right now, to their efficiency and consideration! Three hundred women and children were packed in the small tender like sardines. We had the baby in his incubator, all tucked up with blankets and hot-water bottles; Dr. Francis Nance supervised getting Marie's stretcher aboard and establishing her on pillows laid on trunks. He wanted the baby kept on deck, too, fearing for him to breathe the air in the cabin, used by so many people.

Japanese men-of-war formed a continuous line from the Bund to the mouth of the Whangpoo, and outside the jetties ten other craft had battled all night with Woosung and Pootung forts on either side of the river. But we felt safe in the promise of truce, and I can't describe the terror that swept the boat when all at once an outbreak of firing burst from the Japanese craft as a lone Chinese reconnaissance plane drifted overhead.

Instantly the marines were hustling passengers below deck, handling the frightened women and screaming children with coolness and gentleness. It seemed a year until we could sight the *Jefferson*, standing by eight miles out beyond the jetties. Lord, but the comforting flutter of the Stars and Stripes above her was a welcome sight!

But our troubles were not yet over. As we left the jetties, a rough sea picked the overloaded boat up like a toy and it almost capsized. Pitching and rolling as

we were, people fell and slid along the steep decks; mothers lost their children, screamed in terror and pain. One woman, thrown to the deck, loosened hold of her baby; when it was almost overboard a quick-witted marine made a dive and grabbed it. Water streamed over the topside; we had to move both Marie and the baby inside. Two sailors held her on the bench where she lay and I tried to keep a clear space round the incubator in an alley between cabin and engine room, with visions of germs, big as vultures, flocking to the baby's lungs! He cried every minute of the way down, terrifying Marie, but I figured he was too warm; perspiration stood in tiny beads all over his face and little red head, but I did not dare move a blanket or water bottle.

Rougher and rougher grew the waves. Finally the tender captain announced flatly he meant to put about and go back, since there was n't a chance of transferring passengers in such a sea. Once again the Marine Corps had the situation well in hand. One big fellow calmly took the helm, manœuvred the tender alongside, and the thing was done. Later, the *Jefferson* captain told me it was the most dangerous transfer he had ever experienced at sea.

Passengers already aboard the *Jefferson* when it was ordered back to Shanghai have generously divided not only accommodations but possessions with us. Steerage space, decks, lounges, writing rooms, and so forth, are filled with cots at night. Marie and Blanche have a cabin and each has a nice bed. The baby is in the incubator in the bathroom to the cabin, and I sleep on the flat deck, happy to have it for my bed.

To-morrow evening we reach Manila. I wired Marie's father there to have an ambulance and doctor meet us, and have his reply, saying all is arranged.

Throughout this sad, frightening experience, these American women have made me proud to be an American man — brave, thoughtful of each other, magnificent in their response to emergency.

MANILA, P. I., *August 20, 1937*

I can just hear the family groaning, 'What will Foxie get into next?' when you realized, to top it all, we landed exactly in time for the earthquake.

I had just delivered the incubator to the infants' room at Sternberg Hospital and was going to meet Marie at the elevator when this big old army hospital building began to sway, creak, and tremble. I had no idea what it was. Suddenly the lights went out and somebody yelled, 'Earthquake!' My first impulse was to run to the baby and shelter him with my body over the incubator; then I thought of Marie and turned to find her. Somebody grabbed my arm and told me to stand still, and confusion and fear made me automatically obey. In about two minutes lights flashed on, there was no damage (nor in the second shock, twenty minutes later), but while everybody was laughing at each other's confusion I went

wobbling toward the elevator, feeling that I'd been scared out of ten years' growth.

Marie was not the least upset. It caught her on a six-span bridge connecting two buildings, surrounded by brick and glass. Her stretcher bearer told me they were swaying so he thought each step would be their last. He was ashamed of his fear, he added, when Marie chirped up, 'A fine way for Manila to receive us!' remembering what she already had been through. Then, just as we got her in bed, the baby began crying, and she went almost wild. Isn't that just like a woman? Takes an earthquake with a smile, but goes to pieces at her baby's cry!

Everything we had was lost in Shanghai, — car, furniture, linen, clothes, furs, the poor little Scotties, — but Marie and the baby are safe, so I count us supremely fortunate. Love,

FOXIE

'SOMEWHERE IN SHANGHAI'

BY LILLIAN SHIVELY RICE

'SOMEWHERE IN SHANGHAI'
August 18, 1937

DEAR FAMILY: —

You will remember my writing that the prodigious exodus from the territory north of Soochow Creek during the first week of August reminded me of Macaulay's description of the flight to Rome: —

A mile around the city,
The throng stopped up the ways;
A fearful sight it was to see
Through two long nights and days.

Subsequent events proved that it was to last much longer than that. The panic was occasioned by the fear that the North China trouble might have re-

verberations in Shanghai, and more specifically by what has come to be known as the 'Hungjao Incident,' when two Japanese officers were shot on Hungjao Road near the Hungjao Aerodrome. A Chinese soldier was also shot. The Chinese claim that the Japanese fired first, killing one of the Chinese. The Japanese claim that the Japanese officers were unarmed. Subsequent investigations showed that the Chinese had been shot in the back by Chinese bullets, having apparently got in the line of fire. Also the first reports did not mention the Chinese, and the Japanese claim that the body was later dragged to the spot in

order to make out a case for the Chinese. It looked almost as if the Chinese were playing the Japanese game of creating an incident. Of course Japanese officers had no business going near a Chinese aerodrome when feeling was running so high. However, we still did not think it was to be anything serious.

When Sapajou did a cartoon in allusion to the local dog races showing shells labeled 'War Rumor No. 1,' 'War Rumor No. 2,' and so forth, pursuing a mechanical rabbit labeled 'Panicky Public' around the race track, we all laughed and thought it summed up the situation pretty well.

Reading the accounts of the exodus in the papers made me want to see with my own eyes some of these refugees who were said to be crossing the bridges at the rate of 25,000 a day, so several evenings I walked over to the Garden Bridge to watch the steady streams of *évacués* making their way into the Settlement for safety. The more prosperous were the first to go, of course, as they could afford the high rents and expenses of moving. Some families rode in taxis, while their furniture and goods followed in vans. Others rode on the trucks along with the baggage. There were wheelbarrows carrying furniture and trunks, while some *évacués* rode in rikshas so piled up with pigskin trunks and bird-cages that the heads of the occupants were scarcely visible.

The poorer classes who could not beg or borrow money for transportation had to walk, carrying their belongings. We saw one disconsolate-looking fellow leaning up against the wall with a bucket beside him containing, besides some clothes, a pair of brass candlesticks and an oil painting. Whether he had been looting on his way or whether they were family heirlooms would be difficult to say.

When we woke up the next morning, we saw that during the night three old steamers had been sunk in a line across the Whangpoo River, and other junks and smaller steamers had been towed

into place to form an impassable boom across the river. The boom was to prevent Japanese ships from sailing up and attacking the Arsenal and Kiangwan Docks, to say nothing of the Lungwhat Aerodrome, which is a commercial airfield but used by Chinese military planes to a certain extent.

During the day Chinese troops occupied the Kiangwan Race Course, which is the suburban rendezvous of the International Recreation Club, and began to prepare trenches and other military works in the vicinity. The Japanese hired workers to level off the Japanese golf links and convert them into a flying field. Most of these workers were Chinese coolies who were glad enough to work for the enemy as long as they got their bowl of rice. Many of them were shot as 'traitors' by Chinese snipers.

Even the Chinese Government offices at the Civic Centre moved into the French Concession as far away from the trouble as possible. For years they have been trying to build up a Municipal Centre of their own down at Kiangwan, putting up beautiful modern buildings, constructing a beautiful modern wharf which they hoped would deflect some of the shipping trade from the International Settlement, and in other ways trying to prove to the foreigners that the days of special privilege are over and that extraterritoriality should be abolished. Yet as soon as any trouble looms they run for cover beneath the wings of the International Settlement and French Concession. It is amusing to see too that, as soon as trouble threatens, Chinese companies fall all over themselves to incorporate under American or British law in order to claim our 'protection.'

While we were at work Saturday morning we heard the most terrific noise, and none of us were sufficiently experienced in warfare to know what it meant. One of the clerks remarked that it sounded like a 'cannon machine gun.' We later learned that it was the anti-aircraft guns on the Japanese

flagship *Idzumo*. Most of the bombing in the Settlement was intended for the *Idzumo*, which was kept moored at the Japanese Consulate waterfront. After Saturday's outrages, the Municipal Council and consular authorities urged the Japanese to remove the warship from the Settlement, but they refused to do this unless Japanese lives and property were guaranteed protection. The Chinese authorities stated that unless the warship was removed from the Settlement they would not be responsible for any damage or loss of life in the Settlement. Evacuation plans were made in earnest for the women and children, the British taking the lead, and the Americans dillydallying behind as usual.

One of the reasons for the carnage at the intersection of Thibet Road and Avenue Edward VII was that the place was crowded with refugees who had nowhere to go. It is said that when the planes flew over they were all looking up cheering and waving. Chinese photographers are capitalizing on the tragedy, as the photographers did in Japan after the earthquake, by selling photographs of mangled bodies and heaps of arms, legs, heads, and so forth. I looked at one before I knew what it was, and that was enough for me.

One of the young British fellows who signed up for relief work was a very sensitive lad, whose first job was to drive a truck down to Nanking Road and help pick up pieces of bodies. They said he came home screaming.

All Saturday evening and steadily ever since there have been broadcasts every minute or so over the radio with items of personal news such as:—

'Calling Mrs. Blank, Tsingtao. Your husband is all right. Stay where you are.'

'Will someone in Kuling tell Mrs. So-and-So that her family in Shanghai are safe and well. Do not attempt to come to Shanghai.'

'Will anyone who knows the whereabouts of Miss Somebody please communicate with No. 11111.'

Around one o'clock on Sunday morning a news broadcast came over that Mayor O. K. Yui had announced that unless the anti-aircraft guns stationed on top of the Yokohama Specie Bank Building, the Bank of Chosen, and other Japanese buildings on and off the Bund, were removed immediately the Chinese would not be responsible for any bombing in the Settlement. The Yokohama Specie Bank Building is three blocks away from us, the Bank of Chosen almost next door, and the Mitsui Bussan Kaisha right across the street. Just then planes zoomed overhead, and as one body we made a rush downstairs.

The Japanese have agreed not to fly bombing planes over the Settlement, but the Chinese refused to agree to this. No one believes any more that there are any anti-aircraft guns on the Japanese buildings, as the Japanese have invited inspection, and we think Mayor Yui's warning was just a cover for the bombing accidents that had occurred and any that might occur.

Finally we realized what everyone has since realized, that as long as the planes are Japanese there is no danger. I can't tell them apart just to look at them, but if the anti-aircraft guns are popping we know they are Chinese and rush below. Our apartment faces the river, commanding a good view of Yangtzepoo and Pootung and the river, so that we have a box seat for the air battles, but we are so afraid of the bombs and flying shrapnel that we dare n't wait to watch them!

The arrival of the Loyal Regiment of British Troops eased the tension somewhat, as we all knew the troops on the spot could not hold the line long. About three thousand Japanese refugees left for Japan Monday on two Japanese ships. Refugees in the Settlement by that time numbered over 1,000,000 and were getting to be a fearful problem, as a Chinese mob is easily incited and hard to quell. Several attacks were made on Japanese civilians and others thought to be Japanese. They don't stop to ask questions.

The paradox of the whole situation here is that, while people are definitely anti-Japanese, they don't want the Chinese to win. The police have called out all the reserves (6000) and are patrolling thoroughly, as they are afraid of the Chinese loafers rushing buildings. The mobs are so hungry that there have been many food riots, in which refugees mob rice shops and make off with rice.

About nine o'clock Monday evening, as we were sitting around, a huge explosion almost knocked us out of our seats. We learned later that a small torpedo boat belonging to the Chinese had sneaked down river, fired at the *Idzumo*, and raced back before the Japanese could get their searchlights out. No damage was done to the ship apparently. Shortly afterwards a terrific bombardment began over in Pootung. The Japanese on this side of the river in Yangtszepoo, and on the ships, seemed to be shelling the Chinese positions in Pootung, and that kept up all night, although far enough away not to be very frightening. A huge fire in a textile warehouse caused smoke to drift over into the Settlement, and when we began to sneeze and weep with the smoke many thought that poison gas was being resorted to.

Ella's husband, Jack, is in the S. V. C., also Irene's fiancé. They drop into the apartment now and then, when they get leave, to give us the latest news. Night before last Jack was in a terrible state of nerves. They had been defending the Settlement against a rush of Chinese troops who had broken through a thin Japanese line and were advancing on the Settlement. Jack and two other fellows had been given a rather exposed post and were told to shoot any Chinese who tried to cross the bridge. Ordinarily the S. V. C. are not supposed to be in the front lines at all. They are mostly for emergency police duty and go into action only in extreme emergency. They were running short of ammunition, and things got so bad they solemnly set aside enough of the ammunition so that if they were

cornered each could shoot the other. The Welsh Fusiliers arrived just in time to relieve them, but as Jack repeated over and over in a sort of dazed way, as if surprised we were all alive, 'God, it was touch and go!'

It has been our great fear that the Chinese would rush the Settlement, and then goodness knows what might happen. The news that the Japanese are landing reinforcements brings a sigh of relief quite as readily as the news that the British and American troops are on the way. Chinese banks have been closed, American banks moved their offices out to Frenchtown, most shops are closed, and big shops like Wing On's Department Store keep only one door open and rigidly exclude any but prosperous-looking customers. Everyone is nervous about the hordes of Chinese refugees, many of them starving, that are crowding the streets.

I must say the police have done a good job. The French especially will stand for no nonsense. Every night they herd up the refugees and drive them out into Chinese territory and close the big gates. The French, too, were the ones that did the first firing at the Chinese. The Americans and British were too much afraid of international complications, but when the Chinese planes came uncomfortably close the French warship did not hesitate to open up her anti-aircraft guns. As they say, 'This is not only the French Concession. This is FRANCE!'

For a while there was fear of a food shortage, and it is still hard to get supplies, but not impossible. The abattoir which was bombed was only partially destroyed, and the American Marines and S. V. C. have been coöperating with the Japanese to rescue much of the meat that is there in cold storage and bring it into the Settlement. Green vegetables, eggs, chickens, and things of that sort are scarce, of course, and canned stuffs, such as corned beef, are out of stock in the shops, but we get along.

August 21

Yesterday China sent a note to the representatives of foreign nations here saying that if they did not remove their warships and merchant vessels five miles from any Japanese ship, or persuade the Japanese ships to move five miles distant, China would not be responsible for any damage to foreign ships. The foreign warships replied by clearing their decks for action. The American, British, and French warships are right in the line of fire, and the *Augusta* was hit yesterday by a shell which killed one sailor and wounded eighteen others.

Last night we went up to visit some of Ella's relatives on the eighth floor who have a fine view of the river and Pootung. There was an immense fire over there in the godown of a Japanese cotton mill, one of the many fires raging hereabouts (the loss to British and American interests is incalculable), and it was a beautiful sight. Later on, artillery fire started up, and we watched the exchange of shells for a long time; we could n't see the shells, of course, but saw the flash, heard the crack as the shell left the gun, and later heard the explosion.

That was an experience that probably few people have in a lifetime, to sit in a comfortable armchair in comparative safety and watch a real war going on outside the window, bloody and desperate. Imagination failed to inspire us with the horror of what was actually taking place — all we knew was the excitement and the objective beauty of the scene, the dull red glow of the dying fires, the flash of the big guns across the delta, Very lights streaking against the dark blue sky, and, high above, the imperturbable moon.

The Japanese may not have much to back up their operations, but they at least have well-balanced equipment. The Chinese seem to have put all their money into aircraft, and, as if they

thought no enemy could possibly have an air force, seem to have *no* anti-aircraft guns — here in Shanghai, at least. Machine guns are effective against planes only at short range. And then the equipment they have for the air force is so inadequate. I was told by a Chinese gentleman in the know that a \$5000 plane costs the Chinese Government \$26,000 by the time all the middlemen get a 'squeeze.'

The National Government established an Aviation School a couple of years ago and developed a bunch of crack fliers, but I understand that as soon as they saw they would have to do some real fighting they turned in their uniforms and went home on account of 'family affairs.'

However, the Chinese army has made great strides since 1932. There is much more discipline in the ranks, and they seem to have more stamina. Orders are that looters are to be summarily shot. No one knows how this works when the officers do the looting themselves.

Just now people seem to be of two opinions about the situation. Maybe it will be more serious, maybe it won't. Maybe all the foreigners will have to leave China. Maybe the Japanese will come in and clean up the place and make it fit to live in. Maybe Britain will fight Japan and drive her out. Anyhow, I am sitting tight for the present. Someone must stay and do the work that is to be done, and it looks as if I should have plenty to do! Sometimes I think I shall scream if I hear one more person say, 'Well, it just was n't your *time*,' or 'That shell did n't have your *name* on it.' And a few more words I never want to hear again are 'evacuate,' 'evacuation,' and 'évacués'!

With best of love to everyone from your War Correspondent,

LILLIAN

A CONSUMER'S VIEW OF TVA

BY GEORGE FORT MILTON

I

THE August *Atlantic* contained an article by Mr. Wendell L. Willkie, a pleasant, clever Hoosier lawyer who went to New York and at length became the president of a great utility holding company which owns the common stock of an operating subsidiary in the Tennessee Valley. Inasmuch as TVA has been treading on his toes a little (and, albeit, educating his utilities to a rate structure by which, for the first time in their experience, they are selling electricity to households in quantities comparable to those used domestically in Switzerland, Sweden, and so forth), he has reprehended as a menace to America the very idea of government-owned utilities, whatever might be their pattern, shape, or form.

The September *Atlantic* followed with another article, this one by Dr. Arthur E. Morgan, a serious, huge-framed engineer whose varied career has included the protection of Ohio's Miami Valley from another Dayton flood, and the reclamation both of an Arkansas swamp and of a waterlogged Ohio college. Prestige won in these enterprises led to his choice as Chairman of the Tennessee Valley Authority. In his piece he tilted a shaky lance for public ownership, as exemplified by TVA.

This debate between these gentlemen is bound to be immensely interesting to hundreds of thousands of us here in the Tennessee Valley. I have in my family treasures a letter from my great-grandfather, Dr. Tomlinson Fort, written to

his wife in 1842, eagerly reporting that 'at last I believe, the government at Washington is going to do something about Muscle Shoals. . . .' For at least a century the property holders and citizens of the Tennessee Valley have waited for the government to 'do something' about their great river — too large a task for their own unaided hands.

As I say, we were born sighing for something to be done about our river; and yet, now that something is being done about it, some of us feel as though we were guinea pigs in a vivisection laboratory; indeed, as though we were guinea pigs doomed to be the spoils of a struggle between the angry savants of two rival schools of vivisectionists, who have hold of different parts of our devoted carcasses and are pulling and hauling our whole bodies, one enjoining the other in the courts of law on the theory that the God in his Heaven had dedicated all guinea pigs to his privately owned dissecting knife. So we wonder if the prizes of this titanic struggle are to be deprived of all voice in electing which shall wield the sacrificial knife.

As editor of a newspaper in Chattanooga, it has been my journalistic lot to see, at close range, many exciting episodes of this struggle; to take part in some of them, and to sense the feeling of the Valley folk about the controversy. Perhaps I should preface my remarks by saying that while I am delighted at the prospect, and reasonably pleased with the performance of TVA, still I abhor

both of the mutually exclusive theses: the first, that the distribution of electricity must never be 'of the people, by the people, and for the people'; the second, the equally uncomfortable ideological strait-jacket that all power must be public, because all private utilities always indulge in frenzied finance, corrupt local politics, and exploit the hapless consumers.

Neither of these theories seems to me exclusively tenable; much better is it for us here in this Valley to eschew absolutist contentions, and to consider the debate from the standpoint of the welfare and development of the region itself. And for us the question is not merely one of whether power shall be private or public; we are chiefly concerned about the economic development and social progress of the Valley and its people.

This Tennessee Valley watershed, covering some 40,000 square miles, embraces parts of seven States. A significant thing about it is that its annual rainfall is among the heaviest in the United States. Carrying this to the Mississippi, the Tennessee River falls 600 feet in 200 miles — and there is power in the fall. The Tennessee system as a whole may be made to yield three million kilowatts of electric energy. The power in these streams belongs to the people — is among their last great unalienated natural resources. Now the Government is undertaking to develop this power by an integrated system, and to use it as an energizing agent to quicken the economic competence and to raise the living levels of the whole area.

This basin has immense natural resources. After water power, at the head of the list, comes coal, in great abundance; iron ore and the limestone to flux it; zinc, and other metals; bauxite to make aluminum; marble, building stones, and many of the nonmetallic minerals. Forest products are bountiful. The region has a diversified agricultural yield, and its human stuff is of sturdy, independent Anglo-Saxon stock.

Here in the Tennessee Valley area we have the whole Southern problem in microcosm. We have poverty in the midst of potential plenty; we have rivers running to waste that should be harnessed; we have rich resources needing development; we have people of low incomes with all the qualities needed to do skilled tasks and to build a civilization of high degree. The Tennessee Valley is particularly suitable for a demonstration of the coördinated development of human and material resources. The Tennessee Valley should become the American Ruhr.

Furthermore, TVA is at grips with the region's vital problems. Take soil erosion. The experts say it was not Alexander, nor Tamerlane, nor Genghis Khan, who destroyed the ancient civilizations on the fertile Tigris and Euphrates plains; not they, but soil erosion, made a desert out of a paradise. We Americans should remember this. It is estimated that in 1931 soil erosion destroyed enough land in West Tennessee alone to equal 10,000 farms of thirty acres each. This illustrates why it is one of our worst national menaces. The Authority considers soil conservation and erosion control among its most important jobs. It is now setting up in each county in its area a unit which can aid the farmers to terrace their land and, through crop adjustment, to preserve it.

A second major activity is in fertilizer. The old World War nitrate plant at Muscle Shoals has been transformed into a plant for reducing the acids needed for fertilizer. The rich phosphate beds of Middle Tennessee are near by; new reduction processes are expected to yield better fertilizer at much less cost. New methods of distribution through farmers' fertilizer coöperative groups could cut the delivered cost. This is only one of many examples that could be offered of the experimentation and research by the Authority, as a result of which many new methods and processes have already been developed, to save time and money,

and occasionally to give an open-sesame to new enterprises.

Another important phase is the development of the river which will make it available for year-round navigation from Paducah, Kentucky, to Knoxville, Tennessee — an immense boon to interior transportation of heavy-burden freights. Incidentally, one of the South's great disadvantages in the interregional competition is the higher levels of freight rates we must pay in comparison with those charged to the north of us. TVA has already taken steps to bring some redress to this disadvantage.

Then the TVA is devoting itself to bringing about a companionship of industry and agriculture. With huge quantities of power to wholesale, it must look for customers, and one place it seeks them is on the farm. TVA is taking electricity to the farmers, who are themselves organizing county coöperatives to run their rural lines. Several such have been formed, and they have succeeded from the word 'go.' Rural electrification stimulates farmers to increase their income. It lightens the farm wife's backbreaking burden. Running water, modern plumbing, electric lights, and refrigeration — all these things add new satisfactions to rural life.

TVA likewise seeks increased residential load in the towns and cities. Although it does not distribute directly, through its wholesale power contract it retains control over the retailer's rates. This control is essential, because the Authority sees its problem as one of procuring the widest possible use of electricity, and it is operating on the sound theory that lower rates bring great volume increases, which in turn enable costs to be cut to the bone — the path Ford took to make the automobile a necessity for the common man. This programme is working wonders. In little Tupelo, Mississippi, for example, power use has doubled and trebled, householders are paying no more cash than before, and the city is paying itself taxes,

retiring its debt, and showing a profit. The sale of electric refrigerators, stoves, heaters, and so forth, in the Valley is prodigious. The TVA rate structure, directed toward more power use, not less, ties right in with an abundance economy.

Then TVA does not overlook industrial use of electricity. With such quantities of current, thermal as well as mechanical users must be had. But the Authority has carefully avoided trying to siphon these new users out of other areas. It is making an earnest effort to find completely new industries to establish here to use its power. Within the last year it has made contracts with great industries involving the sale of huge blocks of secondary power, at prices which yield the Authority an income of about \$4,000,000 a year.

Perhaps more important than anything I have mentioned is that TVA may give us the key to the efficient public performance of economic function. All over the world, government seems on the move from performing services of a merely political or ministerial type to the performance of economic function. We may praise or deplore the tendency, but the essential fact is that it is under way. Our public operations are becoming increasingly important and we must find the way to have them well done. The competence of American public service has suffered both from the unwieldy size of the government machine and from the indifference of the public personnel. This last began over a century ago, when our mystic Democracy claimed every man was a popular sovereign and hence competent to hold any sort of public post, no matter how technical might be its tasks. Our civil-service reformers sought to correct it by substituting a rigidly frozen system of status and rights, without any workable mechanism for discovering and rewarding the worker who has energy, imagination, and intelligence. Therefore incentive for good work was lacking.

TVA is an approach to both these problems. Because of the restricted zone of operation, it permits both immediacy and flexibility of control. Its directors are seeking to set up the apparatus for discovering and then promptly advancing the men of promise. From the start, it has made political backing a disadvantage in getting jobs. This policy, commanded by the law of its establishment, has had the backing of its Chairman from the beginning. The Authority's personnel policies cut through the rigidities of civil service and come closer to affording those rewards for initiative which make men really work.

II

It is from such standpoints that the Authority strikes us here in the Valley as exceptionally interesting. The time was, after the Norris Act first passed the Congress, when the people of the Valley looked upon TVA as our special Federal Santa Claus, coming down our chimney bringing a marvelous profusion of free gifts. That attitude, I am happy to say, is now less in evidence. We are looking at it more realistically.

I make no sweeping claim of this, for there are one or two corners in which there lingers just a little flavor of Kriss Kringle. At the moment TVA is in its constructional phase, as it will doubtless continue to be for five or ten years. Nearly every community that has the river running by it wants a dam, because while it is under construction it means a big payroll to be spent in the town. Only a few of these pleas for building a dam have been met, however, and in no instance except where the dam had been already scheduled by TVA's world-famous experts. So here Santa Claus has been judicious in his gifts.

Seven cities may have claimed to be Homer's birthplace, and easily that number want to be the headquarters for TVA. When first it began to proliferate its staff in Knoxville, rents took a jump

and that city had a vigorous boom. Now quite a number of offices have been removed to Chattanooga, geographically the capital of the Valley, and even the most reluctant private-power partisans in the 'Dynamo of Dixie' are not ignoring the fact that TVA has by far the city's largest payroll.

Nor can I ignore the fact that there are several things about the operations of the Authority that we do not like. We should much prefer to have it a more local enterprise. Most of the common labor is recruited in the area, but its directors have filled the key posts with experts from almost everywhere in the country and the world. We here still have lingering traces of localism and are, therefore, not any too pleased by this incursion of outlanders to fill most of the high-paid jobs. Yet we recognize this as a badge of the national nature of the enterprise; and furthermore, when we get a chance to rub elbows with these men from Iowa, and Massachusetts and Wisconsin, — these coördinators, land planners, erosion experts, and so forth, — we begin grudgingly to admit that they are pretty good fellows, even if some of them talk about a *crick* instead of *creek*. And they are, most of them, sharp lads with plenty of knowledge as well as enthusiasm. So we do not resent this invasion of the experts as much as once we thought we should.

At the beginning some of us resented rather deeply the paternalistic attitude at the top. These outlanders seemed to have come down here to reform an illiterate, godless lot who would not wear shoes; they would teach us that there really was some merit in occasionally employing footgear. No matter how benighted our section may be regarded by an always enlightened North, no matter how much it may be sneered that the Valley contains both Dayton and Scottsboro, its basic population is of good sturdy folk, capable when given opportunity, and quick to resent apparent indignities or slights. Therefore

there was a prompt resentment of these intimations of superiority and twinges of paternalism.

However, it soon developed that this was by no means the general purpose and policy of the Authority; there was exhibited at least an equally vigorous idea on the part of some of its controllers that TVA's purpose in this Valley was not to redeem a backward race by demonstration; that rather it was to afford opportunity to people who, whenever given opportunity, promptly embrace it. This new tone and attitude, an index to TVA's own capacity for self-education, was a happy change. To-day one hears fewer whispers of this zeal for reform, but rather a growing understanding of the merit of the people of the region. And with the change on the part of the Authority has come a companion change of the people's own attitude. TVA is now of us and not of others. Its roots have begun to sink. It is no foreign Santa Claus, but the spirit and the purpose of the Valley.

III

To be sure, the proof of the pudding is the eating thereof, and one of the tragedies of TVA in this Valley is that, by one means or another, the pudding has been kept too small to do more than taste; never has there been enough for a general repast.

Much of this has been the result of the understandable but none the less regrettable legal devices of existing Valley subsidiaries of great nation-wide utility holding companies. One lawsuit has already got to the Supreme Court, the Ashwander case, and in it that high judicial body held decisively that the Federal Government is equipped with the constitutional right to dispose of its surplus power. In another suit, nineteen private utilities sought to enjoin any extension of TVA activities on the ground of some fearful conspiracy. Though the net result of this in the end

remains free from doubt, the law's delays have tied the hands of TVA in so many directions that it cannot function fully until this litigation comes to an end. And then there are suits galore to enjoin this, that, or the other municipality from establishing municipal distribution systems. While too multifarious to be related in detail, they are all of a piece: phases of the effort of the private-utility interests to hold up in court any large-scale realization of this integrated public-power programme, until the delay causes the public to lose heart and run up the white flag.

As yet there are no very significant symbols to indicate that the public is ready to surrender. At the moment, TVA is serving almost two-score small cities. Knoxville, Chattanooga, and Memphis have indicated, at referenda at the polls, their substantial public wish for public power. In each of the first two cases the result has been blocked by litigation. The third city is now getting ready to go ahead.

The municipal elections I have cited seem to demonstrate that the people of this Valley definitely want public power, and are anxious to take any appropriate steps to assist its advent. But this does not mean that they consider the confiscation of existing private-power properties 'dedicated to the public use' (as goes the legal phrase) within the range of appropriate steps, or that they desire the competition within the area of public and private systems. They want TVA, but they want it to come with a fair compensation to the existing properties.

IV

If I read aright the feelings of the general run of folks here in the Valley, it is about like this:—

First, they do not feel that the private power companies can ever do one quarter as much for building the region as can the Federal Government through TVA, and therefore they want TVA to do the

job. But in doing so they would like the TVA to take over the generation and transmission of electric power in the Valley, purchasing the area's existing private utilities' transmitting and generating facilities.

Second, they are anxious for the TVA to acquire, at a fair price, the existing power facilities. This price should represent the real remaining investment value, and not any 'wind and water' of fictitious write-ups. There are tens of millions of dollars of legitimately made private investments in bonds and preferred stocks of Valley operating subsidiaries. Except for rare extremists, the Valley public does not want these values wiped out. They favor no confiscation; indeed, they are willing that the price paid perhaps shall be a little above the real value, in order quickly to unsnarl the tangle and get TVA to work. As Chairman Morgan says, condemnation is not necessarily the most appropriate procedure. Indeed, assuming that both parties to a potential purchase went into the conference room with a real desire to effect a meeting of the minds, there is no valid reason why either an upset price, or at least a mechanism for achieving one, could not be directly agreed upon.

Third, in the event of any 'dog in the manger' refusal by the private-power people to negotiate upon any other than a fantastic basis, the public would, by a vigorous majority, insist that TVA go ahead, erect the necessary public-power transmission lines, and bring its power to competing public systems in the towns and cities of the Valley. In such event,

the wreckage of private investors' securities would be chargeable to a blind Bourbonism on the part of private-power magnates.

Fourth, the actual distribution within cities, towns, and for coöperative rural lines, should be undertaken by the appropriate public agencies in the units. For example, in the City of Chattanooga, the distribution network would be run by the Electric Power Board of Chattanooga, an agency authorized by the public at election and established by legislative charter. This agency has already sought — in vain — to secure any sort of conference with the private-power owners of the present Chattanooga distribution network to consider the latter's purchase. The people of Chattanooga want the Electric Power Board to buy the existing private properties, at a fair price. Still they want public power and TVA. This attitude typifies the feeling of the public in most of the towns and cities of the Valley.

The result of such a programme would be a great system, under which TVA would generate and wholesale power; the cities and towns would buy it at city gates and distribute it within their retail areas, and the Valley would progress amazingly. This is the ideal and logical goal for TVA in the Valley. Incidentally, this is a programme in which the dominant management influences in TVA itself would be happy to coöperate. It is greatly to be hoped that the controlling private-power interests in New York will at some stage be willing to cease their guerrilla war and talk common sense.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE EDUCATED MAN

My father was a man steeped in the aphorisms and parables of his race, with which he spiced even his everyday conversation. Best of all I liked the stories he often resorted to to illustrate truisms. I remember the first time he told the one about the education of Sheikh Yusif's son. I had finished college, and my problem was whether to continue my intellectual pursuits or to launch myself into the practical activities of the world. One evening I sought to discuss the matter with him, but instead of giving me his advice he offered to tell me a story that his father had once told him. It was after dinner and we were having black coffee flavored with the essence of roses. Between long, satisfying sips, this was the story he told: —

Once there was a sheikh, Yusif al-Hamadi, who was determined that some day his only son, Ali, should become a learned man.

When Ali completed his elementary studies under his tutors, the Sheikh called together his advisers and asked them where his son could acquire the best possible education. With one voice, they answered, 'The University of El-Azhar, in Cairo.'

So at El-Azhar, then the most renowned university in the whole world, the son of Sheikh Yusif studied with great energy and soon proved himself a true scholar. After eight years of study, the Ulama of the university pronounced Ali an educated man, and the son wrote that he was returning home.

As a scholar, Ali scorned the vanities of life and departed from Cairo riding a jackass and wearing the coarse raiment of an ascetic. Jogging along with his books behind him and his diploma fastened to his side, Ali lost himself in meditating upon the writings of the poets and philosophers.

When he was only a day's journey from his home, the young scholar entered a village mosque to rest for a while. It was Friday and the place was full of worshippers. A Khatib was preaching on the miraculous deeds of the Prophet.

Now Ali, as a result of his profound study of the teachings of the Prophet, had become

an uncompromising puritan of the Faith. Therefore, when the Khatib told his credulous congregation that Mohammed caused springs to flow in the desert, moved mountains, and flew on his horse to heaven, Ali was outraged.

'Stop!' cried Ali. 'Believe not this false man. All that he has told you are lies, not the true faith. Our teacher, Mohammed, was not a supernatural being, but a man who saw the light, the truth —'

The Khatib interrupted to ask the young man upon what authority he contradicted him. Ali proudly informed him that he was a scholar, a graduate of the great University of El-Azhar. The preacher, with a sneer on his face, turned toward his congregation.

'This man, who calls himself a scholar, is a heretic, an atheist who dares come among you, the Faithful, and throw doubt upon the greatness of our Prophet Mohammed, blessed be his name. Cast him out of the mosque; he contaminates its sanctity.'

The people seized Ali and dragged him to the street, beating and kicking him and tearing his clothes. Outside, his books and diploma were destroyed, and the unconscious Ali was tied to his jackass backward and stoned out of the village.

When word came of the approach of Ali, Sheikh Yusif and the neighboring sheikhs, whom the proud father had invited to join him to receive and honor his scholarly son, rode forth to meet the learned graduate of El-Azhar. But lo, the scholar was dangling from the back of a jackass, his learned head bouncing against its haunches. Bruised, half naked, he was muttering like an idiot.

Not for several days was Ali well enough to tell his father what had befallen him. When he finished, Sheikh Yusif sighed deeply and said, 'Ali, you have come back to me only half educated. You must return to Cairo.' The young man protested that there was nothing more the university could teach him, and Sheikh Yusif agreed. The rest of his education was to be outside of El-Azhar.

Back in Cairo, Ali was to discover a new world. According to his father's instructions, he spent the first six months in the shop of a

merchant, bartering and wrangling in the busiest bazaar of Cairo. Following that, the chief of police took him in hand and introduced him to the life of the city in all its varied aspects. For a time he was a beggar outside one of the great mosques, a disciple of a magician, a waiter in a low café. Ali also came to know the life of a sailor, a wandering trader, and a laborer.

At the end of the fifth year, Ali informed his father that his education was completed and he was again returning home.

This time, the son of Sheikh Yusif left Cairo riding a spirited Arabian, dressed in silks and satins, and attended by a train of servants. His stops during the journey were brief, until he reached the village of the Khatib. It was again Friday and the same Khatib was declaiming the same miracles to the credulous peasants. Ali joined the congregation and listened to the words of the preacher with a rapture equal to that of his neighbors. His 'Ah' and 'Great is our Prophet' were even more fervent than those about him.

When the Khatib concluded his sermon, Ali humbly begged to be heard.

'In spite of my youth,' said Ali, 'I have studied much and traveled wide, seeking the truth and wisdom of our great Prophet, blessed be his name. But never have I heard or read a sermon equal in truth and piety to that of your reverend Khatib. Not only is he a learned man, but a holy one, for his knowledge of the life of the Prophet comes only from the deepest source of faith and piety, a knowledge denied to ordinary men. Fortunate are you in having such a saint. Fortunate am I too, for here ends my search for the holiest man of our age.'

'O holy Khatib, fit companion of Caliphs, I beg of you a boon!'

The bewildered Khatib could only ask the nature of that boon.

'It is written in the Holy Koran that a relic from a saint brings endless blessings to the Faithful. A hair from thy beard, O Saintly One!'

Still perplexed, the Khatib could not, before his whole congregation, deny such a pious request. The young man with bowed head slowly mounted the *mumbar* and, in sight of all the people, with two extended fingers pulled a hair from the outthrust, flowing beard. Ali kissed it with deep reverence, folded it meticulously in a white silk

kerchief, and placed it inside his shirt next to his heart.

A murmur arose from the congregation — their Khatib was a holy man! Even before Ali left the *mumbar*, the stampede toward the preacher had begun. By the time the son of Sheikh Yusif had forced his way through the mad crowd to the street, not a hair was left on the Khatib's face or head, not a shred of clothing on his body, and he lay behind the *mumbar* writhing and gasping like a plucked rooster.

That evening, Ali arrived home and there was great rejoicing in his father's house. His wit and dignity, his profound store of knowledge, his tact and manners, charmed all the guests and swelled the heart of his father with pride.

When at last the guests departed and Ali was alone with his father, he recounted to him his second visit to the village of the Khatib. The old Sheikh nodded his head approvingly and said: —

'Now, my son, I can die in peace. You have tempered book learning with worldly wisdom and returned a truly educated man.'

ECONOMIC CONSEQUENCES OF LOVE

YESTERDAY the engagement of our third daughter was announced, to the surprise of none of the invited guests. The match had been in the making for years; the whole countryside watched it burgeon, and could find no manner of fault with the prospect. Certainly I could not; as an experienced father of daughters I judge the young man to be excellent husband material.

The occasion is one for a little contemplative stocktaking. Our four daughters arrived within seven years. Toward the last we sent up prayers for a son or two, but they were not answered; and so I have remained to this day the only male in the family. If my daughters were to be at ease in a man's world they would have to take their first lessons from me.

I had noticed — as who has n't? — the difficulties which brotherless girls in family clumps frequently have in finding husbands. Everyone knows some sisterhood of old maids clinging together in a decaying mansion. As individuals no doubt they were once charming, and may still be so; but as a family circle they proved too formidable for mere man to

charge and break. The possibility that our four girls might some day inhabit a compact fortress of spinsterhood was appalling.

Well, that worry seems to be over. The two elder girls are married, the third is on the brink, and the fourth recently told me that she had just said 'No' to her seventh proposal.

We could usually tell which way the winds were blowing by studying the monthly statements of the telephone company. If we found a three-dollar charge to a point where the standard rate for three minutes is less than a dollar, the mater and I concluded something serious was under way in that direction. One of our girls apparently was encouraging a young man to talk about himself, expansively and expensively. Since this disposition carried to excess might wreck our budget, we had reason to protest if the prospect pleased us not. But if we could trump up no better objection than thrift we let nature and electricity take their courses.

After getting the returns on some extraordinary flights of long-distance conversation, I began to make calculations on the economic consequences of love. All over this great country, I reflected, young men and women are telephoning to each other at so much a minute. The sun does not set upon these long-winded and long-distance approaches toward destiny. Two young persons in a melting condition somewhat thwarted by intervening space can range all around a delicate but unimportant subject for an indefinite period. From the standpoint of American Tel. and Tel., this is juicy business indeed. I suspect that, while commerce carries the costs and overhead of that notable company, love generates its profits and guarantees 9 per cent dividends.

A comprehensive report on the economic consequences of love would take one well round a wide orbit, and perhaps disclose that tender feeling as the chief source of prosperity. Consider the trade in flowers. In untold thousands of country greenhouses millions of plants are seeded and tended until the time when their blossoms can be sold off to shops whose best customer is the Young Man Palpitant. What else but Love keeps the clothing industry squirming with novelty? One shudders to think what would happen to movie stocks except for the love interest on the screen and in the audience, and to motor and oil stocks if all journeys were practical and prosaic.

The economic consequences of raising four daughters to the point where they become factors in the national welfare after this manner leave their marks upon parents these days, let me tell you. Financially, I shall hardly recover from those long-distance bills and the other expenses incident to providing the nation with marrying daughters. But, considering the uncertainties of the times and the growing weight of inheritance taxes, should one regret the time and money spent in preparing a family of girls for their trials by courtship? To be a multiple grandfather is to have inalienable riches; and to acquire sons by marriage is, for one who never could get them otherwise, quite a good bargain.

THE FOUR ALPINE TREES

THE mountain tops of the Alps present to the clear planetary atmosphere bare granite rocks that saw at the sky with jagged teeth. In the winter these inaccessible heights are paralyzed into a cold that can transform springs into perpetual glaciers and waterfalls into suspended canopies of ice. Only such humble forms of vegetation as lichen, moss, and the creeping willow can possibly prosper in these airy acres of frost and sunshine.

At a lower altitude, however, the principal trees are four in number. On the sides of the rocky gullies falling away towards the valleys the mountain ash is common. When all is snow-covered the scarlet berries of these beautiful rowan trees provide food for the deer, and also for the birds. In the spring, wherever the dark fir forests open out to yellow patches of sunshine, the mountain ash is sure to be seen, shading with its slim delicate leaves happy couching places by noisy torrents. To watch a summer sunrise from one of these wild retreats is an experience not easily to be forgotten. At such an hour every flower and grass blade is bright with dew, and the finest spider thread and lightest insect wing gleam and glitter. Over this ethereal ground the few detached trees edging the forest cast long shadows, sable and exact.

It was surely on such high lawns that Chiron held his Academy, wise in a curriculum that included instruction as to the medicinal properties of the pink flower we call centaury, so tart to the taste, as was remarked by Sir Thomas Browne. To such liberal schoolrooms it was that the centaur

led his troop of heroical children, nursing them to wisdom with hairy equine limbs recumbent and at ease upon the gay soil of the Greek peninsula. In such primitive paddocks the mountain wagtails have their nests, birds which, with feathers green as sorrel leaves, employ their time in dancing with short jerky flights from mossy water-splashed rocks to topmost larch-tree twig: —

They see the centaurs
In the upper glens
Of Pelion, in the streams
Where red-berried ashes fringe
The clear-brown shallow pools.

The trees that people the vast forests covering the sides of the mountains from the white streams of the valleys to the white snow fields higher up are spruce firs. These red firs tower one above the other. In precipitous places the topmost branches of the lower ones touch the exposed and dangling roots of those aloft. Where the declension is less sharp they grow side by side, heroical perpendicular pillars of smooth-barked Christmas trees, hundreds and thousands of them, along the branches of which the chattering squirrels scramble their warm bodies, with tufted ears and curling tails, emitting a strong rodent-like odor. Where the trees are growing close and the sun can but with difficulty penetrate to the lower branches, it is a common thing to see the firs festooned with streamers of gray-green lichen; especially is this the case with the older timber, which often presents to a fanciful eye the appearance of bands of bearded giants standing together in motionless dejection.

In the summer all is different. As soon as ever the melting begins, the forest floor is quick everywhere with the tribes of ants — 'a People not strong,' but whose tiny heads are intent upon constructing with Dædalus craft their summer palaces. These towers of warm dust are placed as a rule at a fir-tree bole. They are built out of fir needles and dry crumbs of earth, their subtle galleries being supported for the most part by brown fir-cone scales that have been everywhere scattered about by the squirrels in their eager search for the light dietary of the conifer's marrow. Then it is that the crows, jays, woodpeckers, missel thrushes, blackbirds, and chaffinches make their nests in boughs that tingle with life to the very tip of each sprouting tender green twig.

Below and above this ordinary mountain timber grow the larch trees (*Larix europæa*), always slender, always aristocratical, offering substance and shelter to the great tits, blue tits, coal tits, and crested tits — trees of grace, etching in the moonlight nights of midwinter a filigree pattern upon the shining snow slopes, each motionless knotted spray in shadow form sharply visible to the eye; while on a summer morning their drooping feathery boughs remain forever responsive to the gentle winds that aimlessly wander across green hills ringing with the sound of cattle bells and running water.

And higher still above the graceful larch, the homely fir, and the lovely ash is to be seen the wildest and the proudest tree of all the forest — the *Pinus cembra*. This remarkable pine of central Europe finds its precarious and solitary stations on the bleakest heights, never far from the irregular margins of the perpetual snow line. When felled by the woodsmen it is often shown that these ancient trees have reared their contorted shapes against the stars for no less than a thousand winters. Season after season blind November blizzards have driven past them, giving them gnarled stooping postures which suggest a rout of refugees in perpetual flight from some unprecedented disaster.

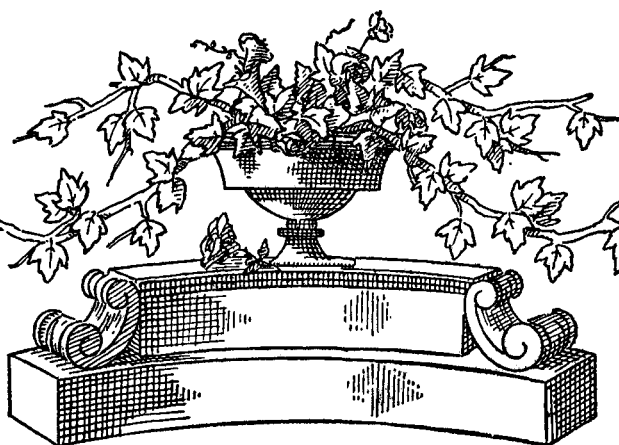
The houses of the peasants are for the most part built of fir and larch logs, the more valuable wood of the pine being reserved for interior paneling, and for the making of household furniture and objects of pastoral economy, as yokes, corn bins, and the huge wooden watertight tubs necessary for holding the winter meat supply, which must be left soured for several weeks in salt, onions, and wine. These stone pines can draw the sap of life out of the very rocks, their roots, often enormous in proportion to the size of the stunted trunk, gripping at precipice boulders with the resolute muscular coil of serpent constrictors. It is in the sheltered elbows of such ground timber that the Alpine foxes have their holes, and the hardy chamois hinds find sheltering places to bring forth their young; and it is also upon the leafless elbow branches of this tragic lumber of the ultimate wilderness that the *Steinadler* return to their familiar stools — stools from which these eagles can scan the horizons before rising in slow wide-winged flights to the colder regions of their empyrean circuits.

LLEWELYN POWYS

THE
ATLANTIC NOVEL
ENCHANTER'S
NIGHTSHADE

BY
ANN BRIDGE

CHAPTERS 16-23



If You Missed the Earlier Chapters . . .

BACK home in England, Almina Prestwich had been considered far from pretty — in fact, by some she was thought to be downright plain. (The vogue of the platinum blonde was unknown in 1905.) But when she arrived in Italy — where she assumed the post of governess to fifteen-year-old Marietta, the only child of the Marchese Francesco di Vill' Alta and his wife, Suzy — the impression she made was a very different one. There her pale looks, coupled with her reticence and propriety, aroused other and quite different sentiments. To the ninety-nine-year-old Marchesa, Marietta's grandmother, and to Fräulein 'Gela' Gelsicher, former governess to Count Carlo di Castellone's children, Giulio and Elena, and since his wife's death general factotum at Odredo, the Count's estate near Vill' Alta — to these two, to be sure, Almina seemed, despite her obvious attainments, thoroughly unsuitable. (The contingent of cousins from Castellone itself — the spinster countesses, Aspasia and Roma, and Countess Livia, the redheaded Roffredo's mother — disapproved of her also, but on principle.)

To the Marchese Francesco, however, she proved a delight by reason of her knowledge of botany, since she was therefore able to provide for his painting those specimens which his nearsightedness prevented him from finding for himself. Marietta adored her; the mischievous Elena liked her, although lamenting her lack of sophistication; while the cousins, Giulio and Roffredo, promptly fell in love with her. But it was Suzy, Marietta's beautiful and alluring mother, whose active enmity 'the little Postiche' — as Count Carlo had immediately nicknamed Miss Prestwich — was unwittingly to incur: for she, tiring of her liaison with Count Carlo, had begun to exert her charms on the fiery young inventor, Roffredo, and her subsequent discovery that the governess, albeit without intention or even consciously, had already engaged his attentions was infuriating.

Almina herself was — owing largely to her rigid and uninformed Victorian upbringing — wholly unprepared for the complications engendered by the latter situation. Of love she knew no more than the innocuous English novels of her day had taught her. But the unhappy plight of the Marchesa Nadia, wife of the philandering Pipo di Vill' Alta, over whose affairs a *consiglio di famiglia* had even been held, was to give her an inkling of how difficult that overpowering emotion could be, and to what lengths of desperation it could drive one. . . .

ENCHANTER'S NIGHTSHADE

BY ANN BRIDGE

XVI

'*Dunque*, she committed suicide! Yes, with his revolver. They found her in her room, in the morning. It seems Zio Pipo telegraphed at once, but you see your father and mother and everyone were at the picnic, so they only heard last night, when they got back. Giacinta would not let a telegram be given to La Vecchia, so in the end Valentino opened it. I believe he sent a telegram to say Zio Francesco was away — so Roma said.'

'But are you *sure*? Mama only said that she had died suddenly,' Marietta said, still incredulous.

'Perfectly sure. Roma told us so only just now, at *colazione*. She said she had heard it all from Zia Suzy,' said Elena. 'But Zio Francesco *has* gone to Bologna, no?'

'Yes, he went this morning. To be with Zio Pipo, and to see about the funeral, and all that, Mama said — she came and told us. But she has to stay with Bonne-Mama, because of the shock. And she said I was to wear *this*,' Marietta said, indicating her white frock and black belt and ribbons, 'till she could see about proper mourning. And that we were to come out for a walk. So we came. I am glad we met you.' She sighed — her small face was far from glad; a puzzled frown drew her delicate brows together. 'It is better to know things, though they never think so.' She sighed again.

'But *why*,' she went on after a moment's pause — 'Elena, why should she

do this, now? That is what I do not understand — I thought it was all settled, after the *consiglio*, and that Zio Pipo was to give up that other, and they were to be happy again.'

The two cousins and Miss Prestwich were sitting under one of the pines on the Odredo ridge, on the dry grass. Almina had been told no more than Marietta, and was greatly shocked by Elena's tidings — at this point, however, she felt that she must intervene.

'I do not think we had better discuss it too much, do you, Elena?' she said gently.

'Oh, nonsense, Postiche! Why not? Marietta is not a baby, though they always think so. She would have been bound to hear it anyhow, quite soon. As to *why* she did it,' Elena went on, 'I don't suppose we shall ever know, unless she left a letter. They do, sometimes. Roma had n't heard of one, though. I suppose she felt that it was all more than she could bear,' she pursued, thoughtfully, 'and that there was no other way out for her. There *are* situations that cannot be supported.'

Almina was struck by Elena's words. She remembered with sudden force her last sight of the Marchesa Nadia — seated in that chair; the ceaseless movement of her fingers over the carved arms, and the sort of despairing immobility of the rest of her figure. She was saddened by the death of that beautiful gracious creature, and pained to think of the misery and hopelessness which

must have brought her to it, little as she could envisage them.

Marietta sat silent for some time. At last — '*Povera Zia Nadia*,' she said, in a tone of indescribable sadness. 'I suppose I shall have to wait to understand. No, don't explain any more, Elena — I don't *want* to know!' she said, with sudden passion. 'Postiche, can't we go home, now?'

'You are very changeable,' Elena said — 'a moment ago you wanted to know.'

'Yes — but not now. Elena, I am not cross — forgive me! But it is too difficult,' the child said, her face working. 'Oh, Postiche, *can't* we go?' She burst into tears.

Fräulein Gelsicher, less than twenty-four hours before, had said to herself that 'whatever happened' she would speak to Miss Prestwich about Count Roffredo on the following day; and La Vecchia Marchesa, two days earlier, had also promised herself to deal faithfully with Suzy on the same subject as soon as the Meden picnic was over. But the Marchesa Nadia's suicide was just one of those happenings, entirely outside human calculation, which prevent the carrying out of intentions except by very determined and remorseless people. As for La Vecchia Marchesa, for the time being the news put everything else out of her head. Of course she had to be told, and Suzy undertook this task, despite her private preoccupations, with her usual courage and insight. '*Bonne-Mama cara*, I have terribly bad news for you, from Bologna,' she had said simply, after she had sat with her for some minutes in her room.

'She has left him after all?' the old lady asked.

'Yes — forever.' She waited to see the effect of this announcement, and remained silent through the old lady's first outburst of irritation. Her silence at last drew La Vecchia's attention. 'Where has she gone?' she asked, rather tremulously, a fresh idea dawning on her.

'She is dead, *cara*,' Suzy said, gently.

The old lady stared, at first incredulous, then with comprehension.

'*Elle s'est suicidée?*' she asked, taking refuge in French from the bleakness of fact.

'Yes — quite quickly. His revolver. She did it well — it must have been over in a second.'

'*Ma!* She had courage, anyhow!' the old woman said. 'But how needless! Was Pipo there?'

'Not that night — he came back next morning, soon after they found her. Francesco has gone to him.'

She spent most of the morning with La Vecchia, listening and discussing — psychology was little known then, but a shrewd instinct told Suzy that the best way to minimize a shock was to let anyone talk it out, on the principle of sucking the poison from the wound. The main burden of La Vecchia's observations was the folly and impatience of young people, who always attached such senseless importance to things that happened, and would never wait to let time bring its own solutions. By lunch time, however, Suzy had the satisfaction of seeing the old lady reasonably tranquil; she ate a good meal, and settled quietly down for her siesta. She had stood it far better than anyone could have hoped.

But Suzy was one of the very determined and remorseless people who carry out their plans regardless of the strokes of fate. Her drive home with Roffredo the previous evening had been a humiliating failure. She had begun by rallying him, with as much tact and gayety as she could summon, on the subject of Miss Prestwich; but the tact and gayety were thin to start with, and wore thinner against his stiff chilly refusal to discuss her at all. They had just avoided an open breach, but she had done no good whatever; she had said far more than she meant, had come near indeed to giving herself away completely — and she reached home entirely lost, at last, in jealous fury. It was her first failure,

and to fail in competition with one's own governess would be galling to any woman at any time — to do so, as Suzy did, just when her heart was stirring into flower at the touch of late passion was a peculiar cruelty. Before Roffredo set her down, at her request, at the little gate at the foot of the steps, she had decided to get rid of Miss Prestwich, and at once.

The news of her sister-in-law's suicide really helped this scheme. She realized, with an added sense of jealous irritation, Marietta's devotion to her governess — to send her away while the child was in the house would mean scenes and difficulties of every sort. Francesco too was sometimes tiresome about demanding inconveniently precise explanations for a course of action, and stubborn in his refusal to do what he did not approve of, as in the recent case — she had never quite followed his reasons there — of bringing pressure to bear on Pipo. But Francesco was now gone, for three or four days at least, and the old Marchesa, at her instance, was keeping her room — she had only to remove Marietta, and all would be easy. And the tragedy offered an ideal excuse for getting Marietta out of the house for a few days.

At the very time when the girls were discussing the news out on the stone-pine ridge, Suzy, at the heavy ormolu *escritoire* in her boudoir, was writing a note to Fräulein Gelsicher, asking her if it would be convenient to have Marietta to stay for a few days, alone. 'This house is no place for her at the moment,' she wrote, 'and I am constantly occupied with the Marchesa. She has stood it marvelously, but she will need great care. But Miss Prestwich had better remain here, I think — there is so much to be done; so many notes, and the flowers, and I have the mourning to see to.'

She paused for a moment, after writing that, with suspended pen — that list of occupations for Miss Prestwich might look unpleasantly like a lie, later, and

Suzy was always careful to cover her tracks. No — for she could let it be understood afterwards that the governess's association with Roffredo had only come to her knowledge *after* she had made all these arrangements. She finished her letter, sealed and directed it with a firm hand, and gave orders for it to be sent to Odredo precisely at five o'clock, when Marietta would have returned for her English tea. And when the old Marchesa had finished her nap, and was fortified by a little glass of Marsala, she went and told her what she proposed. La Vecchia was pleased — it was a good idea to get the child away, and it showed a concern for the little one's well-being which was rather unusual on Suzy's part. She praised her daughter-in-law. 'That was well thought of.'

So it was settled, and Marietta went off the following day immediately after *colazione*. Suzy was in a curious state of nervous tension till she had gone; it was as if she realized obscurely that the real danger, the most profound opposition to her will, lay concealed in that small childish figure. Even when the carriage had rolled out of the great entrance gates, Suzy did not feel really secure — she went up to her room, telling Miss Prestwich to remain in the house, as she would need her presently; and it was only when, three quarters of an hour later, she heard the carriage return and go round to the stables that she felt safe to embark upon her task. It was in the flower pantry that Suzy found Almina when she came down in search of her.

'Will you come up to the schoolroom, Miss Prestwich — I wish to speak to you,' the Marchesa said.

Almina followed her upstairs. When they were in the schoolroom, the Marchesa turned about and faced her.

'Miss Prestwich, I must ask you to leave my service,' she said.

Almina stared at her, stupid with astonishment.

'To leave?' she faltered.

'Yes. You will hardly need to be told why.'

The girl had turned very white — at the last words the color rushed into her face. She struggled with herself a moment, and then said, with a painful effort, 'I should like to be told why, Marchesa.'

Suzy tapped on the floor with her foot — she had determined on an icy self-control, but at this show of firmness her temper began to rise.

'When a governess conducts an intrigue with a young man in her employer's house, and absents herself from her duties in order to enjoy his society, it is usual to dismiss her,' she said, with bitter coldness.

Almina, with the misguided shrewdness of youth, seized on the weak point in this indictment.

'May I know when I have absented myself from my duties to receive Count Roffredo's addresses?' she asked, choosing by instinct that particular and most wounding phrase.

Suzy stepped back, as if she had been struck.

'At the picnic,' she said, speaking with difficulty in her effort to control herself. 'When you should have been in attendance on my daughter, you were in his arms! It was very well thought of, to return separately, and with flowers in your hand — but everyone is not quite a fool! You were seen.'

At that Almina's resistance crumpled. Suzy thought that it was the consciousness of guilt; in fact it was the real hatred in the older woman's tones which broke her down — she had never in her life heard those accents before, and they appalled her. A sudden realization of what this meant rushed over her: severance from Roffredo, though bitter, was the least of it; it was the return home, in disgrace, at the outset of her career; her mother's sorrow. She began to tremble all over; she put out a hand to the table by which she stood, to steady herself. Oh, she *must* do something! With an

effort which left her almost breathless, she forced herself to an attempt at submission, an appeal to the woman whose fault, she deeply felt, was so much greater than hers.

'Marchesa, I have been in the wrong,' she said, struggling to speak steadily. 'I know that I ought to have told you, long ago, that Count Roffredo was paying me attentions. But there were — there were special difficulties,' the poor child said, stumbling over this impossible aspect of the affair. 'And I did once try to end it. But he would not accept that — and then it began again. And apart from my being in this position, there is of course no real reason why he should not — care for me. But I know that I did wrong not to tell you. But except at Meden, that once, I have never let it interfere in any way with my duties to Marietta — never. I have constantly been with her, and tried — oh, even out of lesson hours, I have tried so hard to help her, to make her happy!' She fixed her eyes, now, on the Marchesa's face, in an intense appeal. 'So, if you could perhaps accept my apologies, and —'

Her voice died away, broken against the older woman's stony silence, the cruel blankness in her eyes. Nothing she could have said would have shaken the young Marchesa's angry resolve; but her words about having tried to end the Roffredo affair, and Roffredo's having insisted on reopening it, woke fresh tortures of jealousy in Suzy's heart. Well, she would do it no more!

'I cannot alter my decision,' she said coldly. 'You must leave.'

'When?' Almina asked, with white lips. She had realized that there was nothing to be done, even before the Marchesa spoke.

'At once. The carriage will be here at six to take you to the diligence. There is a train from Gardone to Vienna at eleven.'

Almina looked helplessly round the room, with her litter of possessions — then at the clock on the bookcase. It

was already half-past three. She would barely have time to pack, she thought. Then, as the Marchesa turned towards the door, another thought struck her. Money! She had very little left — not enough to take her to Vienna, far less back to England; she must get this, at least, arranged.

'Marchesa!' she said, rather hoarsely.

'What is it?' Suzy asked, her hand on the door.

'My salary,' the girl said. 'There is a month owing, and I —'

'When a person is dismissed for impropriety, it is not usual to pay any wages,' the Marchesa said, in cold level tones.

'But you cannot! There has been no impropriety — you can't do this!' the girl stammered out. 'I have a right to my month's salary, at least. I must have money to get home with.' She was almost beside herself.

Suzy had of course meant from the outset to pay the girl her wages, and indeed whatever was necessary to get her home — her one desire was to be rid of her. But that unlucky honesty of Almina's about her attempts to end the affair had made her so angry that she lost all sense of reason. 'I have nothing more to say. But remember that young women who have lost their character have no rights.'

Almina stood staring at her, her chest heaving with her difficult breath. 'This — this is wickedness!' she said, almost in a whisper. 'I have n't lost my character. You want to take it away, out of jealousy! Because he loves me, and he does n't love you! I saw you and him, too — after Castel Vecchio! It is worse with you; you are married. I have a right to love him.'

At that, Suzy's full fury, with difficulty held in check till now, blazed out.

'Be silent! This is insolence!' she said. 'You will go, and you will go unpaid. Creeping and stealing out at night, to see him, and, if you could not do that, to spy! You have admitted your relation

with him, and that you concealed it. If you were to speak, who would believe you — the governess who tries to seduce a rich young man? And you boast to me of your success! You are disreputable! Faugh! Go!' She went out of the room, shutting the door with a sharp snap behind her.

Almina remained standing where she was, looking at the painted panels of that slammed door, then began, wearily and mechanically, to collect her things and carry them into her own room; she pulled out her boxes and started to pack. She did it badly — her hands trembled so that she could hardly fold her dresses, and tears which she could not check constantly blurred her sight. But she went on, in a sort of blind haste — it was as if the need to be ready by six had mesmerized her. And such a horror of the young Marchesa now gradually took her that she wanted only to be gone — gone away, beyond all risk of seeing again that frightening face, distorted with fury, of hearing the terrifying hatred in that voice. What to do she had no real idea, but she must *go* — and so she must be quick! She was really near to hysteria before she had finished.

It was only when she was seated in the carriage, driving down the hill, that she began to think seriously what to do next. She counted her money — only forty-five lire. The diligence, with all that luggage, would be five, dinner would be five — where could she go, or stay, with thirty-five lire? She *must* do something. The thought of going to Odredo and appealing to Fräulein Gelsicher for help darted into her mind — but Marietta would be there, and Elena, and Giulio; she could not think how to contrive to get hold of Gela without being seen by some of them; and to face them, with all her luggage, dismissed in disgrace, was more than she could bear. They too might think her wicked and shameful — they might already have been told; and who, as Suzy had said, would believe her word, the governess's, the stranger's,

against that of a relation — married, popular, secure? Ah, there was *one* person who would believe her, and only one: Roffredo! He would believe, because he *knew* — he would help her. He had money, would help her to get home. She would rather not have had to ask him, of course — but in her helplessness and despair he, with his love, stood out as her one savior. She must go to him, somehow.

The carriage pulled up. It was the diligence stop. Fat old Tommaso climbed down, unstrapped the luggage, and set it among the dusty weeds by the side of the road; he did all this extremely slowly, arranging and rearranging it, coiling his straps afterwards with meticulous care. Tommaso had orders he did not like — to put down the young *inglesa* and her luggage at the crossroads at six-thirty, and then to return. The diligence would not come till ten minutes to seven, and a pretty *signorina* like that ought not to be left alone by the roadside, just now at the vintage time in particular, when so many of those rascals of peasants were tipsy. So he dawdled over the luggage, and then turned his horses round very slowly, leading them; and after that he said the flies were a curse of perdition, and spent more time choosing some boughs of acacia, and biting off the thorns, and fixing them under the absurd straw hats which the animals wore on their heads. At last he had to go, but if the diligence were punctual there would be only five more minutes to wait; he wished Almina good luck, flourished his whip, and trotted off.

The diligence was, however, *not* punctual — it was ten minutes late. Almina, seated on her luggage by the roadside, watched for it anxiously. A teamster came by, perched on his loaded wain — he saw her, smacked his lips, and made a vulgar gesture. She turned her head away, and suddenly felt a sharp pain across her neck; the teamster laughed loudly — he had flicked her with his whip. Trembling with shame, anger,

and helplessness, she sat perfectly still — mercifully he drove on. Oh, would the diligence never come?

It did come, at last, rattling and swaying round the bend, and drew up at sight of a passenger. The conductor took up her luggage, and asked '*A Gardone?*' Almina nerved herself to ask her question — could they leave the direct road to Gardone and make a short detour along the Pisignacco road, to set her down at the Villa Gemignana? The driver and conductor looked curiously at her — the young Conte di Castellone's house? 'Yes,' Almina said, nervously aware of their scrutiny. The two men consulted together, while she waited in painful anxiety. Well, it might be possible, but it was off the proper route, do you see, and it would cost extra, with that copious quantity of luggage. How much? Well, it would be seven lire. This was outrageous, — frankly blackmail, — but Almina agreed, sighing with relief. Fifteen minutes later the diligence deposited her and her luggage at the door of Count Roffredo's villa.

XVII

Since the completion of his work on the new invention, and the dispatch of the blueprints to Milan, some days before, Roffredo had been rather at a loose end. The news of the Marchesa Nadia's death had reached him in the course of the previous day; this prevented him from going to Vill' Alta, which in any case he felt small inclination to do at the moment, after his unsatisfactory drive home with the Marchesa Suzy from the Meden picnic. That drive had been more than unsatisfactory — it had been rather unpleasant. Suzy had — well, she had practically shown her hand, and it was not a hand that he was prepared to play. And he had been forced to do something like showing his — a thing Roffredo never cared to do unnecessarily, where women were concerned. But Almina he was anxious to see — for his own sake, and to find out whether there

had been any 'repercussions' on her as a result of the drive. He rather feared it — Holy Virgin, what these women were when they were roused! However, this business of Nadia would presumably keep Suzy quiet for the time being.

But when Antonio came into the room where he was sitting waiting for dinner, idly turning over the pages of an American engineering magazine, and said that a *signorina* was at the door and wished to speak to the Signor Conte, he sprang up with a prophetic pang of suspicion and strode to the door.

One glance at the girl standing there, with her white face, and her luggage on the path beside her, told him the whole tale, or most of it.

'Come in, *cara*,' he said gently — 'come and sit down. Antonio! Bring some brandy and soda — quickly!' He led her in, and set her down in the big armchair; took off her hat, the straw sailor which had so impressed Giulio with its youthfulness the day she arrived at Vill' Alta, and threw it on the divan. He stooped and gave her a quick kiss before the servant returned. 'Don't talk now, little love,' he murmured. 'Wait till you have drunk something — you look half-dead.'

'It is the money — I have no money,' the girl said in a low breathless tone, turning her gray eyes, which looked immense in the dead whiteness of her face, up to his. 'But you will lend me enough to get home with, won't you, Roffredo?'

The servant just then bringing in the tray, he poured out a good stiff brandy and soda, and gave it to Almina. 'Drink that, sweetheart — it will do you good. Yes, of course I will give you money — whatever you need!'

'Now,' he said, when she had taken most of it, 'tell me. Has Suzy turned you out?'

'Yes,' she said.

'Because of me?'

The girl blushed deeply. 'She said so.'

'How did she know?'

'She said we were seen at Meden. She said that I absented myself from my duties to be with you,' the girl said, her lip beginning to tremble. 'And you *know* that is n't true!'

'Don't worry, *cara*,' he said, taking her hand and fondling it. 'Did she say who had seen us?'

'No — but I think it must have been she, from her words.'

'And what is this about money? Has she not paid you?'

'No.'

'But this is monstrous!' the young man said, his indignation rising. 'She should have given you your salary and your fare! What excuse did she give for not paying you?'

'She said,' the girl began — and stopped. 'She said one did not pay people who are dismissed for impropriety,' she whispered, and hid her face in her hands.

'Oh, Holy Virgin and all the Saints! This is too much!' he exploded. 'She, with her amours in all directions, mistress to her own husband's cousin! She must be insane!' He fumed up and down the room. Then he noticed Almina again; the sight of her crushed figure brought him back to the question of her immediate needs. He rang the bell.

'Tell Alba that we shall be two for dinner,' he said, when Antonio came. 'Let her make something extra — an omelette or something.'

When the man had gone he went back to Almina's chair, knelt down beside it, and put his arms round her. 'Dearest little one!' he murmured, kissing her. She turned and clung to him, as she had never done before — that trembling eager clasp told more plainly than any words of her feeling of shipwreck and despair. Angry as he was with Suzy, the practical issues were clear to his mind. Roffredo was extremely practical about any matter while he gave his mind to it — the trouble was that he seldom gave his mind to a thing for any length of time. Now, however, while he stroked

Almina's hair, he thought hard about what she had better do. Really, for her own sake, it would be best if she were to go. She had not quite good enough a case to take on Suzy, especially as he, Roffredo, was her main witness. He was not such a good one! He would get her money for her, though, if he had to go to the Marchese Francesco to do it. But any return to Vill' Alta was impossible, and there would be no hope of her finding a place anywhere else in the province. Suzy would see to that! — had seen to it, really, with this shameful dismissal.

'*Cara*, what do you want to do?' he asked, raising her face so that he could see it.

'Oh, I must go!' she said, letting go of him and sitting bolt upright. 'I *must* go! If only I can get the ticket. Have you enough money? I shall send it you at once when I get home.'

'I have *plenty*,' he soothed her. He pulled out his case and showed her a thick pad of notes, and drew a handful of gold pieces from his pocket. 'But *sentà, cara*, when do you want to go?'

'Oh, to-night! I must go to-night! The express goes at eleven,' she said, again with that sort of wildness of energy which betrayed her shaken nerves.

'Very well — I will drive you in to the train,' he said. 'But there is plenty of time — it's barely eight yet. We will have dinner together quietly, and you shall rest a little, and get up your strength. Come — do you want to wash? See to your hair? Dinner will be ready in a moment.'

They dined, after some delay, and Roffredo, feeling that Almina needed all the support she could get, opened a bottle of champagne, as well as the red wine which stood on the table; he made her drink both, and constantly refilled her glass.

While Antonio was in the room he spoke on indifferent topics. 'I sent off my plans last week to the N.S.A.,' he said, 'the very day you were here.'

'Have you heard from them?' Almina asked.

'Only the acknowledgment. But I may hear any day now. It will be a great thing for me,' he said earnestly, 'if they take this idea. I shall be assured then of a future in the industry — a real stake in it.'

But towards the end of the meal, when Antonio had retired, leaving the dessert and coffee on the table, all the young man's tenderness and concern returned. He stretched a hand across the table and took hers, looking at her suddenly with deeper eyes — perdition, how lovely she was!

'Come into the sitting room, *cara*,' he said abruptly. 'We shall be more comfortable there.' She rose and went into the other room, moving with great dignity, very slowly and carefully; he followed, bringing the glasses and the last of the champagne.

A curious lassitude, which she did not in the least understand, had come over her — her limbs were strangely heavy, as if she had lead, not blood, in her veins; on the other hand her head had an odd lightness about it — she seemed to be somehow remote from her surroundings — even her own words seemed to distill themselves, of their own accord, from her mouth. She had in fact drunk a great deal, and she was in no case to resist it. She had had nothing to eat since *colazione* at twelve-thirty (for she had been far too hurried and distracted to think of tea) and in the interval she had passed through the fiercest emotional upheaval of her whole life. The brandy and soda, administered with the best intentions by Roffredo, had revived her, but it had also gone directly to her head — it left her without appetite, but very thirsty. So she ate very little, and drank a great deal. 'I must be very tired, tireder than I knew,' she thought, finding how hard it was to walk into the sitting room.

But when Roffredo came and took her in his arms, she found that in this prevailing remoteness one part of her being

was still awake. He was being good to her, taking care of her — in this strange revelation of cruelty and despair, which had turned her universe upside down, he stood firm, her one anchor, her single link with the old safe world of affection and kindness. She clung to him, for that. And he loved her. That was of enormous importance, now that the shadow of disgrace had for the first time impinged on her own life, her own person — his love stood, a bulwark, between her and the loss of her self-respect. And she so loved him! So, with even more fervor than in those moments which had startled him before dinner, she turned to him now, returning his kisses with a sort of involuntary and helpless simplicity and ardor.

That innocent abandonment robbed Roffredo of the last remnants of his wits and his self-control. She was too exquisite, like this — too unbelievably marvelous; at once yielded and passionate. 'Come to the divan, *cara*,' he murmured. 'Come!' He led her across the room, and then lifted her bodily and laid her down on the heaped cushions. Prolonging the perfection of her mood, in spite of her protests he gave her yet more champagne, took more himself. But at last he set the glasses down, and returned to her. Lying there, enveloped in his caresses, that strange anæsthesia which had sometimes frightened her before returned. But now it was at once more powerful and less frightening. And she was leaving him — soon, in an hour! She might never see him again. That, almost her last conscious thought, gave poignancy to her love: she could not, in these last moments together, love him enough — her darling, her Roffredo.

XVIII

There was a slat missing in one of the green sun shutters outside the window on the east side of the sitting room at the Villa Gemignana. Through the gap thus formed the early sunlight streamed in,

making an oblong bar of light which reached to the opposite wall. This bright shape struck the wall rather high up when it first entered the room, but as the time passed it crept steadily downwards and sideways, till at last it reached the divan itself. When it touched Almina's face it disturbed her, and she woke up.

She did not at first realize where she was, and looked about her in a sort of dulled confusion, peering through the dim light, while her senses slowly awoke. Surely this was Roffredo's room! But why did she feel so sick? It was more than feeling sick — she felt ill, deathly ill. Then she saw the champagne bottle on the table — the bar of sunlight was touching it now, lighting up the gilt foil on its shoulders. That brought back, instantly, the memory of last night. But what was she doing here still, with the sun shining, in daylight? She was to have caught the train last night! Startled, beginning now to be frightened, she sat bolt upright — and then saw her clothes over a chair.

Nothing in Almina's life or training had prepared her to meet such a moment. A sound outside roused her to the necessity of getting dressed before anyone should come, and, hurriedly, she began to do this. But when she tried to stand giddiness and nausea overtook her, and her shaking and uncertain hands made the process a slow and difficult one. Her mind began to work a little, but slowly, and only on immediate things. She must go, somehow. But where was Roffredo, and how was she to get to the station?

Then the difficulty of putting up her masses of hair without mirror, brush, or comb suddenly absorbed her. Her luggage must be somewhere about, but she dared not try to find anyone to ask for it. She could not bear to see anyone, anyone! Except Roffredo. She found her hairpins in a little jade cup on the table, but her hand was shaking so that she spilt them, and had to pick them up —

stooping made the pain in her head almost unendurable. If only she had some water to wash her face, it might stop this appalling headache! But though she knew her way to Roffredo's room, where she had washed the previous evening, she could not bring herself to venture outside the door. And where *was* Roffredo? And she was still without money, she thought desperately, and it must be getting late — the sun was high and strong.

There was a sound of slippers along the passage. Almina stood and listened, trembling. Then there came a tap at the door, and old Alba pattered in, carrying a tray with coffee and rolls, which she set down on the writing table, saying, '*Buon giorno, signorina,*' very cheerfully. She went and threw open the shutters, letting the sunshine stream broadly into the room, and set a chair before the tray, glancing at Almina with a sort of cheerful inquisitiveness the while.

Almina never moved — she stood, in her little blue coat and skirt, with her badly arranged hair, staring at the old woman. At last: —

'Where is the Signor Conte?' she asked, nervously.

'Gone, *signorina* — gone to Milan! He had a telegram this morning, early, early — they brought it out from Pisignacco. This *compagnia* has taken his invention, Antonio tells me, and it shall be very important, it seems. So he went with Antonio in the car; he was dressed and out of the house in a small quarter of an hour, and just caught the express at Gardone.'

'Did he leave a note for me? A letter?' Almina asked, rather wildly.

'No, *signorina.*'

The girl's face, white already, turned whiter. Her mouth worked. At last — 'Did he leave some money?' she asked, very low.

'*Veda, signorina,* he was in such a hurry,' the old woman said. 'He thought of nothing, *sicuro*, but of the

good news about the invention, and catching the train. The *signorina* knows what the Signor Conte is, when he is excited — everything, everything is forgotten!'

So he had gone, and left her here in his house, like this! — and had not even thought to leave some of all that mass of money he had shown her last night. *Now*, how could she leave? What could she do?

'Let the *signorina* drink her coffee,' Alba said, with practical concern. She poured out a cup, and then took the girl by the arm and led her to the table. Almina took one mouthful, and then pushed back her chair.

'I should like to wash,' she said. 'Where is the luggage?' Alba fetched her dressing case, took her into Roffredo's *cabinet de toilette*, and brought a can of hot water; there the girl washed her face and hands, and put up her hair properly. Then she went back into the sitting room and drank her coffee, cup after cup, till she had drunk it all. That revived her slightly; and, pushing the tray away across the writing table, she put her elbows down on the cleared space, and took her head in her hands. She was aware of the need to think quickly and clearly as to what to do next, but it was extremely hard to concentrate, and moreover every attempt at thought was obscured by an obsessing sense of shame and hopelessness at the idea of what must have happened the night before. The night had made true those accusations of the Marchesa's which she had so bitterly resented for their injustice yesterday.

Her one impulse was to escape from the scene of this double disaster; but Roffredo's cruel carelessness in rushing off without remembering to leave her any money made that impossible. And *now*, she could hardly take his money! That would be like — she pressed her hands desperately to her eyes, as if to shut out the intolerable thought of what that would be like. She *must* get away

from here, out of this house! But where? But how? 'Oh, if only I could see Gela!' she said, just above her breath. She sat down again to consider this possibility. If she walked to Odredo, which was simplicity itself, surely she could get hold of Anna or Annina, without facing Umberto at the front door, and ask her to bring Gela down to her, without risk of seeing Elena or Marietta.

But the thought of Marietta also brought back an overwhelming sense of her own disgrace. As she *now* was, she could not go to Gela, even, for help. If she had found it too difficult yesterday, when it was only the disgrace of being dismissed, how could she do it now, when — when — when she was ruined? 'Oh, if only I *had* gone to her yesterday, and not come here!' the poor little creature sobbed out. 'Oh! Oh!' Why had she not? Why had she not had the courage? Why had she let such small things distract her from it, or even large ones, like the general distress over the Marchesa Nadia, which had somehow made it seem so much more difficult?

At the recollection of the Marchesa Nadia a new idea struck her. She lifted her head, and sat staring in front of her for a long time. She had suddenly remembered what Elena said, when they were sitting on the stone-pine ridge, the three of them, and discussing it — 'There are some situations that cannot be supported.' Oh, it was true! And now she too was in such a one. And the Marchesa Nadia's way out was the only way. Slowly, she stooped down and pulled open the drawer of the writing table. Would he have left it there?

Yes, he had. She took the revolver out, opened the magazine, found the box of cartridges in the drawer, loaded it, and clicked the magazine to. Then she put it on the table beside her and sat looking at it. Her wretchedness had been so absolute that this decision, and the prepared means to carry it out, brought her real relief. There was one thing,

though, that she must do first. Tears blinded her as she opened another drawer and pulled out some paper on which to write to her mother.

That letter to Mrs. Prestwich took her a long time. She was interrupted at every sentence by memories which shook her, by unbidden pictures which sprang out in her mind of her mother's face, of little past kindnesses — and then of her incredulosity at this news, her disappointment, her worry, her bitter sorrow. Now conflict and argument did enter — but mostly under this curious guise of pictures. And she found it impossible to envisage her return, as she now was; she could see her mother's distress at her death, but she could not see any picture of herself living again at home, after what had happened.

It was done at last. She sealed up the envelope, addressed it, found a stamp in her purse, and put it on. She took another sheet of paper and wrote on it in Italian, 'Please put in the post,' and placed it and the letter together on the table in front of her. That was everything. Now it had come. There was nothing else to wait for. She picked up the revolver, and examined the catch and the trigger, still with that same curious calm clarity of mind in which she had, as it were, floated ever since she took her decision. The only thing now was to remember the Marchesa Nadia, and how well and swiftly she had done it — to choose exactly which way, and then to keep her hand perfectly steady, and make no mistake.

There was a sound of voices outside. Alba was speaking to someone — Antonio, or one of the tradespeople, no doubt. Well, she would wait a moment till they had gone — there was no violent hurry. Alba had been shuffling about all the time doing things in Rofredo's room next door, so the girl paid no particular attention to steps in the passage. She sat at the table, the letter and the revolver in front of her, still in that state of almost dreamy calmness,

when without warning the door opened, and the Countesses Aspasia and Roma di Castellone walked into the room.

XIX

The Countess Aspasia had her coffee and rolls brought to her room every morning at ten minutes to nine precisely by Maria, the fat, cheerful, inconsequent personal maid of the two sisters; this hour was dictated by the fact that it was the earliest moment at which the Castellone baker could be induced to deliver the fresh hot rolls which Aspasia regarded as indispensable to her breakfast. On this particular morning Maria was five minutes late, however, and Countess Aspasia, rather irritated, had begun to polish her nails, a task usually carried out after breakfast. When the servant appeared, she upbraided her brusquely, but entirely without heat. Maria apologized — yes, she was late, but the baker had been so long telling her, and then the postman had come! The diligence driver was the baker's wife's cousin, and lodged with them in Castellone, and last night when he came home he told them that he had picked up the little *signorina inglese* from Vill' Alta, with all her luggage, at the crossroads. And she had asked him to take her round by the young Count's villa. Which he had done — yes, and set her down there, baggage and all. At seven in the evening. And at this moment the postman came, so they spoke all three together. The postman had already called at the villa, and had spoken with '*quella vecchia*' — so Maria described the ancient Alba — because of the telegram; and the *vecchia* told him that the young *signorina* was still there, asleep!

'What telegram, fool?' the Countess inquired.

'The telegram from Milano. And the young Conte went off at once to Gardone to catch the express to Venice. He took it. He is gone to Milano. But the *signorina* remains.'

Left alone, the Countess Aspasia took a turn down the room, which, like most Italian rooms, was large and rather bare; at the further end she paused and spoke aloud — one sentence: 'This is some of Suzy's work!' Then, leaving her coffee untasted, she strode into Countess Roma's room.

'Up! Up!' she cried to her sister, who still lay in bed, reading a French novel.

'*Cosa è?*' she asked, rather resentfully, closing her book and slipping an ivory paper knife between the pages.

'I shall tell you as we go — we must start in fifteen minutes for Roffredo's house,' Aspasia said. And regardless of Roma's babbling protests and plaintive demands for enlightenment, she urged and harried her into her clothes and through her toilet, saying constantly, 'Leave that! You can do that later!' about all but the most vital operations. Cross, uncomfortable (because Aspasia in her hurry had laced her stays too tight), 'practically starving,' as she bitterly protested, Roma was at last got into the pony carriage, a low-hung affair, and the sisters drove off, their flowered hats nodding incongruously above their gray heads in the bright morning sunshine, as the little vehicle bumped over the cobbles of the Castellone street. Once en route, Aspasia briefly retold Maria's tale. 'Suzy has been up to some of her tricks, for a certainty,' was her comment. '*Quella piccola* is not the sort to go staying at young men's houses for nothing.'

'But what are we to do?' Roma asked.

'Ma, at least see what the position is,' Aspasia replied, 'and find out what has happened. I heard that Suzy had sent Marietta to Odredo without the little Postiche, and I wondered why. She is deep! There may be plenty to do!' she added significantly. 'Anyhow, at least, we shall *know*.'

Knowing was one of Countess Aspasia's deepest passions, and this hurried drive had been undertaken partly out of the mere desire to be first on the

spot in such a major scandal. But there was more to it than that. No serious amount of love was lost between the poor, forceful, highly intelligent spinster, with her plain face and her awkward figure, and her much richer, beautiful, and successful kinswoman, whom, as half American, she inevitably regarded as something of a parvenue. She felt that Suzy had it in her to 'play anyone a bad turn,' as she expressed it to herself. But she said nothing of this to Roma; Roma was too untrustworthy — she gabbled. To her she merely speculated, very agreeably, on Suzy's possible actions and motives. 'You remember the other day at Meden, when they were late for tea, how she dragged that wretched fool of a Carlo off to look for them! That's pretty — to drag the old *amante* off to help her to find the new one!' She gave a harsh cackling laugh.

But there was no laughter in her face when she walked, twenty minutes later, into Roffredo's sitting room at the Villa Gemignana, followed by Countess Roma. With one sweeping glance she took in the whole scene — the champagne bottle, the tumbled divan, the girl sitting with a white, rather dazed face at the writing table, the stamped letter and the revolver before her. It was such a diagram of tragedy that she really needed to ask no questions at all. With a swift pounce she snatched up the revolver and put it out of reach. Then she turned to Almina.

'Have you had some coffee?' she asked, indicating the tray.

'Some — enough.'

She drew forward a chair and sat down beside Almina.

'Now, tell me what has happened,' she said firmly. 'Why are you here?'

'I had no money — and I thought Count Roffredo might lend me enough to get home with,' Almina answered.

'Tchk!' Countess Aspasia clicked her tongue. 'You were dismissed, then? For what?'

'Because I — because I had received

the attentions of Count Roffredo,' the girl answered.

The Countess Aspasia sniffed. 'And why had you no money? Was no salary owing to you?'

'Only a month.'

'The Marchesa did not pay this?'

'No.'

'And her reason for paying you nothing?'

The girl struggled before she spoke. 'She said it was not customary — in the circumstances.'

'What circumstances? Speak up — I can't hear you. Dismissed for impropriety? *Così!* And was that true?'

'No!' the girl said, bursting into tears. 'It was n't! And she said that I neglected my duties to Marietta to be with him, and that was also untrue. I did not — I would not. I loved her.'

'When *did* you see him, then?'

'Before breakfast — we walked.'

The older woman burst into a loud laugh. '*Dio miol* Venus is not in the ascendant at such an hour! Was that all?'

'Yes. I — I did conceal it,' Almina said. 'Since I was in the position of governess, I should have told the Marchesa. I know it. I thought of it. But at first I was not sure, and by the time I was — I thought I was, I mean, —' her lip quivered, — 'it — it had become very difficult to do that.'

Roma was irrepressible. 'Because you suspected that *she* too was interested in him?' she asked, her round eyes goggling with interest in her fat face.

'I saw them,' the girl said simply.

The sisters exchanged glances which contained whole salvos of comment.

'Where?' Aspasia snapped.

'On a seat in the garden' — the girl turned her head aside, as if in distaste.

'Hm! Well, that did not make it precisely easy for her,' Aspasia observed to Roma. 'But you still went on meeting him, after that?' she asked, turning again to Almina.

'No!' the girl said, almost violently.

'I did not! I would not see him again — I kept away from him. I was angry. But one day I met him, by accident, when I was walking alone, looking for flowers, and he stopped me, and he would know why — why I had changed to him; and at last I told him. And then he said —' she paused for a phrase — 'that — the other — was only civility; that it was necessary; but that it meant nothing. And I—I thought it was true.'

'Without doubt it was true!' Countess Aspasia said, as much to her sister as to the girl. '*Dunque*, after this explanation you continued to go for these early walks? And how did the Marchesa in the end find out?'

'She said we were seen at Meden. I think she saw us herself. Marietta was with Elena and the little Caserta girl, so I went for a walk with — him,' Almina said.

'It is exactly as we thought — she saw you there when she went with Carlo. And then she got rid of Marietta, to have the coast clear — and now this!' Then she started on a fresh tack. 'So you came here to borrow money? And would Roffredo not lend it you?'

'Yes — he said he would,' Almina said, tears gathering again in her eyes. 'He had plenty, he showed it to me; and he said he would drive me in to the express at Gardone at eleven. But we had dinner first, as there was plenty of time.' She stopped.

'Well, and then what happened?' Countess Aspasia pursued, remorselessly.

But Almina had used up practically all the strength and self-control she had left. She struggled with rising sobs, tried to speak clearly, but without much success. 'I don't know — we drank a great deal of wine, and then we came in here — and I really don't remember — don't remember —' The sobs became convulsive, strangled her voice, shook her whole body; she put her head down on the table, holding it with her hands as if to hold in the sounds by force; but they

gained on her, grew louder and louder, till they broke on the screaming note of violent hysteria.

Countess Aspasia dealt with this collapse with perfect competence. She pushed the girl's head down between her knees, sent for water, did whatever was necessary, keeping up meanwhile a steady commentary to her sister. '*Ma*, it is perfectly clear, what has happened last night! And then this telegram came, this morning, and he rushed off, forgetting her, the money, everything! Alba said she asked if he had left any money. That is Roffredo all over! But this is rather too much, to leave her so! And indeed to seduce her! She is not of that type.'

'What is to become of her?' Roma asked.

'I shall take her home with us, to Castellone,' Aspasia pronounced magisterially. 'For a month at least — until we see! We cannot send her back to her mother like this — she is an old friend of the Princess Asquini's! It would make an appalling scandal.'

Roma looked slightly aghast. 'Suzy will not like that at all,' she observed. 'Is it wise, Aspasia?'

'My dear Roma, if you believe that after *this* performance Suzy will sing at all loudly, I think you deceive yourself,' Aspasia said. 'When her own behavior has been such an *inconvenienza*, she can hardly criticize the actions of others. Besides, it is a work of mercy,' she added righteously, as an afterthought.

She presented the same bold front, later in the day, to the Countess Livia, Roffredo's mother. The return to the red wing at Castellone of the pony carriage, with Miss Prestwich as an extra occupant, did not pass unnoticed either in the central portion, occupied by Ernest's wife, or in the farther end, where Countess Livia lived; nor did the subsequent arrival of all Miss Prestwich's luggage in Roffredo's dogcart, driven by Antonio. The baker and the postman had of course not confined their absorbing communica-

tions to Maria, and both the other establishments were seething with excited but uninformed comment by the time the two flowered hats, accompanied by Almina's straw sailor, were seen nodding up the steep approach to the red front door behind the pony. And even while Countess Aspasia, with her usual strong common sense, was getting Almina put straight to bed in a pleasant room at the northeast corner, looking out on to the mountains (nearer here than at Odredo or Vill' Alta), Countess Livia was putting on her widow's bonnet and a flowing crape-trimmed silk mantle to walk the ninety yards along the terrace in front of the long building, from her own front door to that of her cousins by marriage.

Countess Livia had disapproved violently of Miss Prestwich ever since the day when Suzy took her to call at Castellone and had lost no opportunity of saying so ever since. And now, armed with the flying rumors, with her characteristic brand of rather sour piety she endeavored to remonstrate with Countess Aspasia on her incredible action in bringing 'that young person' to Castellone, 'practically under my roof.'

Countess Aspasia was quite unconcerned. 'Yes, I have brought her here,' she said; 'I considered it right to do so. For the present, she remains with me.'

'Remains with you? My dear Aspasia, this is very extraordinary. Do you wish to give your countenance to such behavior? May one ask for how long she remains?'

'She remains for at least a month,' Aspasia replied. 'And if you wish to know, my dear Livia, the sort of behavior I do *not* countenance, it is that of a young man who, when a girl in desperation (as a result of gross injustice and ill-treatment) goes to him to borrow money to return decently to her home, uses her distress as an opportunity, first to make her drunk, and then to seduce her. *That* I do not countenance. Do you?'

Routed on this front, Countess Livia tried a flank attack. 'In any case, I hardly feel that you ought to have her here, among us all. Suzy would not have dismissed her without cause.'

'No, she did not. She had an admirable cause — jealousy of her own governess! Did you know that Suzy constantly visited our dear Roffredo at night? Late — leaving him towards midnight? *Bella cosa, no?* Very creditable to Suzy! As to Roffredo, *there* I say nothing; when a young man flirts with a woman ten years his senior, one knows which to blame! But do not seek to shuffle off *their* misdeeds on to that unfortunate child. I warn you that I shall not lend myself to it!'

This onslaught completely undermined the remaining shreds of the Countess Livia's morale. To cover her retreat, she sighed, and said that it was all most distressing. 'But the important thing is to prevent La Vecchia Marchesa from hearing of it. It would be a serious shock for her — anything might result! Remember, the birthday is in three weeks, now. We should be careful not to let the story get about, *cara Aspasia*.'

Countess Aspasia had already thought of La Vecchia Marchesa. The old lady was one of the very few human beings to whom she accorded her whole-hearted respect and liking.

'*Lo so,*' she said briefly. 'I shall not tell her unless I must. But I do not guarantee that she will not find it out for herself. There is not much that escapes *her*.'

XX

Countess Aspasia was quite right about La Vecchia Marchesa. Very little did escape her, at any time. And though she sometimes conveniently failed to hear what she did not wish to hear, her ears were preternaturally sharp for all those things which others desired to keep from her — it was as if their very wish for secrecy sharpened their voices and carried them direct to her brain. On

the morning after Almina's dismissal, the old lady, against Suzy's wishes, suddenly decided after all to go downstairs that day. But because she had taken this decision rather late, she had her egg-nog in her sitting room, after she was dressed. The door into the little lobby beyond, which more or less shut off her apartments from the rest of the house, was ajar; in this lobby Giacinta and Roberto were getting her rugs and cushions together, in preparation for the transit downstairs, and discussing in lowered voices the absorbing news of Miss Prestwich's flight to the Villa Gemignana and her annexation by the Countesses Aspasia and Roma, which by various channels had reached Vill' Alta a short time before.

'Giacinta!' the old lady called sharply.

The maid hurried in. 'The Marchesa wishes?'

'Shut the door!' the old woman said. When the maid had done so — 'What were you and Roberto tattling about outside?' she demanded imperiously.

Giacinta smoothed her black silk apron and looked blank. 'Nothing of importance, La Marchesa.'

'Where is the Signorina Prestwich?' the old lady asked.

'Non so,' Giacinta replied.

'Giacinta, you might know by now that it is no good lying to me,' her mistress said calmly. 'Why has the *signorina* gone to Castellone with the two Countesses? When did she leave here?'

This evidence of knowledge defeated Giacinta. She saw that further refusal to speak was hopeless, in spite of the Marchesa Suzy's injunctions to keep the departure of the *signorina* from the old Marchesa for the present, so as not to cause her any fresh disturbance so soon after the ill news of the Marchesa Nadia's death.

'Last night, about six,' she said.

'How did she leave?'

'In the carriage.'

'And went where?'

'To the diligence, *credo*.'

'*E poi?* Speak up, woman — what is all this about the Conte Roffredo's villa? You had plenty to say to Roberto about it!'

By such means the old lady prized out of Giacinta all that the servants knew; and when she had heard it all, without comment, she sent for Tommaso. While she awaited him she thought over the maid's story with a certain discomfort. It looked as if Suzy had been most unwise, and her recent conversation with Fräulein Gelsicher gave her a clue to one reason for this lack of wisdom. Aspasia was shrewd — she would not have taken the girl in unless she were satisfied that there was a good deal to be said on her side. There was something behind all this — something which had not come out. Why had the girl gone to the villa and stayed the night? It was not like her — she was a perfectly *rangée* little thing.

Her meditations had carried her so far when Tommaso was announced. The old Marchesa dealt with him shortly. He had taken the *signorina* to the diligence the previous evening? Yes. Not to Gardone? No. By the Marchesa's orders? Yes. He went nowhere else? No. In all good faith, merely to establish one aspect of the servants' story, which she did not yet wholly trust, the old Marchesa then asked, 'You saw her get into the diligence, yourself?'

Tommaso shifted from one fat foot to the other. 'Marchesa, no,' he brought out at length.

'*Ma come?* You did not leave her alone by the road to wait? *Dio mio*, you know your business better than that!' the impatient old woman broke out, in genuine surprise and irritation.

Tommaso's embarrassment was pitiful to see. '*Sì, la Marchesa. È vero, la Marchesa.* But we were rather early, the Marchesa sees — and the young Marchesa had wished the carriage to return in good time. And the Marchesa will understand that the diligence was rather late —' His voice trailed away into

"Don't take Medicine— maybe it's APPENDICITIS"



APPENDICITIS is taking American lives at the rate of one every thirty-one minutes, day and night, week in and week out. Self-treatment often contributes to this loss of valuable human life, for appendicitis may be a relatively simple illness.

Many deaths from appendicitis could be prevented if, whenever an abdominal pain persists, everyone would follow these three simple rules:

1. *Do not take a laxative, solid food, or medicine of any kind.*
2. *Stay quietly in bed.*
3. *Call a doctor.*

Acute inflammation of the appendix is almost always accompanied by a persistent pain and tenderness in the abdomen. Contrary to common belief, the pain rarely begins in the lower right side, although after some hours it usually settles there. It may be accompanied by fever or nausea, or both. Of course, not all intestinal discomfort is caused by appendicitis, but anyone who has a severe, persistent abdominal pain needs the

prompt attention of a competent physician.

In cases of acute appendicitis any kind of laxative is dangerous, because it increases intestinal activity and may induce peritonitis, the dreaded and sometimes fatal complication. Even if the pain suddenly subsides, no one but a doctor can tell whether or not an operation is necessary.

During his diagnosis, the doctor often finds it necessary to make blood counts and to observe the patient's temperature over a period of time. He may say that the attack can be relieved without operating, or he may order an operation immediately.

Delay in calling a doctor is dangerous. When an appendix operation is promptly performed by a skilled surgeon, it is generally successful. Authorities agree that if everyone observed the three simple rules which appear above, many of the sixteen to eighteen thousand deaths from appendicitis which occur in the United States each year could be avoided.



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ENCHANTER'S NIGHTSHADE

a wretched silence. Tommaso knew as well as anyone else the disreputable nature of the instructions he had received; it was unheard of for a coachman to leave a lady waiting by the roadside if, as seldom happened, she were using the diligence at all.

The old Marchesa took it all in. Her mouth drew together in an almost bitter line. '*Va bene* — that will do,' she said quietly. When he had gone she rang her bell.

Giacinta reappeared. '*Comanda la Marchesa?*'

'Inform the young Marchesa that I wish to speak with her.'

Tommaso's evidence of Suzy's venomous folly had made her really angry. But when her daughter-in-law came sweeping in, graceful, finished, beautiful, an expression of concern on her charming face, the old woman felt a pang of real pain for the suffering that could have made her so mistranslate her proper rôle and purpose in life, could have betrayed her into behaving in this crude and cruel way. That it was a betrayal of the *willed* personality she never doubted. But no pain or pity could ever turn La Vecchia Marchesa from a course which she felt to be necessary.

'*Figlia mia*, is it true that you have dismissed Miss Prestwich?' she began, without any preamble.

Suzy blanched a little. Obviously Bonne-Mama had found out somehow.

'Yes, Bonne-Mama, I have. It was necessary,' she said in her charming, caressing voice.

'Why?'

'She was carrying on an intrigue with Roffredo; it was needful to put a stop to it. Livia would have expected this of me — and in any case she could not be a good influence on Marietta, in the circumstances. She admitted that it had been going on for some time, and that she had concealed it from me,' the young Marchesa said smoothly. 'I feel sure you will agree with this, Bonne-Mama.'

'It is possible,' said the old lady dryly.

'Though I myself should have considered Marietta's feelings rather than Livia's. The child loves Miss Prestwich. But one may agree with a course of action without agreeing as to the means of carrying it out. Was it not rather sudden? And if it had to be done so hastily, could not the carriage have taken Miss Prestwich to Gardone, at the proper time?'

'*Vedi*, Bonne-Mama, that is so late for Tommaso! And the horses had already been to Odredo in the afternoon. Besides, in the circumstances I really did not feel called upon to show her quite the attention that would be shown to a guest.'

'Hm. That might still have been preferable to her going to dine at Roffredo's, and spending the night there,' the old lady said.

No word of this had of course reached Suzy's ears; she was the one person to whom nothing would be said on the subject. She drew in a sharp breath, and stood looking down incredulously at her mother-in-law. At last, with an effort, 'Well, that speaks for itself!' she said, very slightly shrugging her shoulders.

'I am not sure *what* it speaks for,' the old woman said. 'It puzzles me — it is very unlike her. Why do you suppose she went there?'

'*Ma*, to see him, of course. Surely it is evident?' the younger woman said, a note of scornful bitterness creeping into her voice at last.

The old woman looked keenly at her. 'Did you part with mutual courtesy, or in anger?'

'To some extent in irritation. She was insolent,' Suzy said, a little color coming into her face at the recollection of that scene. 'Does it matter?' she asked, a little wearily.

They had quarreled, then, face to face! 'You remembered, in your irritation, to pay her her fare,' she said — 'to see that she had plenty of money for the journey?' There was actually a note of anxiety in her voice.



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ENCHANTER'S NIGHTSHADE

Suzy moved to the window and adjusted the fastening of the sun blind. Seated in her chair, the old woman watched her, again feeling that pain — only now the pain was almost physical; unconsciously, she put her hand to her left breast, to what seemed to be the seat of it.

Slowly Suzy turned round, a bitter blank defiance in her face. But when she saw the position of that small frail hand on the little black figure, the consternation in the old woman's eyes, her expression altered. With a swift impulsive movement she went over and stood close to the old Marchesa's chair.

'No, Bonne-Mama, I did not,' she said. 'I —' her face worked for a moment. 'I lost my temper completely, and I — I never went into it properly with her. I regret it very much. I was in fault.'

'My child, you were,' the old Marchesa said very gravely. 'I do not know what evidence you had against Miss Prestwich, but nothing short of *flagrante delitto* could justify such behavior! The girl is of good family, remember, and recommended by personal friends. And to send her away like this, at no notice, and without money — it is insanity!' She paused — she was not aware of fatigue, but somehow she felt the need to wait for a moment before continuing. 'You will have to pay her a quarter's salary, and her fare,' she said then, firmly.

'Si, Bonne-Mama — I recognize that. I will,' Suzy said. She paused for a moment and then said, 'But where is she? Is she still there?'

'No. By some means which I do not understand, it seems that Aspasia heard of it, and went this morning and fetched her. At the moment she is at Castellone.'

Again her daughter-in-law roused her admiration by her self-control. With a light movement of face and shoulders, as if somehow burying her concern, she said quietly, 'Then we had better send the money there.'

La Vecchia Marchesa considered in silence for a moment. 'I think,' she then said, 'that I will ask Aspasia to come and receive it on her behalf. That seems to me the most suitable course. Will you hand me my writing board, my dear?' She did not say, what was very much in her thoughts, that by this means it might be possible to set some sort of limit to the sisters' tongues. But Suzy — it was the one flaw in her self-control during the whole of that difficult scene — made it clear that this contingency was present to her mind also. Handing the blotting board, with paper and envelopes stuck under its dark green morocco corners, to the old lady, she asked, 'Did Roma go also to the villa?'

'I believe so. Now I shall write this. And after all, Suzy, I think that I shall not come down to *colazione*. It is late, and I am a little tired.'

The old Marchesa received Countess Aspasia in her own sitting room. Suzy was not visible. A fat envelope lay on the little table beside the old lady, an earnest of what was to come. But neither was sure quite how much the other knew. Aspasia, for instance, though she had made a guess, was not certain whether Miss Prestwich had been dismissed with the old Marchesa's sanction or without it — nor what line she was likely to take. Accordingly, their opening moves were made with a certain circumspection.

'So Miss Prestwich is with you, Contessa?' the old lady began.

'Yes, Marchesa. She is not very well,' Aspasia replied, blandly.

'Suzy has had occasion to dismiss her,' the old lady said, gravely, 'but in all this confusion about Nadia it was done in some haste, and mistakes were made.' She took up the envelope. 'Here is a quarter's salary in lieu of notice, and the month that was owing, and a full fare back to England, with all expenses. I think that that meets all obligations.' Countess Aspasia took the envelope, and signified assent. 'And now, my dear Contessa,' she went on, 'I do not know if



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you agree with me, but I am inclined to feel, much as I personally like and respect the girl,' — she leaned a little on the word 'respect,' — 'that the sooner she leaves the province, the pleasanter for her, and indeed for everyone.' She spoke with perfect friendliness, but with a certain decision.

'In other circumstances, dear Marchesa, I should be entirely of your opinion,' Countess Aspasia answered; 'but, owing to this unfortunate mistake,' — and she too leaned a little on the word, — 'a state of affairs has arisen which makes me regard it as desirable that Miss Prestwich should remain with us for a certain length of time.' She looked squarely at the old Marchesa, and the old Marchesa looked back at her. Better make sure, the old woman thought; and she said aloud: 'Might I ask what those circumstances are, Contessa? I have great confidence in your judgment, as you know, but at present I am a little in the dark.'

'But certainly, Marchesa. Being without money, except for a few lire, and unable therefore to travel, Miss Prestwich — unwisely perhaps, but she was in a situation of great distress and difficulty — went to Roffredo with the intention of borrowing some. He had declared an attachment for her, and she relied on him — beyond his deserts, as it proves. He did agree to lend her the money, and to drive her to the station, but as she left this house five hours' — again she leaned on the words — 'before the express was due, there was unfortunately a considerable interval of time to wait for it, during which he gave her dinner, and so much wine as to render her practically unconscious, I gather. In any event, she spent the night at the villa with him.' She paused.

'I see,' the old lady said. It was black enough. 'And how did you hear of it?' she asked. There was no doubt more to come.

'My chattering servant told me when she came with my coffee, thanks be

to heaven,' Countess Aspasia said, 'that she was there, and that Roffredo had gone galloping off to Milan on the morning train. It seemed to me distinctly out of the ordinary, to say the least, and I decided to look into it. Mercifully I did not delay! I took Roma, and we drove over at once. We found that unfortunate young woman sitting in Roffredo's room, with his revolver loaded, and a sealed letter to her mother in front of her. That letter saved her life — without it, we could not have been in time.'

The old Marchesa heard her in silence. Only her small wrinkled hand traveled up to her left side — that curious pain again! Suzy's betrayal of her better self had been deep indeed, had almost plunged them in disaster. And that unhappy little creature, with her pretty face, her graceful good manners, and her devotion to Marietta — to have brought her to this!

'That,' Countess Aspasia pursued firmly, 'is why I think it desirable that Miss Prestwich should remain with us for the present. Indeed at the moment she is quite unfit to travel; the shock — *both* shocks,' she said with emphasis, 'have affected her severely. I have had the doctor; he has given her sedatives; he thinks she will do.' She paused, and then said, 'Do you agree that this is the right course to pursue, Marchesa?'

'But certainly!' the old lady said, with energy. 'We have reason to be extremely grateful to you, my dear Aspasia. You have averted a tragedy. *One* tragedy, anyhow,' she amended. 'As to her remaining, you are perfectly right; she cannot go home.' She considered, tapping the fingers of her left hand on her knee, so that the diamonds winked briskly, even in the shaded room. Then she raised her white head and looked straight at the Countess Aspasia, her black eyes full of intelligence, and spoke briskly. 'Contessa, this is an unhappy business,' she said frankly. 'Something must be allowed to Suzy for the distress of Na-

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ENCHANTER'S NIGHTSHADE

dia's death and for the shock of finding this — entanglement — going on in her house. For I gather Miss Prestwich admitted that it had been going on for some time. But it was not well handled — not well handled!' She paused. 'We are all very much in your debt. You have saved us from one disaster. As to the other, we must hope for the best. But — for *her* sake — the less said the better. I feel this strongly!' she said, with great energy.

'Marchesa, I agree,' Aspasia said. She meant it — she was, as always, disarmed by the old Marchesa's courage and frankness. But for all her intelligence and clear sight, she never recognized the ungovernable quality of her own tongue; it never occurred to her that her concurrence now meant exactly nothing, and that in her heart she fully intended to spread this superlative story far and wide.

'As to Roffredo,' the old lady went on, 'I have no patience with him — though he is no worse than all the rest. What did he need to rush off for, like that?'

'This invention! It seems it has been accepted. Roffredo has no stability, in any case,' Aspasia said, dismissing him. She rose.

The old lady rose too. Then another idea occurred to her. 'That letter,' she said. 'What became of it?'

'I have burnt it,' Aspasia said.

'You are perfectly right. Do not let her write to her mother about all this — there is no necessity, for the present,' the old lady said. She held out her hand, and for the first time that afternoon she gave her little, old, detached, wise smile. 'Good-bye, my dear Aspasia. I think we understand each other.'

XXI

On that same Tuesday afternoon, Elena and Marietta, after the siesta, were sitting out by the round marble table under the stone pine at Odredo,

Elena sewing, Marietta faithfully and laboriously ploughing her way through *Pride and Prejudice*, a dictionary by her side. Once or twice Marietta laughed. 'What is it?' Elena asked at length.

'*Questa* Elisabetta! She is so sensible, it comes out as comic,' Marietta said. 'Oh, I wish Postiche were here!' She pushed the book away, and sat looking in front of her.

'You've only been away from her twenty-four hours, and you will soon have her again,' Elena said sensibly.

'You are like Elisabetta!' Marietta replied. 'Oh, there's Gela!'

Fräulein Gelsicher's spare figure was indeed visible, sheltered by a green-lined tussore sunshade, crossing the hot space of gravel between the shade of the tree and the house. Her face was serious and rather drawn. 'Elena, I should like to speak to you,' she said, with unusual gravity in her voice, as she came up to them.

'I will go! I will go! I am sick of sitting still!' Marietta cried, and made towards the house.

'What is the matter?' Elena asked.

'A very — a most distressing thing has happened,' the governess said. 'We have all been too late. I ought to have spoken yesterday, or even the day before; but, with the Marchesa's death, it seemed so difficult' — she spoke as much to herself as to Elena. 'And La Vecchia Marchesa too, it seems, did not —'

'Do stop blaming yourself, Gela, and tell me what has happened,' Elena broke in.

'In the ordinary way it is not a thing I should wish to tell you,' Fräulein Gelsicher went on; 'but with Marietta here I think I must, for I shall need your help.'

'Is it about Suzy?' Elena asked calmly, taking up her sewing again.

'Not exactly. Partly. She has dismissed Miss Prestwich,' Fräulein Gelsicher said.

'How monstrous!' Elena exclaimed. 'What on earth for?'

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'I do not know. I have heard nothing from there. I have only heard through the servants. But it seems that she was sent away last night, and without much money; in any case, she persuaded the diligence driver to take her to Roffredo's house.'

'The *diligence*? Where was the carriage?'

'It appears that the carriage took her only to the diligence stop,' Fräulein Gelsicher said, unhappily.

'That woman! All right, Gela — I will be quiet. Go on.'

'Roffredo certainly meant to take her on to the night train, because Antonio was told to get out the automobile,' Fräulein Gelsicher pursued, 'but naturally he gave her dinner first, and —' She stopped, her face full of wretchedness.

'He kept her there and seduced her, I suppose?' Elena said, in the calm tones of cold fury.

'Elena, Elena, do not speak so loud! Try to control yourself!' the governess said, firmly. 'You will be of no help unless you can behave reasonably.'

'Where is she now, the poor little thing? Is she gone, or does he keep her there still?' the girl asked abruptly.

'They are both gone. He had a telegram from Milan, about his invention, and went off very early; and she, it appears, is gone to Castellone.'

'To Castellone? Why on earth there?'

'The two Countesses drove over and fetched her, soon after ten, in the pony cart. How they came to do so, I can't say,' Fräulein Gelsicher said, in a tone of weary bewilderment. 'But they did — and there she is.'

Elena first stared, then broke into a laugh.

'The Sorellone to the rescue!' she said. 'That is perfect! They *would*! They know everything, always. And Aspidistra would adore such a chance of putting a spoke in Suzy's wheel. I don't blame her!' Her face grew sombre again.

'The important thing — and that you

can help me in — is to keep it from Marietta,' Fräulein Gelsicher said.

'That's impossible! It will resound all over the province, especially since the Sorellone have taken a hand in it.'

Fräulein Gelsicher sighed. 'True. But we must try, at least for the present. She is in mourning, and we can remain very quiet. Consider the effect on her!'

'Zia Suzy might have thought of all that before! Oh, the poor little worm! I can't imagine what she will feel,' Elena said. 'And that wretched harmless little Postiche!'

'Remember, Elena, as to Miss Prestwich, it is all guesswork — about last night; we *know* nothing.'

'Oh no! And we don't know Roffredo! And it is only occasionally that two and two make four!' the girl broke out impatiently.

The governess sighed again. 'I thought that perhaps I would ask Countess Aspasia if she could come over and see me,' she said. 'Then I should learn the facts, and it might be easier.'

'I doubt if you get any facts to make it more bearable for Marietta,' said Elena. 'Still, try.'

'Very well. I will go and write the note,' Fräulein Gelsicher said; and rose, and walked back to the house.

Marietta, restless and listless, had roamed off to the back yard, where she first watched the wine pressing going on for some time. Then she amused herself by feeding a pair of the bullocks with carrots, and stroking their soft creamy noses. She felt slightly puzzled and uncomfortable. Postiche had promised to write *every* day, and she had not written yet. She could easily have sent a note over this morning!

It occurred to her presently that she had not been in the house for over an hour; the post was due, and there might be a letter or a note from Postiche. Her feet winged by the thought, she flew across the yard, up on to the terrace, swung over the balustrade, and ran in by

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the back door. But there was no letter. Marietta turned away and went upstairs, tears of disappointment welling up in her eyes.

To reach her room she had to go through Elena's. The door was open, and she walked in. Annina, Elena's and Fräulein Gelsicher's maid, was in close conference with the laundress, who had brought up some clean linen; they did not hear her light feet on the carpet, and she caught some words — 'Yes, at the villa; and then they took her to Castellone, and —' When the women saw her they started, and broke off in mid-sentence, with an obvious air of confusion.

'Who has gone to Castellone, Annina?' Marietta asked, half idly, half irritated by this air of mystery.

'Oh, no one of importance, Marchesina. I was talking to Marta,' the maid replied, laughing foolishly.

'That I saw,' Marietta said, rather haughtily, and went on into her room. There she went over to the delicate marquetry escritoire and, sitting down, wrote to Miss Prestwich. It was a dull little letter, describing every one of her actions since they parted; none of her vague disquiets, and hardly any of her secret longing got into it — just three sentences at the end: —

I wish you were with me. Nothing is very nice without you. I do not think Mama can really want you so badly as I do!

I embrace you tenderly,

MARIETTA

Next day a number of things happened. The Sorellone duly came over, in response to Fräulein Gelsicher's note, but so late that they had to be asked to remain to lunch. Countess Aspasia was annexed by Fräulein Gelsicher and carried off to a small sitting room downstairs, where the latter heard, for the first time, the full story of Suzy's reckless cruelty and its consequences. She sat with a face of misery, thinking, once or twice, how appallingly right Elena had been in her bald surmises of the day be-

fore. Both her mercifulness and her good sense were forced to approve Countess Aspasia's action; but, like the old Marchesa, she felt that it added to the general difficulty and complications. How, for instance, was she to keep Marietta away from Castellone, if the child once learned that her beloved Postiche was there? And some further news which the Countess brought added to this feeling. After giving a full and dramatic account of the affair, — Aspasia was a born *raconteuse*, — she proceeded: —

'And imagine, Roffredo is now back! Yes, it occurred to him suddenly at Milan—the featherhead!—how he had left her, *plantée*, at his house; and for all that his invention has been accepted, he turned straight round and came tearing home, by the night express. The moment he heard from Alba where the little one was, he got into his automobile and rushed over to Castellone! *Ma si!* That is why we are so late. The pony was at the door, we were about to start, when we heard *quella macchina!* And in he came, quite distraught. He must see her — and here was her money! He *had* left it after all, on the mantelpiece — yes, yes, the notes were under a vase, but of course no one saw them. I told him that he was a little late with this thoughtful kindness! Indeed, I told him a number of things! And then, just as he was leaving, looking like a whipped puppy,' — again she gave a little laugh, — 'who should come in but Livia! I thought we should *never* get off. She too had heard the automobile, and came trailing across. I suggested that they should perhaps repair to *her* house for their conversation! And she took the hint. Livia is furious—I heard her beginning as they went. Our young Roffredo has not had a very pleasant morning!' she concluded, and laughed again.

Meanwhile Elena had been left to entertain Countess Roma. Now Roma had received strict injunctions from her

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ENCHANTER'S NIGHTSHADE

sister not to touch on the *affaire* Prestwich with either of the young girls, and it is just possible (though far from certain) that if Elena had been ignorant of it she might have done as she was told and held her peace. But Elena, naturally, began instantly to ask questions, and well-informed questions at that; and finding that she already knew so much, Roma was delighted with the liberty which this gave her to tell all she knew.

This ill-considered loquacity of Countess Roma's had far-reaching results, as ill-considered speech is apt to have. The petty details of Suzy's cruelty, and the depths to which it had borne the English girl, carried Elena's indignation, already vehement, beyond all bounds of reason, prudence, or justice. Her lively mind at once flew ahead to schemes of vengeance; in the meantime she was so angry that she quite lost sight of her duty to her neighbor, in the persons of Marietta and Fräulein Gelsicher. So that after lunch, when the Sorellone had driven off in their little pony carriage, and Fräulein Gelsicher had retired for her afternoon rest, Elena was in no state to resist the onslaught made on her by Marietta.

The young girl's morning had been rather wretched. There had been no letter, no note from Postiche in reply to her outpouring of the previous afternoon, and a suggestion to Fräulein Gelsicher that she and Elena might walk over to Vill' Alta to see her had been vetoed with a brusqueness which surprised her; moreover the two separate confabulations before lunch, between Countess Aspasia and Gela, and Elena and Countess Roma, had not escaped her observation. Accordingly, as soon as the two girls were alone, she turned firmly on her cousin.

'*Senti*, Elena, I think you must tell me now what the matter is. I know there is something, with all these conversations; besides, if there were not, I should be allowed to go across to Vill' Alta, and

also Postiche' — her voice fell away a little — 'would write to me. So now — what is it? I *must* know.'

This demand put the match to Elena's superfluous store of gunpowder. She had all along believed that it would be impossible to keep the thing from her little cousin, and now that her suspicions were aroused, the game, she considered, was up. And her anger at Roma's tidings obscured any lingering compunction she might have felt. Briefly, baldly, she poured the whole thing out.

Marietta listened to the tale in complete silence, her face once more that of a small Medusa. Her silence continued for some time after Elena had finished: she sat looking, not at her cousin, nor exactly away from her, but over her shoulder, as if what she had heard were set out in the distance beyond Elena's head, and she was reviewing it there. At last, speaking with a great effort, she said, 'You have not told me why Mama dismissed her.'

Again Elena's anger got the better of her judgment.

'*Ma*, because she found out that Roffredo was in love with her. She saw them at Meden. And she wanted him for herself, you see,' Elena explained with airy crudeness. She paused then; the extreme whiteness of her little cousin's face made her, belatedly, regret her words. 'Marietta, I am sorry to say this,' she said more gently. 'But it is true, and you may as well hear it from me, for you would be bound to learn it sooner or later,' she added, with an unwonted movement of self-justification.

Marietta sat staring at Elena's face, as though she had seen a monster issue from her mouth. Then, quite suddenly, she dropped her head between her arms on the marble table, and broke into low but violent sobbing. 'Oh, Miss Prestwich!' she murmured between her sobs. 'Oh, my dear, dear Postiche! That is why you did not write! Oh, *oh!*'

Elena was seriously disturbed by this result of her reckless handiwork. She



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rose, and put her hand on the child's shoulder. 'Marietta, *cara*, do not cry so,' she said, for once uncertain what to say.

After a moment or two the girl raised her head, checking her sobs with a violent effort, and looked at her cousin.

'That was not really Mama,' she said, speaking very fast. 'Not to do that! That is not like her — it is not *her*! Either there is some mistake, or she was under some obsession. That is *not* Mama, Elena.'

'No, *cara*,' Elena said soothingly — though in fact she felt that it had been precisely Suzy. But Marietta's reactions to the whole business had frightened her. 'No,' she said, and stroked her shoulder again.

Suddenly Marietta sat very upright. 'Elena, Giulio must not know! Not *that*,' she said, with immense emphasis.

'Not what?' For once Elena was entirely at a loss.

'Not about — Postiche. And Roffredo. He *must* not! He *must not!*' she said, her voice rising to a high strained note.

'Very well. But why not?'

'Because — he loves her. So much — not like Roffredo! It is with his soul. Elena, promise me that he shall not know this!'

'*Cara*, from me he shall not. 'And I will tell Gela, and she will tell Papa. It ought to be all right — Giulio talks to so few people, and he does not listen,' Elena said consolingly.

'You promise?'

'*Ma sì*, I promise! But how did you know this?' Elena asked, her invincible curiosity even now emerging, with the true Italian detachment, from the misfortunes of others. She was quite unaccustomed not to be first in the field of local love affairs with her sharp guesses.

Marietta did not trouble to answer. Having got Elena's promise, which she knew Elena would keep, she got up, and went slowly indoors, leaving her cousin staring after her.

XXII

Elena was quite right about Giulio's normal inattentiveness to what went on around him. He had been completely oblivious, for instance, of the general atmosphere of mystery and gossip in the household during the previous twenty-four hours. But he did occasionally pay attention to matters which concerned people whom he cared about, and during lunch he had registered, with real pleasure, the fact that Roffredo had been to Milan, had had his cherished invention accepted, and was now returned. It occurred to him that he had not seen Roffredo since the picnic at Meden, and that it would be extraordinarily pleasant to see him again. Accordingly, in the middle of the afternoon, he set off to walk to the villa.

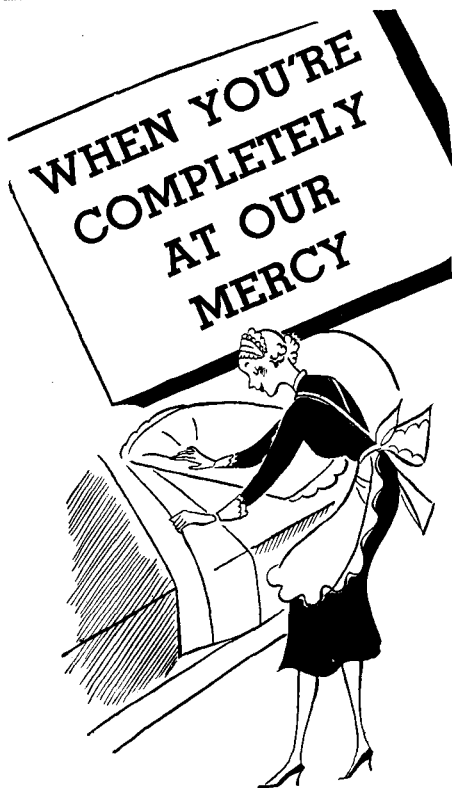
Roffredo's morning had been fully as unpleasant as Countess Aspasia had delightedly deduced — verbally trounced by her, angrily upbraided by his mother; and realizing that this would be the general attitude for some time to come, he had retired, half hurt, half sulky, to the villa. He felt a strong need for sympathy from someone, so he was charmed to see Giulio. He took him into his sitting room, and showed him, on the tracing cloth, the salient features of the new invention. And then he threw himself back in the armchair in which Almina had sat to drink her brandy, and embarked upon his own troubles.

'My mother,' he began, 'is a most difficult woman, *sai*. It is impossible to make her understand the most obvious things; she has her own *parti pris*, always, and she will not even listen to what one has to say.'

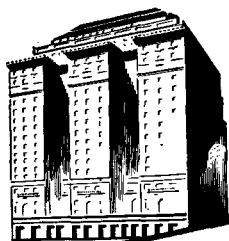
'What will she not listen to this time?' Giulio asked, sympathetically.

'Oh, this business about the little Miss Prestwich. You know that Suzy has dismissed her?'

'What? No, I did not know it. No,' Giulio said in some agitation, which he at once strove to conceal. With every-



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one but Marietta, he was as shy as a girl about his feeling for Almina.

'Yes, she did. A couple of days ago. And without much money. So the poor little thing came here to borrow some.'

'Why did she come to you?' Giulio asked, with nervous abruptness.

'Well, because — *in somma*, we were on very good terms,' Roffredo said, with great naturalness. 'And of course I was delighted to let her have whatever she wanted, and I promised to drive her in to the train, because that miserable Suzy would only let the carriage take her as far as the diligence.'

'She is gone, then? Gone back to England?' Giulio interrupted.

'No — in a way I wish she were! That is the devil of it. As you know, the night express does not leave till eleven, so I had to give her dinner first; and she was so upset at being sacked that to cheer her up I gave her champagne.' Roffredo began to feel rather expansive; this reconstruction of his actions, this establishment of the purity of his intentions to someone who would listen sympathetically, was giving him the peculiar satisfaction that it gives to us all. 'One way and another, we both drank rather a lot,' he pursued, 'only she was so quiet with it that I did not realize how much effect it was taking on her. And when we came in here afterwards, she was so adorable that I lost my head altogether, and we never went to the train at all. — What is it, Giulio?' he asked in slight surprise, for his cousin had risen from where he sat on the divan and was standing in front of him.

'She spent the night here, with you?' Giulio asked, in a voice perfectly quiet, but with a curious vibration in it.

'Yes — here, on the divan. I had not in the least meant to have her, but you see I am very much in love with her, and I think I was probably rather drunk myself. Anyhow — Giulio, *per l'amor di Dio*, what is wrong with you?' he ejaculated, as the young man caught him a swinging blow on the side of the head.

'Stand up!' Giulio said. 'Stand up, stand up!' Roffredo was in any case rising to his feet, too utterly astonished even to be angry. As he got up his cousin came at him again, his face now quite distorted; Roffredo parried the blow, and then caught his wrists and held them firmly — he was by far the more powerful of the two. 'I won't fight with you, Giulio,' he said. 'What *is* all this? What the devil is wrong?'

'Let me go — don't touch me,' Giulio said, his voice rising almost to a scream. 'Take your hands away! Don't touch me! I hate your hands — I hate to see you! Let me go!'

'Giulio, *caro*, how could I know? I am terribly sorry — unspeakably sorry, but do be reasonable,' Roffredo said. He still held his distracted cousin by the wrists, as gently as he could. 'I had no idea of this,' Roffredo went on, endeavoring to say something soothing. 'I thought you never cared for girls.'

'Girls! I do not. She is not as others! But to you she is; just a girl, one more instrument of your foul enjoyment. Oh, how I hate you! *Will* you let me go?' Giulio cried, almost beside himself.

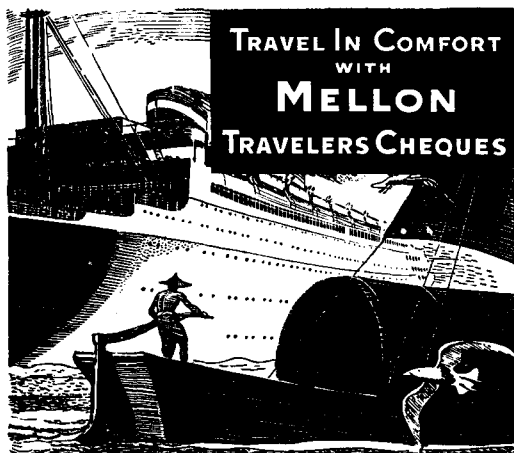
'Yes, if you will go quietly,' Roffredo said. 'Here, you can come out this way.' At the garden door Roffredo turned. 'Giulio, I am *sorry*,' he said simply; 'I wish you could believe it.'

His cousin ignored the appeal. 'Where is — she — now?' he asked, gulping a little over the pronoun.

'At Castellone. They came, the old Sorellone, yesterday morning (hearing — God and they alone know how! — that she was here) and fetched her away. She stays there, for the present.'

There were other things that Giulio could have asked — why Miss Prestwich should be staying at Castellone, why Suzy had dismissed her. But the very sight and presence of Roffredo were so horrible to him that his one wish was to be gone.

Roffredo walked slowly back into his sitting room. Perdition! — that *was* a



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ENCHANTER'S NIGHTSHADE

scene! Who could have guessed such a thing? Giulio in love with her! Poor lad — and now he was gone off like a bear with a sore head. He put up his hand to his own head, and felt the bump rising just in front of the temple, where his cousin had struck him.

Giulio, meanwhile, strode away, walking as fast as his legs would carry him. Anything, anywhere, to get out of sight of that house, the scene of her degradation!

The whole layout of Giulio's character, his type of interior life, made this particular blow fall on him with especial weight. The pain and shock of it would have been great to any sensitive young man for the first time in love; to Giulio they were crushing. He was accustomed to live by his mind, and his mind was quite unable to deal with this thing. Every thought of Almina — her past, her future, her love of Marietta, her help to him, his own work, his love — led back, as it were, to the divan at the villa. And his mind found no means to counteract or allay or banish the torture of that thought; it seemed to run all through him, awakening sensations which filled him with disgust and shame.

His tormented mind drove his hurrying body homewards, but as he approached Odredo his pace slackened. He felt that he could not endure to see anyone, and yet he also felt that he could not bear this misery alone much longer. Climbing the track through the larch plantation from the park towards the house, the thought of Marietta beckoned to him — to her it would be possible to pour out his wretchedness; she had a trick of understanding, little and young as she was. And if he did not speak to someone he felt as if some tangible part of him within would crack or break. As he came up on to the terrace he saw her like a visitation from Heaven, sitting, already changed for dinner and alone, by the marble table under the stone pine, in her high-necked white dress, with her black shoes and stockings

and her heavy black sash. He went over to her.

She looked up and saw him. She realized at once that, somehow, he had heard. She rose very quietly, walked round the table to him, and slid her little thin arm, in its ridiculous puffed sleeve, through his. 'Come and walk, dear Giulio,' she said. 'Come along the ridge.'

They walked for some time in silence. It was Marietta who spoke first. As they approached one of the seats — 'Giulio, I know,' she said.

He stopped and turned to her, then.

'I feel that I *can't* bear it,' he said, with a curious simplicity. 'I do not see how I am going to bear it. I told you — you know what I feel about her. And now she — he —' a sort of spasm contracted his features. 'I loved him, too, you see,' he said irrelevantly.

'Who told you?' Marietta asked.

'He did. I went over to see him, to congratulate him.'

She had loosed his arm when he turned to her, and stood now in front of him, her eyes on his face. 'Darling Giulio, I know,' she said again. 'Oh, I am sorry. It is no use trying to tell you how sorry I am. I too, you know, love her. But I feel — oh, that somehow it is not real, all this; that it has nothing to do with *her*.'

'What do you mean?' he asked.

'A person who is tipped out of a boat and drowned has not committed suicide. It is like that.'

'But they are drowned just the same,' he said, wearily. He moved over to the seat as he spoke, and sat down on it; he felt suddenly very tired.

She followed him, and sat down too.

'Yes, but their soul is not the same,' she pursued. 'In Purgatory, to that degree it stands upright — it was not cowardly — it did not surrender to despair. There is that difference. And in this — she may have loved him, indeed I think she did; but *that*, without being married — she would not have done it.'

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'Why do you think that she loved — him?' he asked — he could not easily speak Roffredo's name.

'I just think it — it was my impression,' the child said; 'I do not *know* it. That she went there that night to him was — Mama's fault,' she said, with a quivering mouth. 'She had no money. That I *can't* really understand! But it seems it was so. And Giulio,' she said earnestly, the tears standing in her eyes, 'of whatever sort Postiche's love may be, remember that she is *good*. You know that. Hold on to that.'

For the moment he seemed to listen to this, and to be quieted by it. 'Come back, now,' she said, rising and tugging gently at his arm — 'come on, Giulio.' He came with her, obediently, but suddenly he broke out again. 'She is good, yes, as you say — but she has been dishonored, deflowered, as if she were of the lowest! Nothing can alter that, nothing, nothing! That is *done*; that is so.' He spoke like a person in a violent passion — his hands were shaking, his mouth worked, his face was very white. Marietta was frightened by his state. She made no further attempt at argument or consolation; murmuring all the time, 'Come, dear Giulio; come; come on,' she led him into the house by one of the garden doors, and upstairs, and into his room. As they reached it, the great gong in the hall below boomed out its deep musical notes, announcing dinner.

'Stay here,' the child said. 'You can have something upstairs. I will find Gela. Stay where you are.' And she flew off in search of Fräulein Gelsicher.

She met her just leaving her room.

'Gela, can you come back to your room for a minute? Yes, I know we shall be late, but I must speak to you,' the child said, pulling imperiously at her arm. After one glance at her face, the governess agreed. In her room she turned to Marietta. Elena, with her customary impulsive frankness, had already made a clean breast of her revelations to Marietta, so Fräulein Gelsicher was

quite prepared for severe distress on the little girl's part, and this sudden application did not surprise her. Marietta's first words did surprise her, however.

'It is Giulio,' she said. 'He has heard. He went over to Roffredo, just to congratulate him, this afternoon, knowing nothing! — and Roffredo told him. And Gela, for him it is *fearful*. He loves her so, you see. He is almost ill with it — he is quite wild. When he told me, I said what I could, but really he hardly hears! So I have taken him to his room and told him to stay there. He cannot come down — he is not fit. I think you should go to him.'

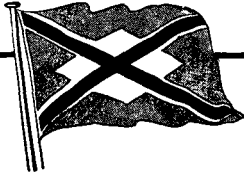
'Yes, I will go,' the governess said. 'And you, my child — you will go down to dinner? This is all very distressing for you, too.'

Marietta turned away. 'Oh yes, I will go. I am all right,' she said, in a rather unsteady voice. Then she turned towards the Swiss again. 'Only, Gela, please do not send me back to Vill' Alta just yet,' she said, speaking now with great intensity. 'I feel I *cannot* go there just now. Mama — this is all through her, this misery for so many! I do not understand it, really' — she put up her two hands to her small, closely brushed dark head and held it. 'Giulio — and Postiche herself! And Gela, Postiche is *good*! I have been with her so much, I know her better than anyone. Roffredo may have flirted with her and made her love him to some extent, but she would never have been immoral. About that I am certain. Mama did not know her as I did. Oh, I *do* not understand it!' she said again. 'But you will let me stay?'

'Yes, you shall certainly stay for the present,' Fräulein Gelsicher assured her. That distracted gesture of the child's hands, coupled with the self-restraint, the pitiful effort at loyalty of her words, gave the governess the measure of her distress and conflict. 'You shall stay — indeed we shall be very glad to have you, my child,' she said, and hurried along the passage to Giulio.

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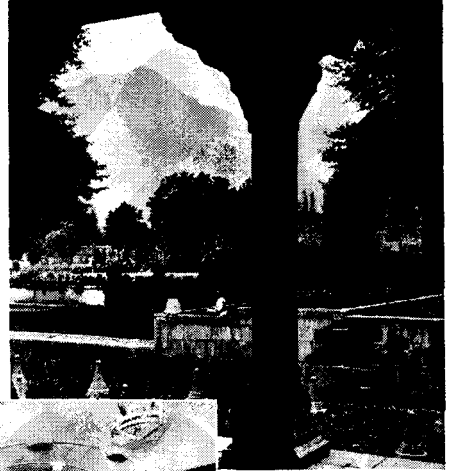
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ENCHANTER'S NIGHTSHADE

XXIII

One might really compare those three houses, Castellone, Odredo, and Vill' Alta, during the days that followed Miss Prestwich's dismissal, to three anthills, flung into a feverish intensity of activity and busy stirring movement, as by the careless poking of a child's stick, by the Marchesa Suzy's action. To Suzy herself all this fuss was really rather a severe shock. To begin with, she felt that it was out of all proportion to the small and simple fact; but it was the attitude to herself which surprised and pained her most.

In the whole course of her pleasant and successful life she had never encountered open disapproval, let alone reprobation — now she did, and she did not like it at all. The Marchese Francesco, on his return from Nadia's funeral, instantly noticed Miss Prestwich's absence, inquired as to the cause, and asked a tiresome number of painfully precise questions about the reasons for her dismissal; he liked the pretty, sensible, botanically-minded little governess, and made it perfectly clear, in the upshot, that he thought the reasons inadequate and the dismissal a mistake. He, like Bonne-Mama, was quite besotted about Marietta, and set what seemed to Suzy an absurd and exaggerated importance on the fact of her devotion to the little English girl. Bonne-Mama herself, though she said very little, had made her disapprobation of the whole thing quite clear; that tiresome old woman Aspasia, by championing the girl's cause and taking her to Castellone for this prolonged stay, was making a fool of her, Suzy, before the entire province — though really it could hardly be regarded as *her* fault if the silly little creature had no more sense than to go and get herself seduced. And then had come the news, yesterday, that Giulio was now ill, or as good as ill, owing to *his* infatuation for Miss Prestwich. It really seemed as if the wretched girl had turned everyone's head!

She was sitting in her boudoir, on the Saturday morning after that disastrous Wednesday of encounters, thinking of all this, when Valentino the butler brought in a note on a salver. She took it with a little tremor of the pulses, a slight change of breath; she knew the writing — it was from Roffredo. When Valentino had gone she opened it, half eagerly, half in fear for what it might contain. Not knowing what view Roffredo took of her part in all these events, what she feared was a curt expression of vexation and reproach on his part.

But her fears were unfounded. The letter was not like that.

CARA SUZY [it began]. How annoying all this is! I am afraid that you must have been having all sorts of *embêtements*, and chiefly through my folly. I admit that I lost my head completely the other night, and behaved like an idiot. I am a good deal ashamed of myself, and I beg you to forgive me. Do you? And to prove it, will you let me see you? Do — I need to so much; and if I saw you I could explain everything. It would not, I think, be very wise for me to come to Vill' Alta just now, nor for you to come here; but will you meet me on Sunday evening in that little ruin by what they call the Holy Well, in the little wood? You know the place I mean — it is close to where the smugglers' path crosses the road. The ruin is not far in — the bushes are rather thick, but perhaps that is all the better! About a quarter to nine. Do not keep your carriage — I will have the dog-cart to drive you home in. And I will have a rug and cushions there, so that you need not spoil your pretty clothes!

Ah, *cara*, I want to see you so badly!

Ti bacio le mani e —!

ROFFREDO

P.S. Do not on any account send an answer — it is far more prudent not to. I shall be there, waiting for you, in any case.

R.

The female heart is a strange thing. Suzy di Vill' Alta, with eighteen years as a reigning beauty behind her, breaker of scores of hearts, known to a whole province as the Enchantress, read this precious epistle with tremulous happiness

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ENCHANTER'S NIGHTSHADE

and quivering soft hope. So perhaps he found that he did care for her, after all, more than he knew; that he could not do without her. Anyhow this meeting would give her another chance to make all come right, to secure his love and fasten him to her; and she was too accustomed to success to feel very doubtful. 'Ah, *caro*,' she murmured — and because his words, his very writing, were so absurdly precious to her, she put the letter to her lips before she hid it away in her *escritoire* between neat bundles of receipts. Her thirsty curiosity about Roffredo moved her later to ask Valentino who had brought the note. He could not say — there was some slight mystery about its arrival. It had not come to the front door; it had apparently been left by some peasant children who came to collect the daily milk allowed to their mother by the Marchesa. When the servant had gone Suzy smiled again — Roffredo was not a very neat intriguer! She sent no answer.

On the same day, when lunch was over, Elena pounced on Fräulein Gelsicher. '*Senta*, Gela, that poor little Marietta is still very mopish. I think we ought to do something to amuse her.'

'We cannot do much, while she is in mourning,' Fräulein Gelsicher replied.

'Not socially — but get her out more. I have thought of something.'

'What is that?'

'Why, you know this flower that Postiche found in the spinney? Zio Francesco has never painted it yet. But I know the place, and I thought we might get him to come over to-morrow, and do it on the spot, and then have a little picnic there. If he comes, you need not bother to; you can be with Giulio. But it would make a little change for her.'

Fräulein Gelsicher thought this an excellent idea. The note was dispatched, the Marchese Francesco sent a delighted acceptance, and on Sunday, after *colazione*, he arrived in the brougham with his paint box, sketch book, camp stool, and all the rest of his plant. The two

girls, with the picnic basket, joined him, and drove off along the Pisignacco road to the spinney; there they unloaded their effects, and sent the carriage back to Odrodo to rest the horses.

Elena, poking and hunting with swift efficiency, soon found a plant of the enchanter's nightshade growing in a spot sufficiently open to permit of the use of the camp stool; there she installed the Marchese Francesco, and in a short time he was completely absorbed, sitting in perfect contentment, now leaning his white head forward to peer through his thick-lensed spectacles at the modest little object, now straightening up again to transfer his observations to the sheet of rough whitish paper. Marietta, who had wisely provided herself with a rug and a cushion, settled down a little way off with *Pride and Prejudice*.

'Why on earth,' she said to her cousin, 'have you brought a mackintosh to-day, Elena? It is so hot and fine.'

'I thought it would do to sit on; it is very old,' Elena replied, airily waving the object, which was in fact antique enough. She did not, however, sit on it — still waving it, she wandered off round the end of the copse, in the direction of the smugglers' path, and disappeared.

The hot half-hours passed. The Marchese painted, Marietta read a little, but spent most of her time lying on her stomach, her chin propped on her hands, gazing at the sunlit insects which moved in a mazy spinning pattern among the bushes, or watching the ants, the long thin-legged spiders, and the small beetles which ran about between the grass stems. She was still very unhappy, and on this particular afternoon she was unusually aware of her unhappiness. Her mother's action was a pain which she hated to contemplate; it had outraged her sense of justice, and forced her, for the first time, to make a moral judgment on the Marchesa — and this judgment inevitably roused strong feelings of resentment and indignation on Miss Prestwich's behalf. The child's loyal spirit

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ENCHANTER'S NIGHTSHADE

suffered from this. About Miss Prestwich, too, her feelings were all pain and uncertainty. She missed her terribly, and longed to see her, to express her love and sorrow, and comfort her; but a fine instinct, born of her traditions, told her that for the moment this somehow would not do, for either of them; it would cause more pain than it would give relief. But her mind worked distressfully at the subject of Almina's disaster. She realized that most of the people about her, while laying the blame for what had happened primarily on her mother and Roffredo, nevertheless tacitly assumed that by that night at the villa Miss Prestwich had been, in some very outstanding way, depreciated — that both her virtue and her social value were greatly diminished by it.

Giulio's attitude in particular distressed her. He was still very unwell — overwrought, sleepless, and acutely miserable. This in itself would have troubled her, but she felt very definitely that it was caused, and aggravated, by his morbid physical horror at what had taken place. All that business about being dishonored and deflowered she simply could not see the sense of. It was the spirit that counted, and if the spirit was upright and unconsenting, the body's misfortunes seemed almost irrelevant. Anyhow they could not have the crude importance which Giulio attached to them. Until he stopped feeling like that, he would go on being ill. And she could not see how to stop him.

She lay on the rug all afternoon, thinking round and round the whole thing, chewing a blade of grass now and then, waving her legs when a horsefly settled on her calf, and coming back, always, to the despairing thought that, under whatever obsession, her mother, her own mother, had been both wrong and cruel.

She was interrupted by the Marchese Francesco. Having finished his painting of the enchanter's nightshade, he came over to her; he was thirsty, he said, and what about their picnic? Marietta, glad

of any distraction, sprang up, and asked where Elena was. The Marchese had not seen Elena. Marietta called — called again and again — there was no answer. 'Where can she have got to?' the child said, in surprise. 'Well, never mind, Papa — let us at least eat and drink'; and she unpacked the picnic basket, and set out the padded wicker teapots of coffee and milk, and all the rest of the simple meal. At this point Elena appeared. She looked hot and rather disheveled; her hands were stained with earth and there were earthy marks round the bottom of her white dress. 'Oh, I am thirsty!' she exclaimed, plumping herself down on the rug. 'Zio Francesco, am I late?'

'Very late,' Marietta replied for him. 'What on earth have you been doing?'

'Excavating!' Elena replied promptly. She had, she explained, been making an examination of the little ruin in the wood.

'I wonder you did not hear me call, then,' Marietta said. 'I shrieked and shrieked.'

Elena supposed, pouring out coffee and drinking it, that she had been too busy to notice. She spoke again of her thirst, and said how hot it was. She was right — although clouds were now coming up and obscuring the sun, under the overcast sky the air was closer and more oppressive than earlier in the day. 'It might thunder,' she said.

The brougham drove up, and they bundled in their effects and took their places. Just as they were starting — 'Your mackintosh! You have forgotten your mackintosh!' Marietta exclaimed, looking round.

Elena looked vaguely about. 'It must be somewhere,' she said, and they drove off. But when the two girls were put out at Odredo there was in fact no sign of it. Elena was quite undisturbed. 'I must have left it in the wood,' she said. 'It does n't matter — I can fetch it another day. It was so old and dirty, the rain will do it good.' And she laughed.

(To be concluded)

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'A MINISTER'S MAIL' BY JOSEPH FORT NEWTON

The Atlantic Panel Outline for November

by Alice H. Pawsey

Hundreds of Clubs throughout the country are using the Atlantic Panel Plan. Here are the discussion Outlines supplied these Clubs for November, based on Mr. Newton's article (page 603) in this issue. Why not enjoy an Atlantic Panel meeting in your own group? For further information address The Atlantic Club Department, 8 Arlington Street, Boston.

Panel Chairman's Introduction

George Bernard Shaw has unkindly said that love is 'a gross exaggeration of the difference between one person and all the rest.'

In or out of love, perhaps there really is less difference between any of us and the rest than we are pleased to suppose. Or so it must seem to a minister who conducts a newspaper feature which is more or less of an invitation to its readers to talk back.

For almost five years Joseph Fort Newton has conducted such a column. And to him, in response, have come thousands of letters — such letters as he realizes, from his present vantage point, would have made his ministry an infinitely closer and more compassionate kind of service if he could have read them years ago.

Endlessly varied as are the circumstances and experiences of the writers of these letters,

they are, after all, only variations of a few very elemental themes.

The bewilderments and illnesses of the spirit that take years from our lives, and life from our years, are rooted in the commonness of our inner experience, no matter how far apart some of us may seem from each other in all those things which happen to us from the outside, and in our worldly equipment to meet them.

We fear, we suffer, we strive, we love, we wonder, we mourn. We know the terror of those lying shapes and shadows that creep upon us in the night — and the mercy of the morning.

The most fortunate of us can only be as happy as our inner defenses are strong.

Are we doing all we can to build them up and sustain them? Let us see.

Discussion Outline for Individual Panel Speakers

1. Do you think that any external worldly circumstance causes as much suffering as the four great maladies mentioned by the author. Fear, Anxiety, Loneliness, and Unkindness?

2. Is it your feeling that most of us suffer more from these disorders than we should? Or than is necessary? Do enough of us seek and find in our religion a source of vital spiritual energy for our daily lives? Or do we make it too much a matter of detached theology, unrelated to the urgent realities of living?

3. What are you most afraid of: (a) Something specific that you know or believe is actually going to happen some day? (b) The uncertainty and suspense of looking ahead and having no possible idea of what *might* hap-

pen? (c) Your inability to meet and cope with some condition which the shadowy future may hold?

4. Have you ever had the experience of living for a long time in terror of some possible or inevitable happening, and of finding yourself, when the dreaded hour came and the blow actually fell, incredibly feeling only a peaceful release amounting almost to exaltation? How would you explain this phenomenon? If you have had such an experience, have you been able to avail yourself of its lesson in meeting some later test?

5. Do you think that in every normal life, at some period, there is one staggering blow or loss which represents a certain limit of suffer-

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ATLANTIC PANEL OUTLINE

ing? Or do you believe that we can actually suffer as much, or more, a second time — not seeming to, perhaps, even to ourselves, simply because life has by this time inured us to suffering, and we now know the measure of our own strength?

6. Do you think we remind ourselves often enough that every anxiety, depression, doubt, or loneliness that besets our own spirit is known to each and every one of those around us? If we *could* make ourselves hold fast to this knowledge, should n't we have gone far toward banishing much of the disappointment, impatience, and resentment we feel, too easily and too often, even in contacts with those we love the best?

7. Do you think the fact that so many troubled souls leap at an opportunity of unburdening themselves to a stranger indicates a weakness in the family and social structure that we should seek to remedy? Or is it inevitable — desirable, even — that there should be these reticences and reserves in our close relationships, even at the cost of a better understanding?

8. Have you ever, on a vacation or journey, struck up a friendship so spontaneous, so unguardedly natural in its free exchange of ideas and experience, that it made you wonder, with a wistful pang, why our more permanent companionships could not have this same precious and delightful quality? Do you believe they really might have if we could hold always to the thought that life, too, is a journey, and our time together, at best, so very fleeting before our roads must part?

9. Do you think most of us get as much happiness out of life as we could, and should? Has the average person a fully developed *capacity* for happiness? Do you believe it is true that the happier you have it in you to be, the more you are fated to suffer? Would you rather dwell comfortably on a more temperate middle ground than scale the heights at the cost of plumbing the depths?

10. Do you believe we really can 'unlearn' our fears? Have you ever gone through a ghastly time of discouragement and the complete despair of not being able to tackle things, only to wake up one morning and find the cloud suddenly and unaccountably lifted, and courage again in your heart: no outward condition changed — just you? Does this indicate a certain periodic ebbing of our energies, and should we gain strength for enduring these doldrums by taking them philosophically, and not make a bad matter worse by condemning ourselves for what indeed we cannot for the moment help?

11. Many people have endured serious troubles and known very real privations in the last few years. Do you think these people have become chronic worriers to as great an extent as some others who have watched these things going on around them and been stricken with terror that they might some day happen to themselves? Is the fear even more destructive, and harder to recover from, than the calamity itself?

12. As a single rule for making the world a happier place, can you suggest anything better than Barrie's brief and simple one, to be 'kinder than is necessary'?

In closing, perhaps one of the Panel Speakers would like to read this little poem: —

Little and lonely under the evening star —
These are the children of men that are wandering by,
Each with his packet of dreams and sandals of pain,
Scarred by revolt and white with the dust of despair:
Gypsies of thorn-marked brows and blood-clotted hair,
All of them fated to dream what is ever vain,
Born unto song and sorrow, and marked to die,
Little as buttercups under the heel of June,
Little as wind-cries under the edge of the moon.
See — through the dusk of an hour they are wandering by,
These with the souls as vast as a God's dreams are —
Little and lonely under the evening star!

— GEORGE BRANDON SAUL, in *The Third Book of Modern Verse**

* Edited by Jessie B. Rittenhouse (Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston)

responsibility

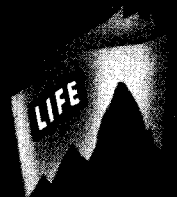
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►► The announcement for the Atlantic's new year will be found directly following the Contributors' Column

The CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

WE all know that **Stephen Vincent Benét** (p. 681) is a poet and storyteller par excellence. But we may not all know how fond he is of Clio. In her company he delights in exploring our American past, and from her he has heard tales of our heroes which certainly do stir the imagination. Was Mr. Benét thinking of Clio when he wrote: —

You see, my great-aunt, she was n't very respectful to the kind of history that does get into the books. What she liked was the queer corners of it and the tales that get handed down in families. Take Paul Revere, for instance — all most folks think about, with him, is his riding a horse. But when she talked about Paul Revere — why, you could just see him in his shop, brewing the American Revolution in a silver teapot and waiting for it to settle. Oh yes, he was a silversmith by trade — but she claimed he was something more. She claimed there was a kind of magic in that quick, skillful hand of his — and that he was one of the kind of folks that can see just a little farther into a millstone than most. But it was when she got to Lige Butterwick that she really turned herself loose.



STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

Well, anyone who has heard that much of Paul Revere will certainly want to hear more.

Mr. Benét's most famous poem is *John Brown's Body*, in recognition of which he received the Pulitzer Prize for Poetry in 1928. His most famous story (that is, until he wrote about Paul Revere for the *Atlantic*) is 'The Devil and Daniel Webster.' But those who want more should read his latest collection of verse, *Burning City*, and his new book of stories, *Thirteen O'Clock*.

It is one of the tragedies of education that so many undergraduates can pass through school and college in the coma of Sleeping Beauty. To-day **Logan Pearsall Smith** (p. 691) is acknowledged to be one of the most skillful prose writers here or in England. Fifty years ago he was a student at Harvard, and his recollection of his younger and collegiate self will evoke the sympathy of the twentieth-century parent.

'I perceive,' he wrote, 'that I got almost nothing of intellectual value from Harvard University. It was my fault, no doubt; if I had been a real stu-

dent, I should have found genuine instruction. But, for all my assumption of superiority, the crudeness of my mind at the age of twenty awakes amazement in me.'

There are, it seems, compensations for a late awakening — if only the call comes clear enough!

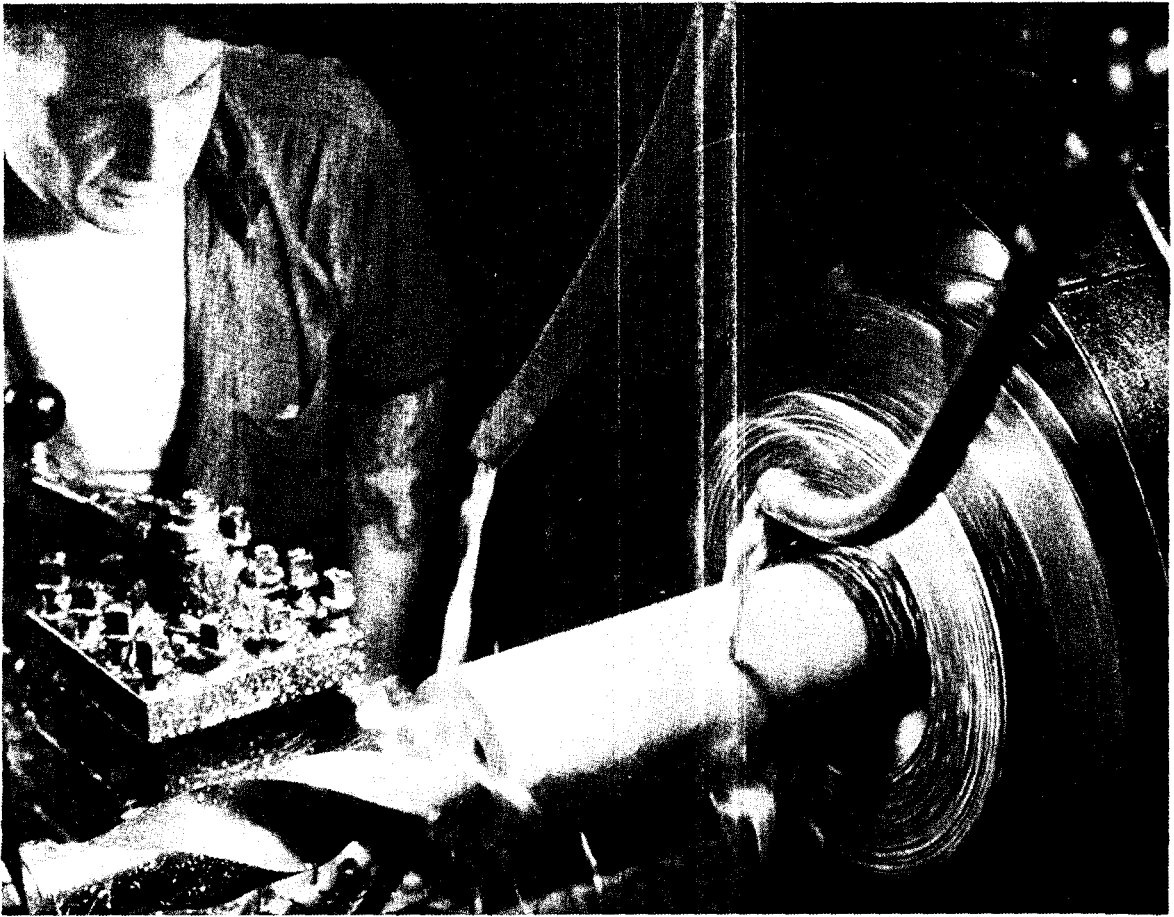
'What if the Christmas story had never been told? Try for a moment,' writes **Winifred Kirkland** (p. 697), 'to erase from human history, from art, from our own childhood memories and our own adult associations, all references to Christmas. For a moment look steadfastly at life on this planet with Christmas altogether blotted out from the past, the present, and the future.' Such a chilly obliteration is all but impossible, but to attempt it is to realize the meaning of Christmas. Miss Kirkland is an Episcopalian who studied at Bryn Mawr and who taught English before winning her independence with her pen. She is well known for her religious books, particularly *The Road to Faith* (Harpers), *The Great Conjecture: Who Is This Jesus?* (Holt), *Portrait of a Carpenter* and *As Far As I Can See* (Scribners).

Although **Owen Wister** (p. 704) was too young to contribute to the *Atlantic* during the reign of William Dean Howells (Mr. Wister's first contribution was printed in February 1882), he came to know the Third Editor well in later life and to love him for his friendliness and his books. His essay in tribute to Mr. Howells was delivered before the American Academy of Arts and Letters on the occasion of Mr. Howells's one-hundredth anniversary.



WINIFRED KIRKLAND

In November 1933, **F. A. Silcox** (p. 714) was appointed Chief of the United States Forest Service. He is the representative of the Secretary of Agriculture on the Council of the Civilian Conservation Corps. Born in Columbus, Georgia, he graduated from the College of Charleston and went on to Yale to become a Master of Forestry. In 1905 he was sent to the Leadville National Forest, Colorado, in which state he served as Forest Ranger and Forest Supervisor. Three years later,



What Makes the Wheels Go Round?

WHEELS that grind flour for our bread, saw lumber for our houses, pe steel for our automobiles; that ive cloth for our coats and dresses, ke our paper, print our newspapers. eels on which we depend for the ryday necessities and comforts of life. at makes these wheels go round?

lay the answer is electricity. Elec- tivity has speeded up the operations of industry, has enabled it to produce— millions instead of hundreds—the

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GENERAL  **ELECTRIC**

The COLUMN

when Federal forest regional offices were established, Mr. Silcox became Associate Regional Forester, at the new headquarters of the Northern Rocky Mountain Region, Missoula, Montana, an area of twenty-six million acres in Idaho, Montana, and Wyoming. He served as Regional Forester from 1910 to 1917. In the spring of 1917, a very difficult forest-fire season occurred in Idaho and Montana. The Forest Service needed fire fighters, thousands of them; most of the available workers belonged to the I.W.W., and they were on strike. To Mr. Silcox goes the credit of enlisting the I.W.W. to fight the fires. He approached them in a cooperative spirit, and the local labor problem was solved through 'the application of common sense and human decency.'

Novelist, poet, and critic, **John Cournos** (p. 723) was born in Kiev, Russia, on March 6, 1881. He lived in a Russian village until his tenth year; then with his family he migrated to Philadelphia, where English became an open book. His American adoption was complete by his thirty-first year, when, as he says, he 'began the profession of author in dead earnest.' His Epistle, whose sincerity no one can question, is to be published in book form by the Oxford University Press under the title of *Hear, O Israel!*

That the dollar is coming down and that prices are going up we every one of us know who used to eat steak and who now buy cod. To trace our domestic complaints to the larger problems of national finance calls for an expert. Edwin Walter Kemmerer (p. 729) is an international authority on matters of currency. He was Chief of the Division of Currency in the Philippine Islands from 1904 to 1906; financial adviser to the Government of Mexico in 1917 and to the Government of Guatemala in 1919. He was United States Trade Commissioner in South America in 1922 and chairman of the American Commission of Financial Advisers in Chile in 1925, in Poland in 1926, and in Ecuador and Bolivia in 1927. In 1928 he became Walker Professor of International Finance at Princeton University.

A Manhattan poet, **Babette Deutsch** (p. 740) took her B.A. at Barnard College in 1917. Her verse will be seen to good advantage in her two volumes, *Banners* (1919) and *Honey Out of the Rock* (1925). Her long poem, *Thoughts at the Year's End*, won the *Nation's* poetry prize in 1926.

To our way of thinking, **Edmund Wilson** (p. 741) is the foremost literary critic in America. And in support of our statement we recommend the reading of his illuminating volume, *Axel's Castle*. The power of illumination, the ability to interpret the present without losing sight of the past, the sensitive perception of an author's inner meaning — these faculties are, we believe, skillfully displayed in Mr. Wilson's *Atlantic* essay, 'Marxism and Literature.'

From his headquarters at the capital, **J. Frederick Essary** (p. 751), Washington correspondent of the *Baltimore Sun*, has studied the political horizon in order to satisfy that nation-wide query, 'Will there be a third term?'

Prior to 1914, diplomats and officials the world over lived in the confident belief that 'a soft answer turneth away wrath.' But since Versailles, as 'Diplomacy' (p. 759) has pointed out, prime ministers and ambassadors have become so proficient in the art of making insults as to lead one to conclude that the more insults the merrier. Perhaps Russia is to be thanked for having taught us that loud speaking is a safety valve.

An advocate of fair play and proper identification in the world of merchandise, **Margaret Dana** (p. 762) is now preparing a series of articles to be known as the Consumers' Forum in the *Atlantic*. The response to her foregoing articles, 'Fear the Facts and Fool the Women' (April), 'Open Your Purse and Shut Your Eyes' (October), and 'What Do You Know about Furs?' (November) has been nation-wide. The editor takes pleasure in quoting a typical letter: —

Palo Alto, California

My dear Margaret Dana: —

Read with interest your article in October *Atlantic*. I have difficulty in buying nurses' uniforms which will not shrink. Have sometimes changed length of skirt three times after as many washings. Thank you for explaining what Sanforizing means. I am willing to pay extra for that guarantee. Am sending East at once for uniforms as advertised. I believe women are trying to buy intelligently; at least they notice articles marked with 'Bureau Standards' — though often they do not know if the label really stands for anything. I have bought blankets, mattresses, bath towels, and so forth, from mail-order houses because their catalogues do tell what to expect in wear, warmth, and washing qualities for money spent.

I do hope many women write you. You have given us something definite to work on. I am going to look up your April article. Keep up the good work. We are with you.

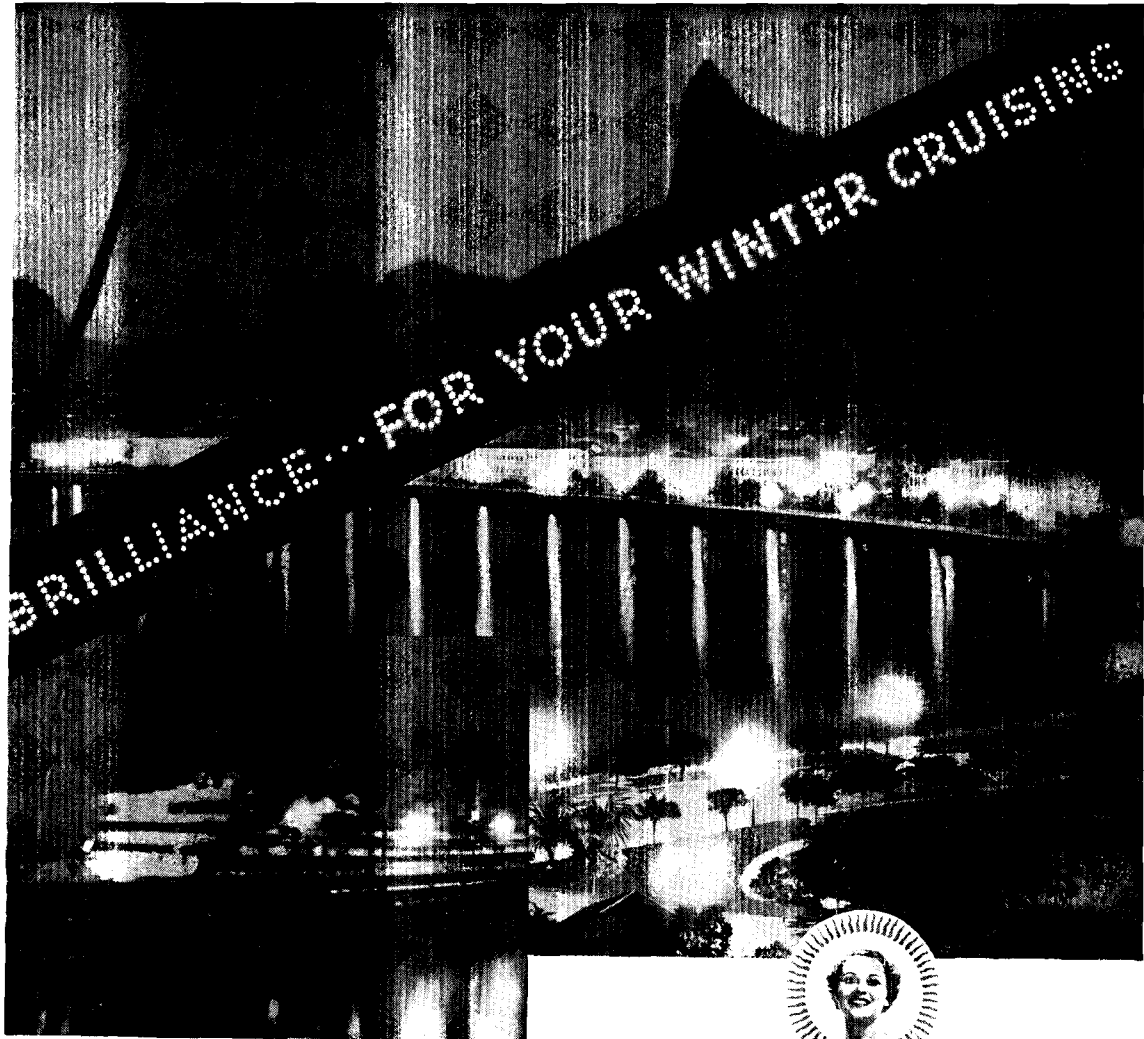
LUELLA BLAIR



JOHN COURNOS



F. A. SILCOX



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The COLUMN

In the manuscript of her article on Christmas Giving, Miss Dana recommended 'de luxe white mice' as an attractive gift for apartment-house children. The editor, being incredulous, struck it out. He now learns that there is a mouse headquarters in New York doing a rushing business under the name of 'Mouse Beautiful.' Mice sell for five dollars a pair, or six for ten dollars, mouse house included. Live and learn!

A Yorkshireman at home on either side of the Atlantic, **H. B. Elliston** (p. 766) is the financial editor of the *Christian Science Monitor*. Having heard much of the proficiency of Sweden, he visited that country last summer to see for himself.

Hugo Johanson (p. 771) is a well-built Swede of about thirty-five. English is his adopted language and San Francisco his present home. From his lodging house at long intervals he sends us a story drawn straight from life. Those who feel the power and authenticity of his present narrative will do well to read his earlier contributions, particularly 'June in St. Petersburg,' which appeared in the *Atlantic* for June 1937.

Dr. M. E. Herriott (p. 778), formerly of the research staff of the University of Illinois, was recommended to us as one of the most progressive spirits in the field of education. He is now principal of the Central Junior High School in Los Angeles.

Every city dweller has hankered at one time or another for an island of his own. Islands mean much to **Glanville Smith** (p. 784), who, thanks to a Guggenheim Fellowship, is now at liberty to explore the most remote pinpricks on the map.

Poet and novelist of singular charm, **Robert Nathan** (p. 787) has his own latchkey to the *Atlantic*. Readers are advised to be on the outlook for his new fantasy, 'The Story of Tapiola,' which will appear in the magazine early in the new year.



WILLIAM CHAMBERLIN

From his observation post in Tokyo, **William Henry Chamberlin** (p. 788), Far Eastern correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor*, has watched the storm clouds gather for two years. He knew there would be one question of paramount interest to all Americans — 'How Strong Is Japan?'

With this issue, we conclude the serialization of *Enchanter's Nightshade* by **Ann Bridge** (p. 801). The volume of response to this charming story which has reached us thus far leaves no doubt in our mind that the experiment of a long serialization was a happy one, and that this new novel by Ann Bridge lived up to our guarantee of being of *Atlantic* quality from start to finish. Reviewing an advance copy, the critic of the *New York Times* has this to say: 'Well written, with excellent dialogue and much shrewd comment, a novel of irony and deeply tolerant understanding, of sympathy and beauty, the day on which *Enchanter's Nightshade* appears is one to be marked in red.'

~ ~ ~

The Case of Aluminum Foil

In her article, 'Open Your Purse and Shut Your Eyes,' which appeared in the October *Atlantic*, Miss Margaret Dana asserted that aluminum foil had been insufficiently tested as an insulator. She cited an instance, absolutely authentic, of how aluminum foil had disintegrated 'in the presence of lime, as in wall plaster.' However, she did not emphasize the vitally important point that this had occurred because it had been installed in direct contact with *wet* lime plaster, contrary to manufacturers' specifications. Readers should understand that when aluminum foil has been properly installed the chemical action described by Miss Dana does not take place. The following letter will give reassurance to those architects, home builders, or owners who may have been disturbed by the implication of Miss Dana's illustration.

Alfol Insulation Co., Inc.
New York City

Editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*
Dear Sir: —

A passage in the article by Margaret Dana entitled 'Open Your Purse and Shut Your Eyes' created such a disturbing impression of aluminum foil insulation that I feel it must be corrected.

That science has left the laboratory and concerned itself with our daily life is no longer news. To the layman, however, there is still mystery in many modern applications of science in our homes and offices. Aluminum foil, when used as a heat insulating medium, is one of those developments that evidently hold certain elements of mystery. The reflectivity of metal surfaces for radiant heat was discovered long ago, but practical use of this fact, in so far as insulation was concerned, was not made until ten years ago when a German technologist, Dr. Ernst Schmidt, realizing that one of the important jobs of an insulating material was to stop radiant heat, drafted aluminum foil for the service. Air is the cheapest insulating medium available, but it will not stop radiant heat. When air in thin layers is confined by aluminum foil to reflect the radiant heat, the combination makes an efficient and serviceable insulating structure.



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The early report of aluminum foil insulation attracted the attention of scientists and technologists the world over. Investigators in Europe and America soon confirmed the original claim, and this led to a rapid commercial development and application of a new method of thermal insulation. The thermal efficiency of this method has been established by investigators at the University of Minnesota, Pennsylvania State College, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and many other schools both in this country and abroad. Testimony as to its value comes from the National Bureau of Standards at Washington, the National Physical Laboratory at Teddington, England, and the Government Material Testing Office at Berlin.

As in the case of any material used in construction, aluminum foil insulation must be properly applied. Anyone familiar with the properties of aluminum knows that lime in the presence of moisture attacks the metal. For this reason, the manufacturers of aluminum foil insulation provide in their standard instructions that the foil must be protected from *direct* contact with *wet* plaster. When plaster is dry, there will be no reaction which will affect aluminum foil. When the foil has been applied in accordance with manufacturers' specifications, only satisfactory results have been obtained. It is not surprising that some aluminum foil has been installed contrary to manufacturers' directions. In this respect aluminum foil is not different from any other material employed in home and building construction.

Since the commercialization of aluminum foil for insulating purposes the material has been employed for insulating temperatures up to 1000° F. Its application extends from the Pole to the tropics. Admiral Byrd used aluminum foil to keep the heat in his antarctic home, while the British Army protects its hutments against the heat of the Egyptian and Arabian deserts with the same material. The great *navies of the world and many merchant ships* use aluminum foil to insulate the hull, living quarters, and cold-storage compartments against adverse temperatures.

Railroad rolling stock of many types and truck bodies have been insulated with aluminum foil, as have baking ovens and electric refrigerators. The use of the material also extends into the ovens and furnaces of manufacturing plants, into steam locomotives, boiler rooms, and piping. In the case of homes and buildings, the desirability of providing insulation has received its greatest emphasis during the past decade, and to-day there are thousands of homes and buildings in this country made comfortable through the use of aluminum foil insulation.

In all of these applications, practical experience of many years' duration confirms the scientific tests showing the heat insulating efficiency of properly applied aluminum foil.

Cordially yours,

F. E. PARSONS

In his article, 'Death of the Sentence,' in the October *Atlantic*, Mr. Wilson Follett called

attention to the slipshod English employed by certain contemporary writers. One of the authors he mentioned now rises in her own defense.

New York City

Dear Mr. Follett: —

I have no desire to make excuses for my ignorance of Grammar. I made it quite clear in my book that, in spite of years of desperate effort, I never did find out what a split infinitive was, nor do I know now. It would seem foolish to expect a Pater from that background. I made an effort to keep my book true to that person, and I imagine that the editor who published my book is fully aware of what a sentence is and should be.

Knowing my dismal lack of literary ability, I wrote the book for only one reason; that reason was to show the fallacy of the accepted belief that in this wonderful country education is free. I would like to say, Oh Yeah? I recommend that without any money, and no one to help you, you go out and try to get some.

I come from that class of people in the absence of whom or which or what dear Mr. Mencken would be at a great loss for an object for his invectives — the poor white trash from the Hookworm Belt. Even my husband, who is, I believe, fairly well recognized as one of the authorities on Brains, has gone so far as to break right down and admit in the presence of witnesses that I had a fine mind, IF it had been trained. And you surely know how addicted husbands are to the habit of rating any wife to a position anywhere above a high-class moron.

Part of the quotation used, I must tell you, is Supposed To Be Funny. In fact, the entire book was written in a way to temper the facts to what I had thought of as the 'gentle public.' When you use the phrase 'pseudo-autobiography' (though I don't see what that has to do with your argument), you are wrong. Unfortunately for me at least, dear Mr. Follett, it is far from pseudo. I could have gone much further, made it more crude and harrowing, and still have remained well within the bounds of truth.

You are, no doubt, justified in your position. That I would not know, for the faint, far-off recollection of such words as Ablative governing something, parsing, participles, is as vague now as it was in the days of my youth. Because you see, Mr. Follett, when I should have been studying my grammar, I did n't own one, and if I had owned one, I was too busy washing pots for my room and board in college to study one if I had had one. But I wrote my book with my blood and my bones, and if you cared to read any of the more than two thousand letters I have received from readers, I think you would decide that it meant a great deal to them, especially those who are in the same situation that I was, grammar or no grammar. While no one can possibly deplore my lack of the knowledge of grammar as much as I myself do, I am reminded of what Mr. Dooley, I think it was, said: 'I never made but one mistake in grammar in my life, and as soon as I done it I seen it.'

Sincerely yours,

BELINDA JELLIFFE

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The COLUMN

When George Fort Milton, editor of *Chattanooga News*, discussed the Tennessee Valley Authority from the conservative (November issue), it was a controversy which has reached the *Atlantic* series on electric power. So much to the point that the following letter from the president of the *Chattanooga Free Press*, that we are glad to share it with our readers.

Chattanooga, Tennessee

Editor, *Atlantic Monthly*
Dear Sir:—

I am taking the liberty of commenting on Mr. Milton's article, 'A Consumer's View of TVA,' partly on the assumption that it takes at least two consumers to make a view, partly because Mr. Milton, who has long been a public-power advocate and who is now on the Federal payroll, in the past has not always succeeded in representing the opinion of the citizens in the Valley, and partly because the facts in the article in certain instances are so incomplete as to be misleading.

To cut through as quickly as possible to the point of the argument, I shall consider merely Mr. Milton's own summary of his discussion.

'If I read aright the feelings of the general run of folks here in the Valley,' he says, 'it is about like this. First, they do not feel that the private power companies can ever do one quarter as much for building the region as can the Federal Government through TVA. . . .'

I don't think we need argue over that point. The real question is this: What are the methods which the TVA proposes to use for its regional building? Unfortunately on this question of method it is extremely difficult to get a direct answer, as the *Atlantic* knows. In its correspondence with the TVA the *Atlantic* asked whether the TVA planned to keep its books and publish its figures according to standard methods of accounting; and it is only after very careful reading of some 360 words that one finds out that the Authority's answer to that question is 'No.'

The other three points in Mr. Milton's summary seem to be unfair to the position publicly taken by the utility companies. Mr. Milton states that (1) the people of the Valley are anxious for the TVA to acquire, at a fair price, existing power facilities. He states that (2) in the event of any 'dog in the manger' refusal by the private-power people to respond to such a proposition the public would insist that the TVA should go ahead and build duplicate power systems. And he charges (3) that the utilities refused to confer with the City of Chattanooga on the question of selling their distribution network to the city.

Now it has appeared repeatedly in the local press that the utilities in Tennessee have offered to sell their properties to the TVA at a fair value to be determined by negotiation or by a fair tribunal. It is true that the Tennessee Electric Power Company refused to sell its local distribution system to

Chattanooga for reasons which seem to me entirely justified. As the Company explained at that time, its distribution system in Chattanooga was an integral part of its entire power system; to sell it would reduce the Company's electric revenue approximately one third and render valueless a large investment in power plants and transmission lines. The Company did offer to sell its system; and it offered also to buy the TVA system under the regulations of the Federal

Government.

Both my newspaper and Mr. Milton's carried these offers in an advertisement which the Tennessee Electric Power Company inserted last summer.

I would not say, therefore, that the private power companies had adopted a 'dog in the manger' attitude, nor that their tactics savor of 'guerrilla war.' When Mr. Milton urges the utilities to 'talk common sense' I would suggest that the admonition has been leveled in the wrong direction.

I have lived in Chattanooga for thirty-five years. From my knowledge of the Valley people (and I point with pride to a circulation in excess of Mr. Milton's newspaper) it seems to me that what the people in this section want is to have the controversy settled, and so far I have noticed only two individuals who seem to be of a mind to settle it: namely, Mr. Wendell L. Willkie and Dr. Arthur E. Morgan. Presumably Mr. Willkie speaks with authority. Apparently Dr. Morgan does not. Even Mr. Milton criticizes what he calls Dr. Morgan's 'shaky lance for public ownership,' and Dr. Morgan seems to receive like treatment from his TVA associates. Indeed, it seems to me that we must blame the TVA left-wing irreconcilables for preventing a compromise that would have permitted the TVA to sell its surplus power at an honest price without destroying the utility industry, and would have permitted the rest of us to go quietly about our business.

Mr. Milton and Mr. Lilienthal are personal and intimate friends. Can it be that they desire to undermine the position of Dr. Morgan so that he and Mr. Willkie cannot settle the problem for the benefit of the consumer?

Yours very truly,

ROY McDONALD

It was to be expected that David L. Cohn's article on neutrality in the November *Atlantic* would arouse outspoken comment. Following are responses from two readers who take issue with some of Mr. Cohn's conclusions.

Yale University, School of Law

Editor, *Atlantic Monthly*
Dear Sir:—

I have read Mr. David Cohn's article in the November issue. While his strictures on the cash-and-carry policy are justified, the article makes practically no reference to those historical and legal considerations without which neutrality cannot be understood.

Neutrality is a technical subject. The author confuses the political neutrality of the government with the emotional neutrality of individuals. No one requires the latter, but the former is demanded by an elementary sense of self-preservation, to speak of only one factor. How does Mr. Cohn suppose we

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The COLUMN

remained out of the many European and Asiatic wars of the nineteenth century? Had neutrality not been a recognized institution conferring both legal rights and duties, those wars would doubtless not have been localized, but many of them would have spread to wide areas. It is pleasant to suggest that the United States is part of the world. It always has been. But heretofore it had always been supposed that the first obligation of a statesman was to safeguard the interests of the country, and neutrality in foreign wars was one of the indispensable means.

It is attractive blithely to suggest that the United States should prevent foreign wars, but it is disingenuous to leave this prescription without implementation. How can we possibly prevent foreign wars with the causes of which we have no acquaintance? We should have to be able to control the foreign policy of every country that is a potential belligerent, and that means practically all countries. How can we control the size of the armies and the navies and the tariff and social policies of foreign countries? Would we permit a foreign country to control ours? Mr. Cohn's suggestion was not, as I understand it, confined to mediation and those general considerations of fair play and tolerance which smooth the ways of international intercourse. The suggestion that we should help to prevent foreign war as an alternative to an honest neutrality is to propose the impractical as a substitute for the practical.

I venture to maintain that it would have been easy for the United States to remain out of the last European war had our government had any serious interest in maintaining American neutrality. It would be as easy for the United States to stay out of other wars, in my opinion. But with neutrality attacked on every hand, as a philosophy, a principle, and a legal rule, I am inclined to believe that we shall again be rushed into wars to make the world safe for something or other. If the primary interest of the United States is not self-preservation, or if self-preservation has suddenly become an unworthy and selfish policy, then we should perhaps join in foreign wars. As we cannot, in my opinion, prevent any foreign war, but only help to ensure the defeat of one side, the argument that we should prevent war seems to me an insidious way of suggesting that we should form a military alliance with certain foreign Powers.

Very truly yours,

EDWIN BORCHARD

New York City

Editor, *Atlantic Monthly*

Dear Sir: —

In his plea for fighting again, Mr. Cohn writes, 'And it must be remembered that we have stamped out contagious diseases, not by hiding in cellars. . . .' Nor, may I presume to add, by getting infected ourselves. Furthermore, the first indispensable step in stamping out disease is to discover the cause of it.

Mr. Cohn assumes that aggressiveness is the cause — the existence of aggressor nations. If that is true of Italy and Germany to-day, it is no less true of

America and Britain yesterday. The remedy that cured the latter of their aggressiveness he surely would not recommend in the cases of the former. Nor would he, in view of the American wars he himself enumerates, deny aggressiveness to America in the past.

Maybe he would be more correct in assuming that aggressiveness is a symptom, not the cause, of war — a symptom of an unhealthy state of the world, in which some peoples feel their control over their lives and their futures threatened by the near monopoly others have over world supply of necessities.

If this is the cause, war is not the sole remedy. And America would best perform its duty to world peace by seeking a remedy other than that as bad as, if not worse than, the disease itself.

Respectfully,

FRANK D. SLOCUM

Numerology puts the *Atlantic* in its place.

New Cumberland, Pennsylvania

Dear Atlantic, —

An article on Numerology in the September issue of the *American Magazine* is responsible for this letter. For a while I amused myself learning new and unexpected things about my friends. Then this evening I decided to submit the *Atlantic* to a numerological inspection. Here, then, is your inner urge as revealed by the full name (*The Atlantic Monthly Magazine*) given you at birth: —

'Wants to serve the whole world, let everyone benefit by his knowledge and experience, interpret life for people . . . give himself without thought of cost . . . and be a universal brother. Has wisdom and intuition and a broad mind. . . . Attractive to all who meet him and really has something for the world.'

There, you see, is a pretty good picture of yourself. So much for your inner urges. Now for your personality. When you were called *The Atlantic Monthly* your numerical total was 22, the best number anyone can have. Just listen to this: —

'22 opens up new worlds and builds roads to them. He establishes international communications and controls them. He is, of course, a great man and a world figure, and very rare. Napoleon Bonaparte was a 22, and when he made laws and built roads he was at his best.'

Isn't this the *Atlantic Monthly* we have known?

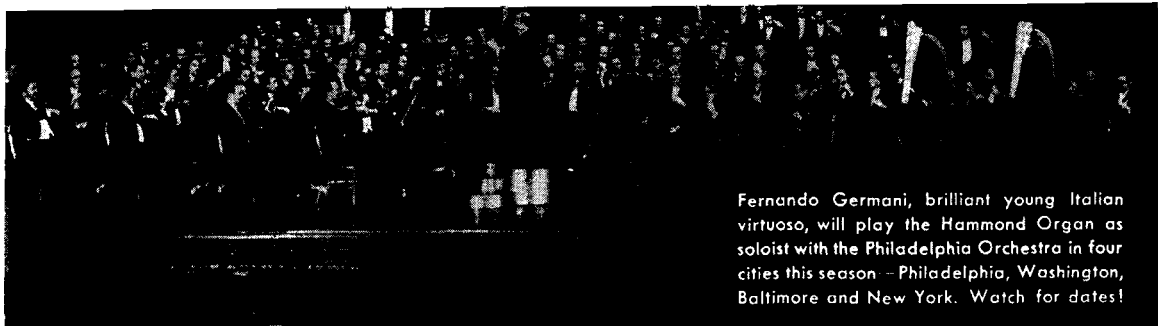
Recently you have shortened your name to *The Atlantic* and have, consequently, changed your numerical total to 5, with the following result: —

'5's are hail-fellows-well-met, splendid salesmen, miserable when shut up in an office, great when they have work to do with people. Babe Ruth and Shirley Temple are 5's.'

Does this 'hail-fellow-well-met' mean that you are making a bid for popularity? The September issue would seem to confirm this suspicion. Well, be that as it may, I am relieved to see that you are retaining your old title, *The Atlantic Monthly*, inside the magazine. Perhaps this combination of a 5 and a 22 in one magazine will result in your reaching the multitudes while still retaining your influential position in the world.

NIXON MUMPER

(Continued on subsequent pages)



Fernando Germani, brilliant young Italian virtuoso, will play the Hammond Organ as soloist with the Philadelphia Orchestra in four cities this season - Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore and New York. Watch for dates!



Eugene Ormandy, conductor of incomparable Philadelphia Orchestra

"The Hammond will add greatly to the repertoire of the Philadelphia Orchestra"

Eugene Ormandy

Mr. Ormandy says: "I heard the Hammond Organ when it was first introduced, and was quite truthfully amazed at the superlative musical quality of the instrument. For the last two years I have wanted one with the Philadelphia Orchestra. Now my most enthusiastic hopes are realized. We have just installed a Hammond which will add greatly to the repertoire of the Philadelphia Orchestra. It is a marvelous musical achievement. Its tonal resources, true pitch and convenience of installation will encourage creative writing for the organ and for organ and orchestra."

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keyboard will find that the Hammond opens up a fascinating new world of music for him. Its countless orchestral voices—flutes, strings, wood winds, diapasons—bring out rich new qualities in familiar melodies that you never knew existed in the music!

Only by actually hearing the Hammond and trying its voices yourself can you appreciate what a joyous experience it could bring you. See your Hammond dealer—the leading musical merchant in your city—*now*. Or for full information by mail, write to The Hammond Organ, 2967 N. Western Ave., Chicago. In Canada, address Northern Electric Co., Ltd., Montreal.



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Reading the FUTURE

THERE is an annual harvest in Literature, and this is a bountiful year. An editor knows that when the leaves fall, and when electricity begins to crackle in the autumn air, writers come to life. The drowse and vegetation of the summer are over. Ideas clamor for expression; stories begin to stir; the day is too short, the pen is too slow for all the writing that urges to be done. Manuscripts, the pick of the crop, pour in; the mail is potential with plans for the future. This harvest provides the *Atlantic* with good food for thought.

For the editor, as for the writer, the fall is the climax of the year. The new books have by then their full seasoning. Articles are keen-witted and prophetic; essays have the mellow flavor, short stories the juiciness of Indian summer. All of this produces a kind of heady excitement in an editorial office. The impact of new ideas enlarges the horizon and gives one fresh confidence of what is to come. And there is elation in 'discovering' literature which you know will entertain your friends. Thus, with expectancy and thanksgiving, the editor invites you to join with him in reading the future.

THE STATE OF THE NATION

'Laws and constitutions must go hand in hand with the progress of the human mind.' So said Thomas Jefferson, who took the lead in making both. But is our government to-day hamstrung by the process of litigation? Must our American democracy surrender to the judges, or must the judges yield to democracy? These questions concern every thoughtful

ACME



Robert H. Jackson



H. B. Elliston



George E. Sokolsky



Margaret Dana

citizen; they are of particular importance to **Robert H. Jackson**, Assistant Attorney General of the United States. You will find his brilliantly unconventional conclusions in the *Atlantic*. Speaking of Washington, what about the flood of government reports, surveys, research memoranda for press and radio, which exert such increasing pressure upon public opinion? The federal reorganization plan now before Congress contemplates a central information bureau to control press relations of all departments. But do we need a Secretary of Public Enlightenment? **Lawrence Sullivan**, an experienced Washington correspondent, draws the line between public service and political propaganda. Everyone who has been tagged for parking will want to read **Arthur Pound's** article, 'The Control of City Traffic.' **John D. Biggers**, who is directing the huge canvass, writes knowingly about the 'Human Side of the Census.' The January issue will contain the first of three articles by **H. B. Elliston**, Financial Editor of the *Christian Science Monitor*. Mr. Elliston is a Yorkshireman with years of experience on both sides of the Atlantic, who will review for us the economic aspects of Anglo-American relations. Of nation-wide interest are the articles in which **Margaret Dana** comes to the defense of the American consumer.

A FAIR DEAL FOR LABOR

As Congress assembles for the Special Session, there will be much talk about wages and hours and the possible

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reënforcement of the Wagner Act. Never before in history has the nation been so solicitous in its study of labor conditions. *Atlantic* readers may shift their point of view after reading **Duncan Aikman** on the National Labor Relations Board. **Russell Bookhout**, an ardent believer in the CIO, will give his first-hand picture of the 'Fight within the Ranks.' **Sumner H. Slichter**, Professor of Business Economics at Harvard, speaks straight to the point in his paper, 'Making Collective Bargaining Work.' Having observed the prosecutions in New York City, **George E. Sokolsky** scrutinizes the evidence of Labor Racketeering in our great municipalities.

THE NEW SERIAL

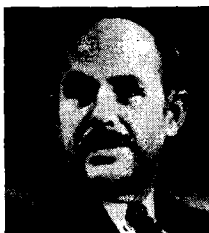
In September the editor made a new *Atlantic* guarantee. 'Now,' he promised the reader, 'with each twelve months of the *Atlantic* you will receive three great books of the year.' *Enchanter's Nightshade* you already know. For the second serial, to begin in the January issue, the editor has chosen *A Prairie Grove*, by **Donald Culross Peattie**.

It is the biography of a small island of prairie in what is now Illinois. We see the prairie grove in its pre-historic wilderness, through the cold transformation of the glacial periods, and through its mature flowering when Indians and buffalo scarcely disturbed its fecundity. We see the coming of the white men—first the *voyageurs* and missionaries, then the New England 'come-outers' whose ploughs jumped out of the tough grass and gradually harnessed but never subdued its wide, waving wealth.

The narrative interest culminates in the story of the Goodners—a story in miniature of the settlement of the United States, its epic qualities warmed and sweetened with love. And through the whole book runs the wonderful wild life of the prairies—the mating of elk and doe, the travel of buffalo and wolf, the last sky-darkening flights of pigeons, with heartbreak and delight for all who look back upon them with the sharp and loving eyes of the naturalist Peattie. The book is eventually to appear under the imprint of those two wise men of Manhattan, Simon and Schuster.



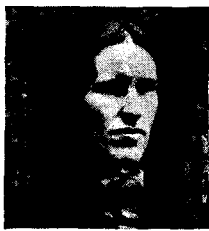
Louise Bogan



Donald Culross Peattie



Wilson Follett



Catherine Drinker Bowen



Walter Prichard Eaton



Gregory Zilboorg

ATLANTIC PORTRAITS

Each issue of the new year will contain a prose portrait of an individual who made his mark. The editor does not intend to give away too much about this important series. It is enough to say that **Louise Bogan** is now preparing an Atlantic Portrait of W. B. Yeats, that **Walter Prichard Eaton** is preparing the dramatic likeness of Forrest, that **Albert Jay Nock** is giving thought to his study of Thoreau, and that **Karl Schriftgiesser** is adding the finishing touches to his paper on La Guardia. Here come biographies as vivid and warm-hearted as Paul Moody's beloved picture of his father, Dwight L. Moody, which appeared in the September *Atlantic*.

THE FAR PLACES

We have a very warm spot in our hearts for those contributors like Owen Lattimore in Peiping, William Henry Chamberlin in Tokyo, Robert Dean Frisbie in Puka-Puka, James Norman Hall in Tahiti, and Nora Waln—wherever she be. Newcomers to this group of Atlantic Travelers include **Catherine Drinker Bowen**, freshly returned from Moscow with her arresting paper, 'Ballet with Red Flags,' and **Winifred Letts**, the Irish poet, who tells us of Saint Patrick's fastness in her essay, 'A Day on Lough Derg.' A citizen of Holland until his twelfth year, **David Cornel DeJong** was thinking with nostalgia of his home place when he wrote 'Only Fools Go to America.' An essayist of extraordinary charm and curiosity is **Glanville Smith**, who, as the recipient of a Guggenheim Fellowship, is now traveling the far seas in search of those islands the world has forgotten.

THE UNEXPECTED

There is no telling when a manuscript totally without precedent will pop out of the mail. 'Are Children Vegetables?' asks **Wilson Follett** in a pungent and provoking essay which will rouse all parents from complacency. From the New York psychiatrist **Dr. Gregory Zilboorg** come two manuscripts exploring the dark passages of the mind. The first will tell you what you little suspect about 'Loneliness'; the second deals realistically

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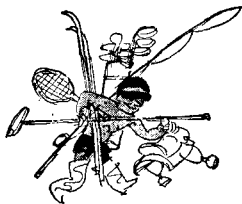
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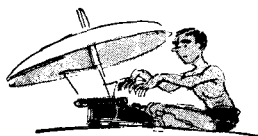
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with 'the many psychological constellations which group themselves about Money. Why do avarice and hoarding give a sense of power to some people, while others perceive the same feeling of triumph only when squandering it? Why do so many people risk their lives and their happiness in the process of acquiring money only to throw it away in no time?' This psychologist has an explanation — and it makes fascinating reading. **George Lott**, one of America's First Ten before he turned professional, takes you into his confidence when he writes about 'Inside Tennis' and 'The Tournament Temperament.' **Emil Ludwig** is known the world over for his biographies. In his sensitive paper on 'The German Mind' he lays bare the motives and aspirations of a race. And what under heaven does **Albert Jay Nock** mean when he makes his irresistible plea for 'The Art of Snoring'? Those who chuckled over Mr. Nock's account of the Oxometer will want to read more.

THE ART OF REMINISCENCE

There are only a fortunate few who can write about themselves in a way to make you envious — and absorbed. **Elsa Lanchester** is one of them. She is the wife of Charles Laughton, the actor, and in her domestic journal, 'Charles Laughton and I,' she takes you into the world of film and footlights with effortless gayety. Upstate New York in the neighborhood of Syracuse is the setting for **E. Alexander Powell's** spicy reminiscence of the Elegant Eighties. In 'Good-Bye, West Country,' **Henry Williamson**,



Gay MacLaren



Robert Nathan



James Still

ACME



Elsa Lanchester

English naturalist, lingers affectionately over his last months among the moors and streams of Devon, where he has lived (part of the time as a hermit) since the war. And did you ever go to Chautauqua? If so, do not miss 'Morally We Roll Along' — the backstage view of that great circuit by **Gay MacLaren**, herself a trouper.

LITERATURE AND NO MISTAKE

We mean by literature something which is neither academic nor forbidding. We mean **Edmund Wilson's** discerning essay, 'Shaw at Eighty' — an evaluation written with perception and feeling. We mean 'The Story of Tapiola' by **Robert Nathan**, a fantasy complete in one issue. We mean the short stories of **William Saroyan**, **John Steinbeck**, **Storm Jameson**, **John Cheever**, **Geoffrey Household**, **Paul Horgan**, **Winifred Van Etten**, and **James Still**. We mean criticism as scintillating as **Conrad Aiken's** discussion of **William Faulkner**. We mean American humor as fresh and captivating as that distilled by **Walter Brooks** and **Stephen Leacock**. We mean the poems of **Stephen Vincent Benét**, **John Holmes**, **Robert Nathan**, **Arthur Guiterman**, **George Allen**, **Theodore Roethke**, and **Harry Brown** — to mention only a few of those we trust will be with us in 1938.

Indeed, it is the editor's private opinion that every item he has mentioned comes within the range of literature. But why labor the point? The contributions will speak for themselves.

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By the author of MY COUNTRY AND MY PEOPLE

THE IMPORTANCE OF LIVING

BY LIN YUTANG



Gayly serious, profoundly naive, cynically kind, shot through with a sense of comedy and backed by science, as well as by the thoughts of the Chinese sages of many centuries, this book brings forth the salt and flavor and tang of life. In it Lin Yutang distills for the Western world the Chinese philosophy of three thousand years, in the hope that it may bring help to men and women who have not yet learned, as the Chinese have, that the meaning of life lies just in living itself.

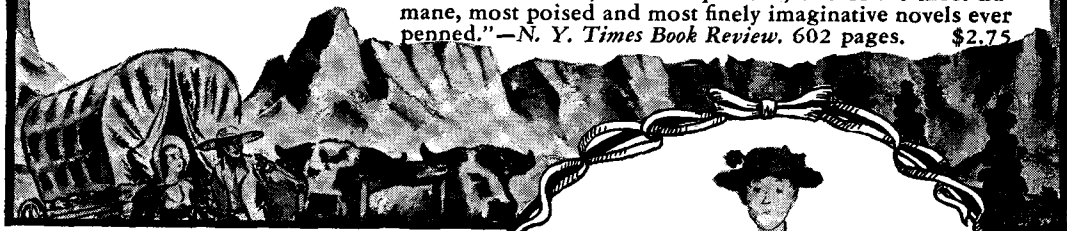
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"This is the Covered Wagon of South Africa."—*Christopher Morley*. "If Francis Brett Young never wrote another word he could well be content to rest his reputation on this magnificent book in which he tells the story of the great South African trek. It is, without question, one of the most humane, most poised and most finely imaginative novels ever penned."—*N. Y. Times Book Review*. 602 pages. \$2.75



MAN, BREAD AND DESTINY

By C. C. Furnas and S. M. Furnas

This book sweeps you on through the ages and into every corner of the world, in one of the most engrossing stories ever told—the amazing ways in which men (and women) have discovered, invented and changed the food they eat—and, in turn, how it has wrought changes in them. "A ten course banquet . . . the most readable book on foods and their effects now available. It is food for thought in every sense."—*Morris Fishbein, M.D., Saturday Review of Literature*. \$3.00

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By P. L. TRAVERS

Illustrated by Mary Shepard

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CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN (Cont.)

From the flood of letters commenting upon Mr. Nock's 'Oxometer' (September) we select two as representative of general sentiment about that incredible but welcome invention.

Seattle, Washington

Dear Atlantic, —

As one who twenty-five years ago this summer collaborated on the development of a similar machine, I read with a great deal of interest Mr. Albert Jay Nock's description of a device invented by his friend, Bill M., which he calls the 'Oxometer,' accent on the second syllable. That he has finally achieved success in the development of this contrivance is extremely gratifying, but I am afraid that its universal introduction would prove extremely embarrassing to everyone concerned.

When I was a youngster in college putting in a summer vacation working on a survey party in Eastern Oregon, a young Harvard man in our crew — he was from Boston, by the way — interrupted a camp-fire bull session with the remark that what the country needed was an 'Oximeter,' accent on the first syllable. He explained that what he had in mind was a device for straining the bull out of conversation, but had only a slight idea as to how it would operate.

The suggestion caught the fancy of all sixteen of us embryo engineers and we immediately set to work in our spare time to develop the theory and construction of a machine for this purpose. Inasmuch as the audion tube and the photoelectric cell had as yet not been invented, we were forced to rely solely on mechanical filtration. Preliminary calculations indicated that with the right sort of filter a simple device could easily be made. Drawings were prepared and a model set up, using as a mechanical basis something like a fertilizer spreader operating in reverse.

Toward the end of August of that year we had the gadget pretty well completed and tried it on a running test, but to our amazement the results were the exact opposite of what was expected, and only the bull came through, the solid material of basic truth which we had expected to conserve having disappeared into the atmosphere.

We too discovered, as did Mr. Nock, that the residue had marvelous fertilizing qualities. Before the machine could be stopped, a tremendous quantity had accumulated, which, being of no use to us, was allowed to lie where it fell. The party moved on as the work progressed, and it was not until the following spring that any of us had occasion to pass that way again; but to our astonishment, on going past the old camp ground where the machine had been tested, we found a dense forest of trees three hundred feet in height standing all over the area that had been virgin prairie the year before.

The whole thing was a puzzle, but Mr. Nock's letter explains it all.

CARL J. NORDSTROM

Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts

Dear Atlantic, —

Mr. Nock always captivates me. With his article on the Oxometer he astonished me. For he took me back over ten years, when I was a charter member of

.. IF YOU LIKE FINE THINGS You Will Enjoy This Distinguished New Magazine



IF YOU FIND pleasure in possessing rare books, or exquisite prints . . . if you thrill to good music, or good plays . . . if you appreciate surroundings which reflect excellent taste . . . you will enjoy the *new Magazine of Art*.

This *new Magazine* is edited for you and your kind—for people everywhere who like fine things.

Within its pages, there passes in review the rich, moving panorama of the art of the world. Not alone painting, and sculpture, and architecture; but archaeology, the dance, music, photography, creative theatre, industrial design. All the arts, all phases of art—art in its relation to life.

The articles in the *Magazine of Art* are by recognized authorities—writers who know their subjects, and who write in a clear, sparkling style. Each year, you enjoy more than 1100 beautiful illustrations, in half-tone and color.

In physical appearance, the *Magazine* is a work of art in itself. Fresh, distinctive design. Paper throughout of special manufacture. Unusually large illustrations. Printing of a quality seldom attained.

Superlatives are easy to utter; hard to live up to. In describing the *new Magazine of Art* as the most magnificent—and the most comprehensive—art magazine ever published in America, we do so in the belief that it will surpass your greatest expectations.

★ This *new Magazine of Art* has the background and experience of 28 years of continuous publication. It is the larger and finer version of what was formerly known as *The American Magazine of Art*.



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Large, fine color reproductions of the work of important contemporary American artists are now a regular feature of the *Magazine of Art*. Chosen both for their aesthetic quality, and for their living and permanent beauty, the plates are large enough for framing.

If you purchased the color prints separately, you would pay \$12.80 for those already scheduled for the coming year—several times the total amount of the entire *Magazine*.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

Although the regular subscription to the *Magazine of Art* is most reasonable for a publication of this size and character (\$5 a year; 50 cents a copy)—you are invited to take advantage of the *special introductory offer* of six months for \$2, a saving of 50 per cent. And if, for any reason, you are not perfectly satisfied with the *Magazine*, your money will be immediately refunded. The coupon below is for your convenience. Won't you mail it today?

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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS

the Ancient and Honorable Order of Oxometrists, established by sundry members of the Peking Club in China circa 1926. At that time the Oxometer was spewing out oceans of bilge which the Peking-ites felt was worthy of celebration in after-tiffin hours.

I have searched my papers for our by-laws. Alas! The intervening years have scattered them somewhere, but I do recall something about our procedure. The flower of the Order — curiously, in view of Mr. Nock's postscript explanation — was the tulip. Each charter member used to turn up with a tulip in his buttonhole. After lunch the Oxometer was solemnly put on the table, and the chairman submitted the products to the meeting — the products being selected lucubrations of the previous month, the authors of which were then proposed and seconded as honorary members of our Order.

Of course, the choiceness of the proceedings lay in those speeches. We generally broke up with very strained midriffs, I assure you; and when I left Peking the list of honorary members was truly imposing — such was the buncombe that used to be spoken or written about China.

H. B. ELLISTON

From our Gertrude Stein mailbag.

Maplewood, New Jersey

Dear Atlantic, —

Let's all render thanks for Gertrude Stein
And we'll all read her twaddle and every line
Will still be twaddle but very fine
Let's hear her lecture and buy her wine
While she visits these parts and teaches the arts
Of punctuation and self-admiration
Let's bow the knee at her private shrine
(But you're on your own knee now not mine).

D. HOMER RICH

A pat on the back for our contributors, particularly Nora Waln.

Pottsville, Pennsylvania

Dear Atlantic, —

October has always been my favorite month, but this year, beginning in September and continuing to the present, I have had the most delightful fall season ever. In all my years as an *Atlantic* reader I never defaced the magazine from cover to cover so badly with my admiring pencil. The outstanding articles, like the articles at farm sales in Southeastern Pennsylvania, are 'too numerous to mention.' Probably Gertrude Stein, Nora Waln, and Albert Jay Nock get my vote for first honors.

Being part farmer and a County Agent, I lived — so it seemed — during a whole year in the Rhine Valley with Nora Waln, Wolfgang and Anna Bender, growing and harvesting grapes. How pathetic, and yet how refreshing, to see Wolfgang work a whole year in anticipation of getting a new overcoat from the sale of his grape crop only to find the lure of good music tugging at his heartstrings until he yielded and bought the records of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony! What a contrast to our desire for 'things' in America!

As for the Oxometer, let's get it into mass production.

W. L. BOLLINGER

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They are gifts of lasting satisfaction



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The Atlantic BOOKSHELF



A Guide to Good Books

FOR thirty years Sir Ronald Storrs has served the Empire with distinction. The Near East was the province of this rising proconsul. From 1904 to 1917 he was the Oriental Secretary in Egypt; from 1917 to 1926 he controlled the destiny of Jerusalem; and from 1926 to 1932 he was Governor of Cyprus. It will be remembered that T. E. Lawrence called him 'the greatest of us all.'

THE MEMOIRS OF SIR RONALD STORRS

[Putnam, \$5.00]

The Memoirs of Sir Ronald Storrs is the history not so much of a man as of a period and of a system. Ronald Storrs, at twenty-three, was a typical if superior product of that segment of English society which, during the nineteenth century, bred watchdogs of the world's greatest and most efficient empire in astonishing numbers. His England was physically a latter-day Lacedæmon, spiritually an Athens. The classics were to him food, drink, and, in his long exile, bed-fellow, for during his thirty years of intimate communion with the peoples of the Near East he preserved the habit of reading each day from Aristophanes, Horace, or Dante, before breakfast. This classical preoccupation permits him, in his fifties, to quote Greek passages which few of his readers will translate, and gave him a strong personal bond with that equally ardent classicist, Lawrence. Storrs's brilliant personality, so ably summarized by Lawrence in the *Seven Pillars*, is one of æstheticism, saved from any hint of the precious by an abundance of wit and of action.

The pages which deal with Egypt are the record of Sir Ronald's service under a succession of the great — Cromer, Gorst, Kitchener, and MacMahon. The portrait of Kitchener is drawn with rare sympathy and understanding; no man of the Field Marshal's stature was ever served by a more

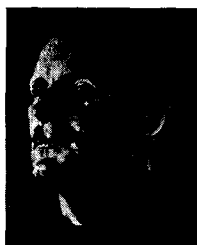
appreciative assistant. That the regard was mutual is clear; Kitchener tried vainly to appoint Storrs his secretary during the war, but the latter was wisely returned to the Egypt which he knew so well and in which he could be of so much greater use. In the Egyptian pages we see a complete survey of pre-war society on the banks of the Nile: of Copts and *kvasses*, princes and eunuchs, fellahin and effendis; of all the subtle relationships between the varied elements which made up the Egyptian world; of the political stuff of which England's power was built, and how that power was destined inevitably, among the Egyptians, to diminish. We have here an ethnography or a sociology of Egypt, in uncategorical terms; for Sir Ronald, who professes a horror of anthropology, is himself a natural and gifted ethnologist.

Each of the three segments of his career ends upon a sinister note: that of Egypt is magnificent and pathetic; that of Cyprus comic opera, yet no less bitter; but the finale of his Palestinian account is tragedy of a high order, and a drama which still awaits the second curtain.

During his Egyptian experience we see the future Sir Ronald as a clever, sympathetic, linguistically gifted diplomat-with-a-future, gay and often facetious, like others of his kind who, in the chancelleries of the Near East, find wit and caricature necessary to preserve sanity. During the early part of his Palestinian career, when he was for a period of eighteen months the absolute dictator of the world's holiest city, we see him sobered somewhat by responsibility, but enjoying to the full his power to rule in his own sensitive and æsthetic manner — to revive the art of tile glazing, and thus repair the Mosque of the Dome; to rip down the unsightly rubble wall in the Church of the Nativity; to foster music and the theatre; to clean out the filth left behind by the Germans and Turks, to prohibit billboards, to plan gardens, to improve the faulty water supply of Jerusalem; and most of all, to court and win the confidence of the traditionally warring Christian factions, Moslems, and Jews, and for a brief time to bring about, almost miraculously, coöperation between them.

The story of Sir Ronald's stewardship in Jerusalem is the story of the growth of Zionism, and of the parallel and inevitable rise of civil discord in Palestine. In a long and spirited section, he states with equal candor the aspirations and grievances of Zionists and Arabs, and traces the history of the trouble in impartial detail. Here, as in his Egyptian account, we have a clear and exhaustive document, soberer, less gossipy, more emotional, yet still essentially detached, for which again the historian may well be thankful.

*Photo by Eric Kennington



SIR RONALD STORRS *

TAKING THE COUNTRY BY STORM!

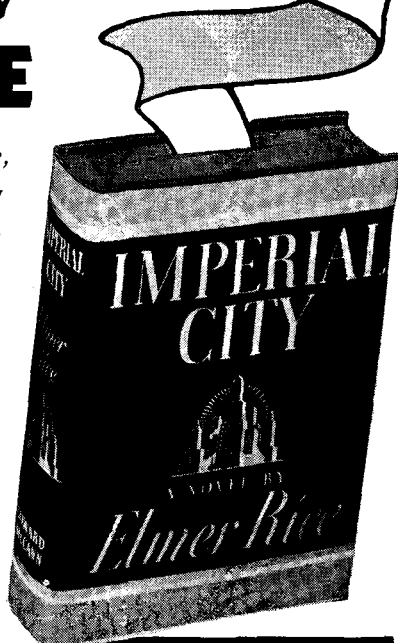
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The BOOKSHELF

The Cypriote third is the smallest; here we see a mature administrator attempting to draw a little-known Crown Colony out of the mire of poverty and neglect by his reforms in internal government, in education, in communication, and in agriculture. We see him hampered by the apathy of his home government, until a mob, incited to violence by a foreign agitator, burns down his residence and destroys his life's collection of books, music, and small personal treasures of art.

The Memoirs of Sir Ronald Storrs is a long book, and contains many pages of direct quotations from his letters and those of his diaries which escaped the flames in Cyprus, all set in small type. It requires careful reading, for it is an important document; it was not written in a day, and cannot be read in an hour. It is no mere frame to set off the brilliant and gem-like Lawrence miniature, but a canvas of its own, of wide surface, great depth, and intricate human detail.

CARLETON S. COON

THE GREAT TREK

In the thirties of the last century, the Boers, after over a hundred years of sporadic trekking, set out, as if by an obscure animal instinct, to seek by thousands a Promised Land to the north, the Great Trek winding its way out of Cape Colony into the Transvaal, through veldt, desert, and jungle, amid hostile tribes of Kaffirs and Zulus, its progress as slow as that of the flocks and herds that followed, but as irresistible as a natural force. They were moved as much by racial restlessness as by desire for freedom from English domination; their one book was the Old Testament, and their faith in the God of battles was only equalled by their belief in the necessity of cattle breeding and the getting and bearing of children. They not



STUART CLOETE

only recognized their resemblance to the Israelites of the Exodus, but shaped their own exodus by the Biblical story. Stupid and brave, tender but cruel, drawn together by common peril but still hard-headed individualists, they often survived desperate hardships only to succumb to

their own private jealousies and enmities.

The Great Trek is the subject of **Francis Brett Young's** *They Seek a Country* (Reynal and Hitchcock, \$2.75) and the background of **Stuart Cloete's** *The Turning Wheels* (Houghton Mifflin, \$2.50). It is rather too bad to have to review the books together, because doing so com-

pels comparisons; and we know what comparisons are. The fact is, however, that *They Seek a Country* impresses me as a good professional job, but weak in central fibre, and *The Turning Wheels* as an astonishingly fresh, lusty, powerfully masculine product of natural talent.

They Seek a Country suffers from the fact that it is built round a pair of lovers who do not dominate the plot. In the first quarter of the novel, the hero John Oakley is introduced as an idealist and revolutionary of whom one expects great things. The scenes in England, leading



CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

up to his transportation, and those which follow, on the convict ship, are the best in the book. But after he is cast by chance upon the African coast and joins a family of Dutch trekkers, he becomes so inconspicuous and ineffective that the reader wonders just what the purpose of the prologue was, unless it was intended to prove that Darkest England might be worse than Darkest Africa.

At any rate, the love affair of John and Lisbet Prinsloo is almost swamped by history and local color, to emerge at times very feebly. The Trek winds its way in a rhythm of marching, battle, and pause, under a counterpoint of private loves, hates, jealousies, and loyalties, until it culminates in the attack of the Kaffirs which forms the climax. As a prelude to this, the account of the punitive expedition of Piet Retief — a historical incident — and of his tragic betrayal by the Zulu chief Dingaan is quite superbly told. In so far as *They Seek a Country* is a depiction of a strange social upheaval, it is an illuminating and moving story.

If *The Turning Wheels* is a first novel — and apparently it is — it is a remarkable one. While the African setting of Mr. Young's book seems faithfully worked up, that of Mr. Cloete's seems the fruit of vast knowledge and experience. The latter is tough-fibred, brutal, and melodramatic, but is as luxuriant as the jungle and at times as terrible and beautiful. Everything South African is caught in its capacious net: veldt, desert, and jungle; savages, animals wild and tame, and animal-like vegetation; mysticism and magic, horror and humor, danger and daring. The outstanding quality is gusto, and yet the complex story is most artfully handled.

The passions of Sannie van Reenan and her four lovers, Herman and Hendrik van der Berg, Otto von Rhule, and Zwart Piete Duplessis, are central, and all the rest of the novel is fed by them. The Wife of Bath philosophy of the immensely comic Tante Anna; the mixture of wisdom and charlatantry of Rinkels, the amusing Kaffir witch-doctor; the fidelity of Jackalaas and his pet lion;

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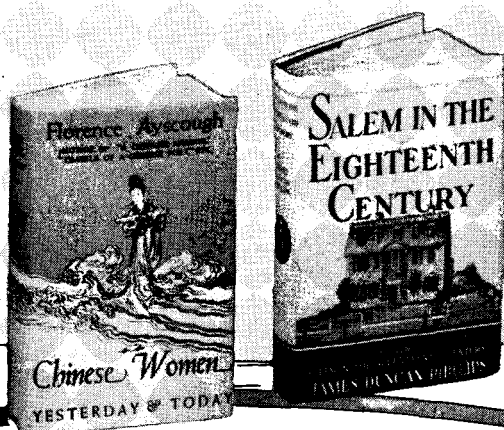
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The BOOKSHELF

the tragedy of the girl Sara — each is projected in the round and each has its own complete story. There are scenes so horrible that they stick to the mind like burrs, but they are a part of Africa.



MACKINLAY KANTOR

Nobody survives except Tante Anna, Rinkels, and Jackalaas, who are preserved by an earthly wisdom. The rest live hard and die by bullet, assegai, beast, or chance.

Sex, love, reproduction, and death are the theme, but zest of living is the spirit. It's not a pretty story,

but I did not find it depressing. Whatever else it is, it is a grand yarn.

R. M. GAY



JOHN JAY CHAPMAN AND HIS LETTERS

by M. A. DeWolfe Howe

[Houghton Mifflin, \$4.00]

OF the thousand friends 'Jack' Chapman left behind him, few there are who have not marveled why a man so full of genius, so disinterested, so passionately sincere, should have left scarce a rack behind. A shelfful of slim books, mostly of criticism (ever the first to die), the memory of a presence noble as an Old Testament Prophet's, and the unforgotten experience of having met a man in deadly earnest — that is about all. Yet who that has known him but did not say, 'There was a man.' For most of us he was a sort of Yankee Socrates — without his wisdom but with his divine power of waking the sleeping conscience. Chapman had not quite but almost as much tact as Socrates, as large a measure of impudence, as pregnant a gift for the exasperation of others. Within him dwelt a daemon pricking him to everlasting battle against complacency and the spirit of 'let things be.' Sometimes one thought that daemon the Imp of the Perverse, and perhaps it was.

Chapman had great gifts, but patience, the soul of achievement, was denied him. His interests took their color from the moment; classics, politics, peace, war, the Catholic Church, education, each by turn had its right of way. It was not in him to live laborious years with single-minded devotion. Not that he was fickle. His prejudice and his conviction were alike bedrock; but there were too many things to be done, and life between times was very, very pleasant.

He was unlucky in his times. He should have been born with Garrison and John Brown. He needed an Age of Heroes when each man's work stands out distinct and separate. Heroism was

abroad while he lived, but it was mass heroism. With the World War began that fatal period when the voice of a man counts for less and less in the roar of the multitude. Chapman was passionately an individualist, with one man's duty to be done and one man's soul to be saved in seeking to save others. But during his manhood the individual was ceaselessly slipping back into the crowd. He is gone now. Perhaps Chapman was the last of him.

Chapman's genius was for letters — letters and talk. Letters are for the few. Talk is for the fewer, and the superlative best of him will disappear when his last friend is gone. Till that time he will be unforgettably remembered. He talked not merely for victory, but for destruction. When he was in action his voice took on a peculiar timbre and there was a deadly violence about him, unrelieved by expletive, which grew in intensity till (if he were among friends) some preposterous climax of his philippic made him suddenly explode in laughter. It was purging to be with him, and few there are who, after a 'scene,' left him without self-searching.

It is rather of Chapman than of his Life and Letters that I speak, for in the November *Atlantic* Mr. Edmund Wilson has written of the book with eloquence and understanding. But Mr. Wilson's discordance with the order of things makes him attribute to Chapman more of the revolutionary spirit than he possessed. In the deepest sense, in the sense of the New Testament, Chapman was indeed a revolutionary, but his abuse of money (which he himself very honestly enjoyed) and of the established order was chiefly owing to the imperviousness of his generation to the ferment of his mind and spirit.



ROBERT MCELROY

Yet no tribute of Chapman would be complete without a word of thanks to his biographer. There is no Boswellizing here, no mannered portraiture, but perfect modesty, candor, and good taste. The picture is a living thing. The book is all Chapman, but without Mr. Howe that leonine prophetic figure would soon be lost forever.

ELLERY SEDGWICK



THE TROJAN HORSE

by Christopher Morley

[Lippincott, \$2.50]

HERE is a challenging version of the immortal Troy story, the most frequently rewritten of all poetic legends. The *Iliad* itself was a rewriting of earlier legends, but it is n't the *Iliad* that Mr. Morley lays irreverent hands on. He starts with

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—Harry Hansen

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Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York

the mediæval and Renaissance accounts of Troy. Helen is in the story, but she and Paris count for little. Achilles and Hector are subordinated. Cressida is the heroine, Troilus the chief lover.

The *Iliad* provides a group of themes, any one of which could be stressed. There is the fighting, of course, which Homer reported with a zest almost joyous, as though war were a sublime sport. There is also the tragedy of war, which for Homer was chiefly a sense of the shortness and the vicissitude of life. There is also the moral responsibility of the leaders in war or in any other public enterprise. In the original cycle of Homeric poems there was also an account of what happened to the surviving Greek heroes on the way home and after they got there; the *Odyssey* is the one remaining example. The return of Agamemnon and his death at the hands of Clytemnestra, with the resulting tragedies, we know from the Greek dramatists; and Helen's resumption of domestic life after the war, and her relation to the Clytemnestra episodes, we know from a beautiful passage in the *Odyssey* and from less famous references. Of Cressida's love story the *Iliad* tells us nothing. She was imagined by the Middle Ages.

Mr. Morley agrees that war is a sport, but he strips it of glamour and shows the Homeric heroes as average soldiers, dull and vulgarized by the prolonged conflict. His heroines are such women as such soldiers consort with between fights. The noncombatants are neither better nor worse than the civilians of 1914–1918. That is, they have the proper attitude toward their side of the quarrel, they pursue their selfish interests with a singular callousness, they persuade themselves that the callousness is a heroic fronting of reality.

For his literary form Mr. Morley has gone to the theatre and taken a leaf from the musical comedies of the jazz era. Much of his book is printed as the dialogue of a play, with stage directions. There are incidental songs, there is anything else that might provide good entertainment without regard to chronology, historical fitness, or other limitations. He sets the scene in this description of Troy: 'Among mediæval walls and classic temples we see perpendicular modern skyscrapers, radio towers, filling stations, and a sea-side roadhouse down by the beach, Sarpedoni's Shore Dinner. A concrete road, with a yellow taxi moving, runs on neutral ground between the lines from the city to the shore.'

The heroes returning from battle are represented as football players between halves. There is a colored trainer who rubs them down. Antenor, getting ready for the shower bath, exclaims, 'Snappy work to-day.' Æneas replies, 'Boy, am I set for chow.'

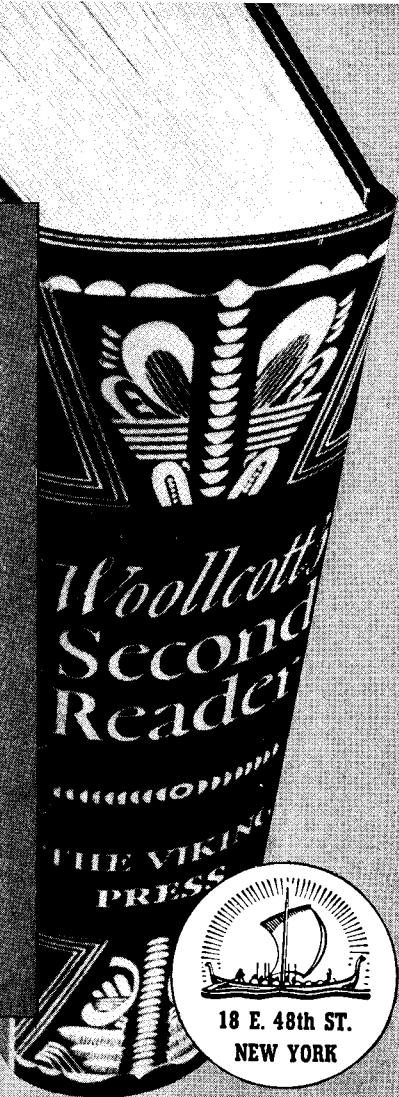
There is a newspaper, the *Evening Trojan*, owned and edited by Pandarus. There is also a radio station which broadcasts the battles, sometimes on a commercial hour.

... they read them ...

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Published a few days ago, the *Second Reader* is bigger than his first—and even better! It contains more original Woollcott articles, more selections from more authors, including Willa Cather, Clarence Day, Ernest Hemingway, Somerset Maugham, Dorothy Parker, Robert Louis Stevenson, Edith Wharton and a dozen others. It presents works which Mr. Woollcott has read and loved, and recommends. Here is another enormous collection of happy reading hours for the nights after Christmas. \$3.00. Thin paper, semi-limp leather (red or blue). \$5.00

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JOHN ERSKINE

JEFFERSON DAVIS: THE REAL AND THE UNREAL

by Robert McElroy

[Harpers, 2 vols., \$8.00]

COMPARED with the vast library that has accumulated about the name of Abraham Lincoln, the attention bestowed by biographers upon his fellow Kentuckian who became President of the Southern Confederacy has been insignificant. Heretofore Americans interested in Jefferson Davis have had to go to his own wordy and extremely dull *Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government*, to the worshipful but rambling *Memoir* of his wife, and a few single-volume studies, of which that by William E. Dodd is the most satisfactory. Nothing resembling an exhaustive treatment of the man's personality and statesmanship has hitherto been attempted.

Yet a fairly definite figure of Jefferson Davis, the creation of tradition, has taken shape. A refined, at times a gentle spirit, impeccable in private life, cultivated, sensitive, proud, keenly alive to matters of 'honor,' unflinchingly convinced of the rectitude of his course, humorless, deficient in small talk and quiet, intimate graces, — of charm, in fact, — capable of rancor and bitterness, headstrong in the assertion of will, arrogant when confronted with opposition, yet with it all dignified, honest, sincere — such are the traits that, in the view of friend and foe alike, strengthened and warped one of the most remarkable characters of his age.

In statesmanship the memory of Davis has suffered because he was the champion of ideas that Americans have long since decided to forget. Slavery, state sovereignty, Southern nationalism, secession — what once passionately held political concepts have been relegated to a darker Erebus! Who now believes that Virginia, Massachusetts, and the rest are independent 'nations,' like Great Britain and France; that the Federal Government is merely their 'agent,' selected to perform precisely delegated tasks? Intellectually also Davis savors of another age. A Fundamentalist in religion as in social concept, the Bible was to him the all-sufficing justification of slavery, and the black man, in his own words, was 'the graceless son of Noah, and as such, condemned by God to perpetual servitude.'

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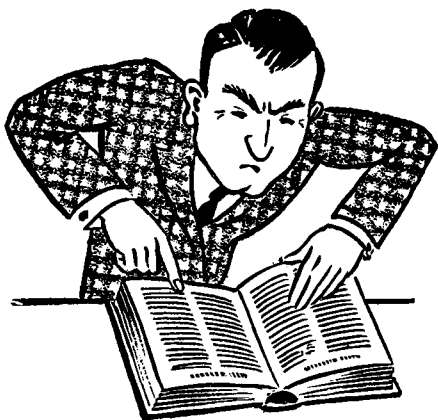
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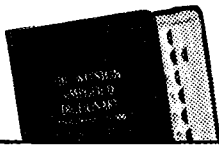
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Professor McElroy's able volumes do not materially change this view. He has done his work conscientiously and well. The available material on the subject is extensive; he has examined it with the thoroughness and acumen of an accomplished scholar, presented the results in well-organized array, and set them forth in a style which, while making no pretense to vividness and grace, is competent and readable.

It can no longer be said that a complete life of Jefferson Davis, based on first-hand materials, does not exist. Yet from this minute study emerges the same Jefferson Davis that had already etched himself in the American mind. Here again we see the slender, physically frail, polished, intellectual, and upright defender of forgotten things.

Again emerges the statesman who, though born under circumstances almost as plain as Lincoln's, rose to be the leader of the cotton-planting 'aristocracy,' and the evil genius of the Franklin Pierce administration. Once more Davis plays his rôle as the foe of the conciliatory legislation of 1850, as the main influence in the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and as able Secretary of War.

Here is the man who fancied himself a military expert—and with some right, for was not his greatest act as President the selection of Robert E. Lee as commander of the Army of Northern Virginia, at a time when that general was popularly regarded as a failure?

The indomitable, obstinate, at times intransigent leader of a cause that was 'lost' from the start; the statesman who built false hopes on a great illusion, that cotton was king and would compel European recognition; the 'last ditch' autocrat of a 'nation' sinking day by day into deeper ruin; the shackled prisoner of Fortress Monroe; the lonely, poverty-stricken, embittered hermit of Beauvoir on the Mississippi Gulf—the book adds little to the general outline of this disastrous career, though it does make it more vivid with new details.

Both North and South should be grateful to Professor McElroy for this impartial, finely tempered presentation—the North because it affords the opportunity of surveying a tragic character in a more charitable light than has been its wont; the South because it shows that it has followed a true instinct in making Lee, and not Davis, its hero of 'the War between the States.'

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may believe that he is not there to be admired or tenderly dealt with. 'He had written,' we are told, 'forty-two novels, and there was not a pin to choose between them. He could relate quite a good romantic story (but only one) laced with quotations and whimsical allusion, and brought it invariably to a sad ending which was nearly happy, or a happy ending which was almost sad. He was, in fact, a most respectable merchant of dope.'

Some of these light barbed shafts float back and land disconcertingly close to the sender. For 'romantic' read 'ironic'; for old-fashioned quotation and allusion substitute their fashionable present equivalent, the knowing patter of the self-exiled sophisticate whose chief occupation is exhibiting his semi-secret *Weltschmerz* through the transparent veil of a crooked smile and a quip *à la mode*; let the rest stand about as it is; and the cartoon is not too remote from the skillful and popular author of *Oleander River* itself in the several years since she abandoned glow for glitter.

Miss Stern has not, of course, put forty-two brightly indistinguishable ironic comedies behind her, but at the present rate she is bound to get there. The really great difference between her and her Ellis Coverley is that he is merely an earnest, sentimental fellow doing his best—a harmless ass consistently getting out the ridiculous utmost that is in him. If it had ever been in him to write *The Matriarch*, as it was once in Miss Stern, we could find more virtue in the implacable satire with which he is bludgeoned every time he raises his fatuous head.

Centrally, *Oleander River* is the story of a very young girl who loves the father of the boy who loves her. Its chief comic effects are the self-pitying outcries of the boy's wounded egoism when he finds out (a) that his own doctrinaire modernism about sex has helped drive the girl to a cheap and senseless adventure in the arms of a casual stranger (he had confidently expected her to fall into his own); (b) that his chief importance to her all along has been that of her one strong social link with his father; and (c) that this enigmatic father whom he has patronized for his outworn, hidebound, squeamish notions about sex has really been all the time the modern emancipated man of the two.

Twenty-year-old Piers Rae is, in short, one more specimen of the blindly sentimental egoist in the young and vociferous stage of self-delusion. What he wants is to eat every kind of cake there is, yet have it still. And therein he has a trifle of likeness to his creator, whose pattern of irony gives her at once all the popular appeal of specializing in brilliant snobbery and all the credit of seeing through it. The whole deft performance is rather like a first-class exhibition of figure-skating, and it becomes as dreamlike the

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There are readers whom it will gratify beyond any American novel of its time, and there are others whom it will merely appall. The only reader impossible to imagine is the one who can turn its pages unswayed by some extreme of emotion almost as violent as the actions and passions it records.

WILSON FOLLETT

A Selected List of New Books for Christmas

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NEW BOOKS FOR OLDER CHILDREN

Reviewed by

ANNE CARROLL MOORE

I SHALL claim at once for the older children, from twelve years upward, three books of the year from the publications for adults. **Hendrik Van Loon's** *The Arts* (Simon and Schuster, \$3.95) was so admirably reviewed in the November *Atlantic* as to need only a lowering of the age level of fifteen years suggested by Mr. Nock to make it available for a whole family of various ages and tastes. It stems from the same rich source as *The Story of Mankind*, the book which, it may be remembered, was the first to receive the Newbery Medal as the most distinguished contribution to literature for children published in 1921.

Animal Treasure (Viking, \$3.00), by **Ivan T. Sanderson**, is one of the most fascinating and satisfying books about animal life that I have ever read. West Africa is its background, and the sweep of the narrative, the authenticity of the record of wild life observed at first hand in the virgin forest, along the rivers, in the treetops, on the mountains, in the great waters and 'all over the place,' will be quite as appealing to growing boys as to grown men. Interest in animal life is perennial and ageless. The author has made the precise and interesting drawings which illustrate it, and the publishers have given it a format which is a delight to the eye.

My third selection from the adult field is *The Collected Poems of Sara Teasdale* (Macmillan, \$2.50), a keen critic as well as a true poet. Miss Teasdale's *Rainbow Gold*, an anthology for children, gave her a place of her own long ago for girls entering the teens. Her *Collected Poems* will be a most acceptable gift to them.

From another American poet who combines the insight of the critic with the poet's skill in the choice of words there comes a biography of uncommon clarity and beauty. In *The Boy Shelley* (Dodd, Mead, \$2.00) **Laura Benét** has written a biography covering the poet's childhood and his years at Eton which calls forth the admiration of true lovers of Shelley of any age. It is at once discriminating and calculated to put boys and girls of to-day in living touch with a poet of another century. It ranks, in my judgment, as one of the few biographies written for young people worthy of a permanent place. I cannot speak as strongly for its illustration and format. It is a distinguished piece of work in a commonplace setting.

Two books which have been given a printing and format in keeping with the quality of their text and illustration should be mentioned. The *White Stag* (Viking, \$2.00), written and illustrated by **Kate Seredy**, is a retelling of the epic tale of the Huns and Magyars which springs

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By Robb White, III

Winner of the New York Herald Tribune award for the best spring (1937) book for older children.

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By Thornton W. Burgess

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from the author-artist's childhood memories of hearing it told by her father in Hungary. It comes alive as a hero tale for American boys and girls. The drawings are the strongest and most dramatic of any Kate Seredy has done. The format achieves a book which lies warm in the hand as a holiday gift.

In *Seven Simeons* (Viking, \$2.00) **Boris Artzybasheff** has retold an old Russian folk tale and illustrated it with brilliant line drawings in red and green and black and gold. This story of the great King Doldar and the seven accomplished brothers who lived peaceably within his realm is witty and wise in its own right. Under the artist's gifted pen it has also become gay and airy, filled with fresh sunshine and beauty. It is a large-size picture book not merely for a family of varying ages, but for the collector of beautiful books.

Since this is a pre-holiday review I may venture to speak out of long experience of the value boys and girls place on the look and feel of the books they receive as holiday gifts for their own libraries.

In *Medieval Days and Ways* (Macmillan, \$2.50) **Gertrude Hartman** strikes a clear, authentic note among a welter of quasi-medieval story-books. In attractive form and with the accompaniment of many pictures taken from old manuscripts and early printed books, the author gives an authentic picture of life in the Middle Ages in readable form.

The Lost Queen of Egypt (Stokes, \$2.50), a novel for girls by **Lucile P. Morrison**, is such a book about Egypt as has never been available before. It centres about the romance of the little-known wife of the young king Tutankhamon. Slow-moving at the outset from the weight of source material which has not been fully assimilated, this book emerges as a very real re-creation of life and character firmly rooted in a reliable background. The illustrations are live copies of source material. It will be eagerly read by girls or boys with a real interest in Egypt.

In *Beggars of Dreams* (Dodd, Mead, \$2.00) **Mary Brewster Hollister** has described the life of a young Chinese girl who goes from a mountain village to live in a city. There is a natural charm about this story which makes delightful reading. The pictures by Kurt Wiese are in harmony with a text in which the festivals are given their natural place in Chinese life.

From far countries we are blown eastward by *Wind of the Vikings* (Appleton, \$2.00), a fine breezy adventurous tale of the Orkney Islands by **Maribelle Cormack**. This story of a spirited modern girl, an American by birth, who returns to the island of Eday, the home of her ancestors, and explores it for treasure, is an unusual one and gives a graphic picture of a way of life unfamiliar to boys and girls of to-day. The search for Viking treasure is captivating.

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Sunspots and Their Effects

By HARLAN TRUE STETSON. A noted authority on astronomy gives the latest findings of science about sunspots and how much they may influence even human affairs including business cycles.

Illustrated. \$2.00

Your Diet and Your Health

By MORRIS FISHBEIN, M.D. Let a noted doctor tell you what you need to know about your daily food and its effect on you in this new book. Fascinating to read, valuable for daily use. \$2.50

SECOND PRINTING

The ADVANCING FRONT OF SCIENCE

By George W. Gray

"Keen, civilized, utterly absorbing. No recent writing, except perhaps that of Lancelot Hogben, has so temptingly described the work of the men who measure, interpret, and to an even greater extent conquer the forces of nature."
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Retrospect

By T. A. RICKARD. Men will enjoy this unusual autobiography — the record of a full life, lived on four continents by a man who as a mining engineer and editor stands in the forefront of his field. \$3.00

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Yours to Venture

By ROBERT R. UPDEGRAFF. This is the ideal book to give any ambitious young person. "The book deserves a big sale because it is so superior to most books that attempt to tell people how to get the most out of themselves and life." — *William Feather*. \$2.00

Understanding the English

By JAMES HOWARD WELLARD. JOHN CURNOS calls this: "Not only one of the most informative books imaginable but a witty and amusing book as well." BOAKE CARTER recommends it as: "the first book I have ever read that truly analyzes that strange creature — the Englishman. The style is delightful . . . humor, gorgeous." A gift that anyone who has traveled in England is bound to enjoy. \$2.25

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From the Boston Post: "It is one of the most unusual and beautiful examples of introspective writing in the contemporary book field."

From an American Poet: "It is one of the most cheering books to read and beautiful books to look at that has come my way in a long time."

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Girls have fared better than boys in the books of our own country. One of the best I have read is *The Great Tradition* by Marjorie Hill Allen (Houghton Mifflin, \$2.00), a realistic picture of hard work and good times during a year of graduate work at the University of Chicago. The problems of adjustment of personalities living together in an apartment as well as in university relations are treated with skill and wisdom without impeding the pace of the story.

In *Sue Barton, Student Nurse*, published last winter, the vocational story assumed new and larger proportions. Thanks to the author, Helen Dore Boylston, it showed more life and character than its predecessors in other fields. Her story of a big metropolitan hospital was clearly drawn from life. The first book has been popular with girls, who will now welcome its sequel, *Sue Barton, Senior Nurse* (Atlantic Monthly Press and Little, Brown, \$2.00).

Two other vocational books should be mentioned: Emma Bugbee's *Peggy Covers the News* and this year's *Peggy Covers Washington* (Dodd, Mead, \$2.00). This swift-moving story of the life behind the scenes in a large newspaper office holds definite interest for girls who realize it is the experience of a veteran newspaper woman they are reading.

The book with which I would end this all too incomplete holiday review is *Who Rides in the Dark?* (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.00), a stirring adventure story for boys by Stephen W. Meader. The background is New Hampshire in stagecoach days, and the thrill the capture of a notorious highwayman. Mr. Meader knows how to tell a good story for boy or man.

The Romance of Rosy Ridge, by MacKinlay Kantor (Coward-McCann, \$1.25), tells the story of Lissy Ann, daughter of Old Gill MacBean of Missouri, and Henry Bohun, Comb-Hummin' Henry, mysterious minstrel who wanders in, one night, out of nowhere, preceded by his strange and singularly enchanting melody. Even Old Gill, wary of a musical vagrant without credentials, who may well be a damn Yankee, voices cautious approbation. As for the two hound pups, they are at Comb-Hummin' Henry's feet, 'eyeing him and looking like their hearts would break if he walked out of their sight.' But in their case one must suspect a triumph of personality rather than of art.

And as a matter of fact, Comb-Hummin' Henry's personality is as potent as his art. Mr. Kantor has given him no visible marks of the hero; he has created him small and odd, and has denied him even the redeemingly fine eyes of convention. But of the force of this unromantic little figure there is no question. Just as Henry can fetch from his primitive instrument as swooning

Forbidden Journey

From Peking to Kashmir, by *Ella K. Maillart*. The story of the charming girl who went with Peter Fleming on the thrilling adventure which resulted in his *NEWS FROM TARTARY*, last year's best-selling travel book. "She has scored a triumph at a time when China is very much in the news."—*Christian Science Monitor*.

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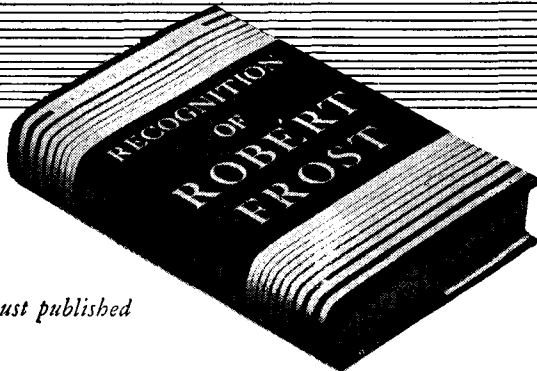
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Alfred Edward Housman

Recollections by *Katharine E. Symons*, *A. W. Pollard*, *Laurence Housman*, *R. W. Chambers*, *Alan Ker*, *A. S. F. Gow*, *John Sparrow*. The beloved poet's closest friends reveal what he himself left untold about his life. "Delightful."

—*N. Y. Herald Tribune*.

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Just published

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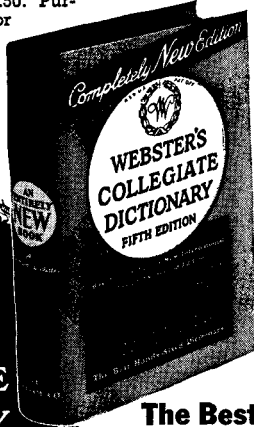
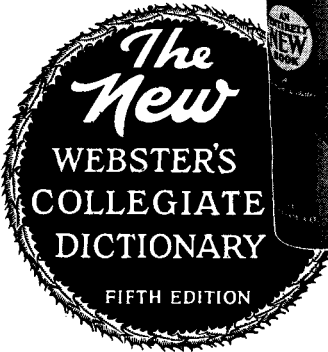
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a melody as ever was fashioned and can as easily set heels stamping and throats roaring, so he can flash in an instant from gentle dreamer into wild-cat. Soft enough to lie face down in the grass, sick to the soul with grief and rage because his lame thrush has been shot to pieces for fun by Badge Dessark, he is tough enough to face, with only Old Gill beside him, the galloping band of bushwhackers who look 'like bad dreams a-riding' as they loom nearer, hooded, against the sunset.

Vigorous, not to say violent, as this story is, Mr. Kantor's cadenced prose gives it the lyrical quality that is one of the characteristics of his writing. It is a spirited and harmonious performance: not, however, I think, to be ranked among its author's more important creations.

ETHEL WALLACE HAWKINS

A BOOKSHOP wears a ruddy glow in the holiday season. The stock is new, and the jackets attractively giddy; the classics in tooled leather and gold have come out of hiding; the sedate biographies for sedate uncles, the Court memoirs for Cousin Elsie, and the best sellers with their vaguely familiar titles (Let me see — have n't you a novel called *Enchanter's Nightshirt*?) are easy to find.

It might be appropriate, then, for me to say some words in praise of Odd Volumes. I mean just that — books that do not conform, books that strike off on independent paths of their own. The titles I mention will not suit every palate, but they may reward those who read with a difference.

The Running of the Deer, by Dan Wickenden (Morrow, \$2.50). Christmas holidays in a cheery, hard-up American family. A refreshing story.

Famine, by Liam O'Flaherty (Random House, \$2.50). This is a novel of Ireland as it was in the potato famine of 1845 — a narrative whose gloom is relieved by tender passages, an etching in black and white, not easily forgotten.

Brother Petroc's Return (Little, Brown, \$1.75). A miracle story by a Dominican nun whose initials are S. M. C. Agnes Repplier says, 'After the first gasp, nothing marred its perfection.'

Their Eyes Were Watching God, by Zora N. Hurston (Lippincott, \$2.00). The talk and life of a Negro community. This novelist has promise.

When I Lived in Salem, 1822-1866 (Stephen Daye Press, \$2.50). Salem's golden age in the delightful reminiscences of **Caroline Howard King**.

A Song-Catcher in Southern Mountains (Columbia University Press, \$4.50). Some 600 folk songs and ballads (with music) 'caught' by **Dorothy Scarborough**.

Phudd Hill (Messner, \$2.00). Thoreau would have enjoyed these Yankee essays of **Alan Devoe** for their love of nature and their repudiation of city life.

Edward Weeks